

MONTY  
PYTHON'S



FLYING  
CIRCUS





G'day Bruce! Bruce here, giving you a big Australian welcome to the Bruce directory of all the Bruce scripts from the Monty "Bruce" Python tv series, brought to you by the fine folks at (what else?) [Monty Python's Flying Circus in Australia](#)! Australia, Australia! We love you, amen! Now this here is a fine Australian Bruce site run by Bruce "Bruce" Jewell, Bruce, and normally we wouldn't steal content from such a site, but, well, the site was down today and we figured SOMEBODY else ought to have these sketches here for the general public to love. Now, this is not intended as a replacement for the printed Python scripts, this is only intended as reference material for people wanting to look up a specific sketch, as I so often get emails from people asking about this sketch or that sketch ... if you enjoy the Monty Python sketches, please buy the books "All the Words" (or "Just the Words") volumes 1 and 2, the official script books that inspired this site. Okay? Now, on with the sketches.

Clicking the number in brackets beside each sketch name will take you to a page listing which episode and series the sketch is from along with the other sketches from the same episode.

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ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

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**L**

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# SERIES ONE

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Recorded on 7th September 1969 and first shown on 5th October 1969.

- ['It's Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart'](#)
- [Famous deaths](#)
- [Italian lesson](#)
- [Whizzo butter](#)
- ['It's the Arts'](#)
- [Arthur 'Two-Sheds' Jackson](#)
- [Picasso/cycling race](#)
- [The funniest joke in the world.](#)

## TWO - Titled: "Sex and violence"

Recorded on 30th August 1969 and first shown on 12th October 1969

- [Flying sheep](#)
- [French lecture on sheep-aircraft](#)
- [A man with three buttocks](#)
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- [Musical mice](#)
- [Marriage guidance counsellor](#)
- [The wacky queen](#)
- [Working-class playwright](#)
- [A Scotsman on a horse](#)
- [The wrestling epilogue](#)
- [The mouse problem.](#)

## THREE - Titled: "How to recognize different types of tree from quite a long way away"

Recorded on 14th August 1969 and first shown on 19th October 1969

- [Court scene \(witness in coffin/Cardinal Richelieu\)](#)
- [The Larch](#)

- [Bicycle repair man](#)
- [Children's stories](#)
- [Restaurant sketch](#)
- [Seduced milkmen](#)
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## **FOUR - Titled "Owl-stretching time"**

Recorded on 21st September 1969 and first shown on 26th October 1969

- [Song \('And did those feet'\)](#)
- [Art gallery](#)
- [Art critic](#)
- [It's a man's life in the modern army](#)
- [Undressing in public](#)
- [Self-defence](#)
- [Secret Service dentists.](#)

## **FIVE - Titled: "Man's crisis of identity in the latter half of the twentieth century"**


Recorded on 3rd October 1969 and first shown on 16th November 1969

- [Confuse-a-Cat](#)
- [The smuggler](#)
- [A duck, a cat and a lizard \(discussion\)](#)
- [Vox pops on smuggling](#)
- [Police raid](#)
- [Letters and vox pops](#)
- [News reader arrested](#)
- [Erotic film](#)
- [Silly job interview](#)
- [Careers advisory board](#)
- [Burglar/encyclopedia salesman.](#)

## **SIX - (Untitled)**


Recorded on 5th November 1969 and first shown on 23rd November 1969



- ['It's the Arts'](#)
  - [Johann Gambolputty... von Hautkopft of Ulm](#)
  - [Non-illegal robbery](#)
  - [Vox pops](#)
  - [Crunchy frog](#)
  - [The dull life of a City stockbroker](#)
  - [Red Indian in theatre](#)
  - [Policemen make wonderful friends](#)
  - [A Scotsman on a horse](#)
  - [Twentieth-century vole.](#)
- 


## **SEVEN - Titled: "You're no fun any more"**

Recorded on 10th October 1969 and first shown on 30th November 1969

- [Camel spotting](#)
  - [You're no fun any more](#)
  - [The audit](#)
  - [Science fiction sketch](#)
  - [Man turns into Scotsman](#)
  - [Police station](#)
  - [Blancmanges playing tennis.](#)
- 

## **EIGHT - Titled: "Full frontal nudity"**

Recorded 25th November 1969 and first shown on 7th December 1969

- [Army protection racket](#)
  - [Art critic - the place of the nude](#)
  - [Buying a bed](#)
  - [Hermits](#)
  - [Dead parrot](#)
  - [The flasher](#)
  - [Hell's Grannies.](#)
- 

## **NINE - Titled: "The ant, an introduction"**

Recorded on 7th December 1969 and first shown on 14th December 1969

- [Llamas](#)

- [A man with a tape recorder up his nose](#)
- [Kilimanjaro expedition \(double vision\)](#)
- [A man with a tape recorder up his brother's nose](#)
- [Homicidal barber](#)
- [Lumberjack song](#)
- [Gumby crooner](#)
- [The refreshment room at Bletchley](#)
- [Hunting film](#)
- [The visitors.](#)

## TEN - (Untitled)

Recorded on 30th November 1969 and first shown on 21st December 1969

- [Walk-on part in sketch](#)
- [Bank robber \(lingerie shop\)](#)
- [Trailer](#)
- [Arthur Tree](#)
- [Vocational Guidance Counsellor \(chartered accountant\)](#)
- [The first man to jump the Channel](#)
- [Tunnelling from Godalming to Java](#)
- [Pet conversions](#)
- [Gorilla librarian](#)
- [Letters to 'Daily Mirror'](#)
- [Strangers in the night.](#)

## ELEVEN - (Untitled)

Recorded on 14th December 1969 and first shown on 28th December 1969

- [Letter \(lavatorial humour\)](#)
- [Interruptions](#)
- [Agatha Christie sketch](#)
- [Literary football discussion](#)
- [Undertakers film](#)
- [Interesting people](#)
- [Eighteenth-century social legislation](#)
- [The Battle of Trafalgar](#)
- [Batley Townswomens' Guild presents the Battle of Pearl Harbour](#)
- [Undertakers film.](#)

## TWELVE - (Untitled)

Recorded on 21st December 1969 and first shown on 4th January 1970

- [Falling from building](#)
- ['Spectrum' - talking about things](#)
- [Visitors from Coventry](#)
- [Mr. Hilter](#)
- [The Minehead by-election](#)
- [Police station \(silly voices\)](#)
- [Upperclass Twit of the Year](#)
- [Ken Shabby](#)
- [How far can a minister fall?](#)

## THIRTEEN - (Untitled)

Recorded on 4th January 1970 and first shown on 11th January 1970

- [Intermissions](#)
- [Restaurant \(abuse/cannibalism\)](#)
- [Advertisements](#)
- [Albatross](#)
- [Come back to my place](#)
- [Me Doctor](#)
- [Historical impersonations](#)
- [Quiz programme - 'Wishes'](#)
- ['Probe-around' on crime](#)
- [Stonehenge](#)
- [Mr. Attila the Hun](#)
- [Psychiatry - silly sketch](#)
- [Operating theatre \(squatters\).](#)



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# **It's Wolfgang Amamdeus Mozart / Famous Deaths**

**As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 1**

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**The cast:**

**MOZART**

John Cleese

**VOICE OVER**  
Graham Chapman

**EDDIE**

Edic Idle

**The sketch:**

*(Opening Scene: Mozart sitting at piano tinkling with the keys. He finishes tinkling.)*

**Mozart:** Hello again, and welcome to the show. Tonight we continue to look at some famous deaths. Tonight we start with the wonderful death of Genghis Khan, conqueror of India. Take it away Genghis.

*(Cut to Genghis Khan's tent. Genghis strides about purposefully. Indian-style background music. Suddenly the music cuts out and Genghis Khan with a squawk throws himself in the air and lands on his back. This happens very suddenly. Judges hold up cards with points on, in the manner of ice skating judges.)* **Voice Over:** 9.1, 9.3, 9.7, that's 28.1 for Genghis Khan.

*(Mozart still at piano.)*

**Mozart:** Bad luck Genghis. Nice to have you on the show. And now here are the scores.

*(Scoreboard with Eddie Waring figure stnding by it. The scoreboard looks a little like this:)*





**Richard III**

**Jean D'arc            29.1**

**29.0**

**Marat**

**A. Lincoln (U.S. of A.) 28.2**

**G. Khan            28.1**

**3.1**

## King Edward VII

**Eddie:** Well there you can see the scores now. St Stephen in the lead there with his stoning, then comes King Richard the Third at Bosworth Field, a grand death that, then the very lovely Jean d'Arc, then Marat in his bath - best of friends with Charlone in the showers afterwards - then A. Lincoln of the U.S of A, a grand little chap that, and number six Genghis Khan, and the back marker King Edward the Seventh. Back to you, Wolfgang.

*(Mozart still at piano.)*

**Mozart:** Thank you, Eddie. And now time for this week's request death. *(taking card off piano)* For Mr and Mrs Violet Stebbings of 23 Wolverston Road, Hull, the death of Mr Bruce Foster of Guildford.

*(Cut to a lounge setting. Mr Foster sitting in chair.)*

**Foster:** Strewth! *(he dies)*

*(Mozart still there. He looks at watch.)*

**Mozart:** Oh blimey, how time flies. Sadly we are reaching the end of yet another programme and so it is finale time. We are proud to bebringing to you one of the evergreen bucket kickers. Yes, the wonderful death of the famous English Admiral Nelson.

*(Cut to a modern office block, as high as possible. After a pause a body flies out of the top window looking as much like Nelson as possible. As it plummets there is a strangled scream.)*

**Nelson:** Kiss me Hardy!

*(The body hits the Found. There is the loud noise of a pig squealing.)*

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# Italian Lessons

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 1

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**The cast:**

**TEACHER**  
Terry Jones

**GIUSEPPE**

Michael Palin





**FRANCESCO**  
Eric Idle

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to a night school Teacher looking down out of classroom window. He crosses to a long wall blackboard with line of pigs drawn on near end. He crosses one off, walks along blackboard to other end which has written on it 'evening classes 7-8p.m. '. He writes 'Italian' below this and turns to camera.)* **Teacher:** Ah - good evening everyone, and welcome to the second of our Italian language classes, in which we'll be helping you brush up your Italian. Last week we started at the beginning, and we learnt the Italian for a 'spoon'. Now, I wonder how many of you can remember what it was?

*(Shout of 'Si, Si, Si,' from the class whom we see are all Italians.)*

**Teacher:** Not all at once ... sit down Mario. Giuseppe!

**Giuseppe:** Il cucchiaino.

**Teacher:** Well done Giuseppe, or, as the Italians would say: 'Molto bene, Giuseppe'.

**Giuseppe:** Grazie signor ... grazie di tutta la sua gentilezza.

**Teacher:** Well, now, this week we're going to learn some useful phrases to help us open a conversation with an Italian. Now first of all try telling him where you come from. For example, I would say: 'Sono Inglese di Gerrard's Cross', I am an Englishman from Gerrard's Cross. Shall we all try that together?

**All:** Sono Inglese di Gerrard's Cross.

**Teacher:** Not too bad, now let's try it with somebody else. Er... Mr... ?

**Mariolini:** Mariolini.

**Teacher:** Ah, Mr Mariolini, and where are you from?

**Mariolini:** Napoli, signor.

**Teacher:** Ah ... you're an Italian.

**Mariolini:** Si, si signor!

**Teacher:** Well in that case you would say: 'Sono Italiano di Napoli'.

**Mariolini:** Ah, capisco, mille grazie signor...

**Francesco:** Per favore, signor!

**Teacher:** Yes?

**Francesco:** Non conosco parlamente, signor devo me parlo sono Irallano di Napoil quando il habitare de Milano.

**Teacher:** I'm sorry ... I don't understand!

**Giuseppe:** *(pointing to Francesco)* My friend say 'Why must he say...'

*(Hand goes up at back of room and a Lederhosen Teutonic figure stands up.)*

**Helmut:** Bitte mein Herr. Was ist das Won für Mittelschmerz?

**Teacher:** Ah! Helmut - you want the German classes.

**Helmu:** Oh ja! Danke schön. *(he starts to leave)* Ah das deutsche Klassenzimmer... Ach! *(he leaves)*

**Giuseppe:** My friend he say, 'Why must I say I am Italian from Napoli when he lives in Milan?'

**Teacher:** Ah, I... well, tell your friend ... if he lives in Milan he must say 'Sono Italiano di Milano...'

**Francesco:** *(agitatedly, leaping to his feet)* Eeeeeee! Milano è tanto meglio di Napoli. Milano è la citta la più bella di tutti ... nel mondo...

**Giuseppe:** He say 'Milan is better than Napoil'.

**Teacher:** Oh, he shouldn't be saying that, we haven't done comparatives yet.

*(In the background everyone has stared talking in agitated Italian. At this point a genuine mandoline-playing Italian secreted amongst the cast strikes up: 'Quando Caliente Del Sol...' or similar. The class is out of control by this time. The teacher helplessly tries to control them but eventually gives up and retreats to his desk and sits down. There is a loud pig squeal and he leaps up.)*



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# Whizzo Butter

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 1](#)

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
Terry Gillam

**INTERVIEWER**  
Michael Palin

**FIRST PEPPERPOT**  
Graham Chapman

**SECOND PEPPERPOT**

John Cleese



# THIRD PEPPERPOT

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

**Voice Over:** (during an animation) Yes, mothers, new improved Whizzo butter containing 10% more or less is absolutely indistinguishable from a dead crab. Remember, buy Whizzo butter and go to HEAVEN!

*(Cut to a group middle-aged lower-middle-class women (hereinafter referred to as 'Pepperpots') being interviewed.)*

**First Pepperpot:** I can't tell the difference between Whizzo butter and this dead crab.

**Interviewer:** Yes, you know, we find that nine out of ten British housewives can't tell the difference between Whizzo butter and a dead crab.

**Pepperpots:** It's true, we can't. No.

**Second Pepperpot:** Here. Here! You're on television, aren't you?

**Interviewer:** *(modestly)* Yes, yes.

**Second Pepperpot:** He does the thing with one of those silly women who can't tell Whizzo butter from a dead crab.

**Third Pepperpot:** You try that around here, young man, and we'll slit your face.

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# It's the Arts

(Interview with Sir Edward Ross)

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch was sometimes called 'Interviews/Sir Edward Ross'. Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 1](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'. It was also performed on their Album - 'Monty Python's Flying Circus'.

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## The cast:

**ANNOUNCER**  
Eric Idle

**HOST**

John Cleese

# SIR EDWARD ROSS

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

**Announcer:** Good evening and welcome to another edition of It's the Arts. And we kick off this evening with Cinema.

**Host:** Good evening. One of the most prolific film directors of this age, or indeed of any age, is Sir Edward Ross, back in his native country for the first time for five years to open a season of his works at the National Film Theatre, and we are indeed fortunate to have him with us in this studio tonight.

**Ross:** Good evening.

**Host:** Edward... you don't mind if I call you Edward?

**Ross:** No, not at all.

**Host:** Because it does worry some people - I don't know why - but they are a little sensitive so I take the precaution of asking on these occasions.

**Ross:** No, that's fine.

**Host:** So Edward's all right. Splendid. I'm sorry to have brought it up.

**Ross:** No, no, please. Edward it is.

**Host:** Well thank you very much for being so helpful. And it's more than my job's worth to, er...

**Ross:** Yes, quite.

**Host:** Makes it rather difficult to establish a rapport - put the other person at his ease...

**Ross:** Quite.

**Host:** Silly little point but it does seem to matter. Still, er, least said the better. Ted, when you first started you... I hope you don't mind if I call you Ted, er, I mean as opposed to Edward?

**Ross:** No, no, everyone calls me Ted.

**Host:** Well of course it's shorter, isn't it.

**Ross:** Yes it is.

**Host:** And much less formal!

**Ross:** Yes, Ted, Edward or anything!

**Host:** Thank you. Um, incidentally, do call me Tom. I don't want you bothering with this 'Thomas' nonsense! Ha ha ha ha! Now where were we? Ah yes. Eddie Baby, when you first started in the...

**Ross:** I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but I don't like being called "Eddie Baby".

**Host:** What?

**Ross:** I don't like being called "Eddie Baby".

**Host:** *(pause)* Did I call you "Eddie Baby"?

**Ross:** Yes, you did! Now if you could get on with the interview...

**Host:** I don't think I did call you "Eddie Baby".

**Ross:** You did!

**Host:** Did I call him "Eddie Baby"?

*(Audience murmurs of 'yes' etc.)*

**Host:** I didn't really call you "Eddie Baby", did I, sweetie?

**Ross:** Don't call me "sweetie"!

**Host:** Can I call you "sugar plum"?

**Ross:** No.

**Host:** "Pussycat"?

**Ross:** No!

**Host:** "Angel drawers"?

**Ross:** No you may not! Get on with it!

**Host:** Can I call you "Frank"?

**Ross:** *(suspiciously)* Why "Frank"?

**Host:** It's a nice name. Richard Nixon's got a hedgehog called Frank.

**Ross:** What IS going on?

**Host:** Now Frank -- Fran -- Frannie -- little Frannie-pooh...

**Ross:** No. I'm leaving. I'm off. I'm going. I've never... *(exits)*

**Host:** *(loudly)* Tell us about your latest film, Sir Edward.

**Ross:** *(nearly offstage)* What?

**Host:** Tell us about your latest film, Sir Edward, if you'd be so very kind.

**Ross:** None of this "Pussycat" nonsense?

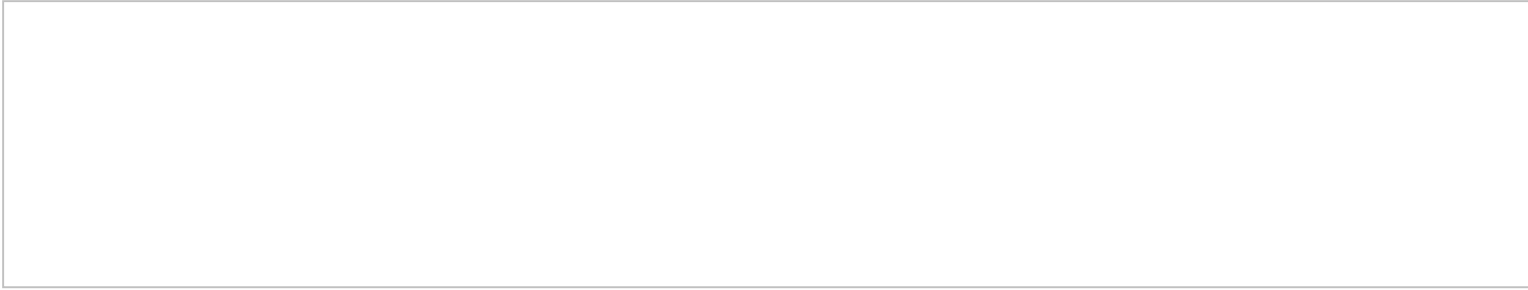
**Host:** Promise. *(Pats seat next to him.)* Please, Sir Edward.

**Ross:** My latest film?

**Host:** Yes, Sir Edward.

**Ross:** Well the idea, funnily enough, is based on an idea I had when I first joined the industry in 1919. Of course, in those days I was only the tea boy and...

**Host:** Oh shut up!



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# Arthur "Two Sheds" Jackson

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did this sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 1](#), it was also performed on their Album - Monty Python's Flying Circus' under the name More Television Interviews/Arthur"Two Sheds" Jackson.

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## The cast:



**HOST**

Eric Idle

**ARTHUR JACKSON**

Terry Jones

## OTHER HOST

John Cleese

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### The sketch:

**Host:** Last week the Royal Festival Hall saw the first performance of a new symphony by one of the world's leading modern composers, Arthur 'Two sheds' Jackson. Mr Jackson.

**Jackson:** Hello.

**Host:** May I just sidetrack for one moment. This -- what shall I call it -- nickname of yours...

**Jackson:** Ah yes.

**Host:** "Two sheds". How did you come by it?

**Jackson:** Well, I don't use it myself, but some of my friends call me "Two Sheds".

**Host:** And do you in fact have two sheds?

**Jackson:** No, I've only got one. I've had one for some time, but a few years ago I said I was thinking of getting another, and since then some people have called me "Two Sheds".

**Host:** In spite of the fact that you only have one.

**Jackson:** Yes.

**Host:** And are you still intending to purchase this second shed?

**Jackson:** (*impatient*) No!

**Host:** ...To bring you in line with your epithet?

**Jackson:** No.

**Host:** I see, I see. Well to return to your symphony.

**Jackson:** Ah yes.

**Host:** Did you write this symphony in the shed?

**Jackson:** (*surprised*) No!

**Host:** Have you written any of your recent works in this shed of yours?

**Jackson:** No, no, not at all. It's just an ordinary garden shed.

**Host:** I see, I see. And you're thinking of buying this second shed to write in!

**Jackson:** No, no. Look. This shed business -- it doesn't really matter. The sheds aren't important. A few friends call me Two Sheds and that's all there is to it. I wish you'd ask me about the music. Everybody talks about the sheds. They've got it out of proportion -- I'm a composer. I'm going to get rid of the shed. I'm fed up with it!

**Host:** Then you'll be Arthur 'No Sheds' Jackson, eh?

**Jackson:** Look, forget about the sheds. They don't matter.

**Host:** (*sternly*) Mr. Jackson, I think, with respect, we ought to return to the subject of your symphony.

**Jackson:** Huh!

**Host:** I understand that you used to be interested in train-spotting.

**Jackson:** What?

**Host:** I understand that, about thirty years ago, you were interested in train-spotting.

**Jackson:** Well what's that got to do with my bloody music?

**Other host:** (*entering*) Are you having any trouble with him?

**Host:** Yes, a little. Good Lord! You're the man who interviewed Sir Edward Ross earlier.

**Other host:** Exactly. Well we interviewers are more than a match for the likes of you, "Two Sheds".

**Host:** Yes, make yourself scarce, "Two Sheds". This studio isn't big enough for the three of us! (*They throw him out.*)

**Jackson:** Here, what are you doing? Stop it! [Crash.]

**Other host:** Get your own Arts programme, you fairy!

**Host:** Arthur "Two Sheds" Jackson... Never mind, Timmy.

**Other host:** Oh Mike, you're such a comfort.



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# Picasso / Cycling Race

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 1

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**The cast:**

**ANNOUNCER**  
Eric Idle

**BAXTER**

Michael Palin

**VICKY**

Eric Idle



**REG MOSS**  
Eric Idle

**GEPP**

Graham Chapman

**TRENCH**

John Cleese

## The sketch:

**Announcer :** And now for more news of the momentous artistic event in which Pablo Picasso is doing a specially commissioned painting for us whilst riding a bicycle. Pablo Picasso - the founder of modern art - without doubt the greatest abstract painter ever... for the first time painting in motion. But first of all let's have a look at the route he'll be taking.

*(Cut to Raymond Baxter type standing in front of map. A small cardboard cut-out of Picasso's face is on map and is moved around to illustrate route.)*

**Baxter:** Well Picasso will be starting, David, at Chichester here, he'll then cycle on the A29 to Fontwell, he'll then take the A272 which will bring him on to the A3 just north of Hindhead here. From then on Pablo has a straight run on the A3 until he meets the South Circular at Battersea here. Well, this is a truly remarkable occasion as it is the first time that a modern artist of such stature has taken the A272, and it'll be very interesting to see how he copes with the heavy traffic round Wisborough Green. Vicky.

*(Cut to Vicky, holding a bicycle.)*

**Vicky:** Well Picasso will be riding his Viking Super Roadster with the drop handlebars and the dual-thread wheel-rims and with his Wiley-Prat 20-1 synchro-mesh he should experience difficulties on the sort of road surfaces they just don't get abroad. Mitzie.

*(Cut to linkman at desk with Viking on one side and a knight in armour on the other.)*

**Announcer:** And now for the latest report on Picasso's progress over to Reg Moss on the Guildford by-pass.

*(Reg Moss standing with hand mike by fairly busy road.)*

**Reg:** Well there's no sign of Picasso at the moment, David. But he should be through here at any moment. However I do have Geppo with me Mr Ron Geppo, British Cycling Sprint Champion and this year's winner of the Derby-Doncaster rally.

**Geppo:** *(in full cyclist's kit.)* Well Reg, I think Pablo should be all right provided he doesn't attempt anything on the monumental scale of some of his earlier paintings, like Guernica or Mademoiselles d'Avignon or even his later War and Peace murals for the Temple of Peace chapel at Vallauris, because with this strong head wind I don't think even Doug Timpson of Manchester Harriers could paint anything on that kind of scale.

**Reg:** Well, thank you Ron. Well, there still seems to be no sign of Picasso, so I'll hand you back to the studio.

**Announcer:** Well, we've just heard that Picasso is approaching the Tolworth roundabout on the A3

so come in Sam Trench at Tolworth.

**Trench:** *(Standing at roadside)* Well something certainly is happening here at Tolworth roundabout, David. I can now see Picasso, he's cycling down very hard towards the roundabout, he's about 75-50 yards away and I can now see his painting... it's an abstract... I can see some blue some purple and some little black oval shapes... I think I can see...

*A Pepperpot comes up and nudges him.*

**Pepperpot:** That's not Picasso - that's Kandinsky.

**Trench:** (excited) Good lord, you're right. It's Kandinsky. Wassily Kandinsky, and who's this here with him? It's Braque. Georges Braque, the Cubist, painting a bird in flight over a cornfield and going very fast down the hill towards Kingston and... *(cyclists pass in front of him)* Piet Mondrian - just behind, Pier Mondrian the Neo-Plasticist, and then a gap, then the main bunch, here they come, Chagall, Max Ernst, Miro, Dufy, Ben Nicholson, Jackson Pollock and Bernard Buffet making a break on the outside here, Brancusi's going with him, so is Gericault, Fernarid Leger, Delaunay, De Kooning, Kokoschka's dropping back here by the look of it, and so's Paul Klee dropping back a bit and, right at the back of this group, our very own Kurt Schwitters..

**Pepperpot:** He's German!

**Trench:** But as yet absolutely no sign of Pablo Picasso, and so from Tolworth roundabout back to the studio.

*(Toulouse-Lautrec pedals past on a child's tricycle. Cut back to studio.)*

**Announcer:** Well I think I can help you there Sam, we're getting reports in from the AA that Picasso, Picasso has fallen off... he's fallen off his bicycle on the B2127 just outside Ewhurst, trying to get a short cut through to Dorking via Peaslake and Goreshall. Well, Picasso is reported to be unhurt, but the pig has a slight headache. And on that note we must say goodnight to you. Picasso has failed in his first bid for international cycling fame. So from all of us here at the 'It's the Arts' studio, it's goodnight. *(pig's head appears over edge of desk; linkman gently pushes it back)* Goodnight.



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# The Funniest Joke in the World

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 1](#), it also featured in the Movie - And Now For Something Completely Different'.

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## The cast:

**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle





**INSPECTOR**  
Graham Chapman

**COLONEL**

Graham Chapman

**CORPORAL**  
Terry Jones

**NAZI**

John Cleese

**OFFICER**

Michael Palin

**OTTO**

Graham Chapman

**GERMAN JOKER**  
Eric Idle

**GERMAN GUARD**  
Terry Gillam



## The sketch:

*(Opening Scene: A suburban house in a boring looking street. Zoom into upstairs window. Serious documentary music. Interior of small room. A bent figure (Michael Palin) huddles over a table, writing. He is surrounded by bits of paper. The camera is situated facing the man as he writes with immense concentration lining his unshaven face.)* **Voice Over :** This man is Ernest Scribbler... writer of jokes. In a few moments, he will have written the funniest joke in the world... and, as a consequence, he will die ... laughing.

*(Ernest stops writing, pauses to look at what he has written... a smile slowly spreads across his face, turning very, very slowly to uncontrolled hysterical laughter... he staggers to his feet and reels across room helpless with mounting mirth and eventually collapses and dies on the floor.)*

**Voice Over:** It was obvious that this joke was lethal... no one could read it and live ...

*(Ernest's mother (Eric Idle in drag) enters. She sees him dead, she gives a little cry of horror and bends over his body, weeping. Brokenly she notices the piece of paper in his hand and picks it up and reads it between her sobs. Immediately she breaks out into hysterical laughter, leaps three feet into the air, and falls down dead without more ado. Cut to news type shot of commentator standing in front of the house.)* **Commentator:** This morning, shortly after eleven o'clock, comedy struck this little house in Dibley Road. Sudden ...violent ... comedy. Police have sealed off the area, and Scotland Yard's crack inspector is with me now.

**Inspector:** I shall enter the house and attempt to remove the joke.

*(About now an upstairs window in the house is flung open and a doctor, rears his head out, hysterical with laughter, and dies hanging over the window sill. The commentator and the inspector look up and then continue as if they are used to such sights.)*

**Inspector:** I shall be aided by the sound of sombre music, played on gramophone records, and also by the chanting of laments by the men of Q Division ... *(Inspector points to a group of dour looking policemen standing nearby)* The atmosphere thus created should protect me in the eventuality of me reading the joke. He gives a signal. The group of policemen start groaning and chanting biblical laments. The Dead March is heard. The inspector squares his shoulders and bravely starts walking into the house.

**Commentator:** There goes a brave man. Whether he comes out alive or not, this will surely be remembered as one of the most courageous and gallant acts in police history.

*(The inspector suddenly appears at the door, helpless with laughter, holding the joke aloft. He collapses and dies. Cut to film of army vans driving along dark roads.)*

**Voice Over:** It was not long before the Army became interested in the military potential of the Killer Joke. Under top security, the joke was hurried to a meeting of Allied Commanders at the Ministry of War.

*(Cut to door at Ham House: Soldier on guard comes to attention as dispatch rider hurries in carrying armoured box. (Notice on door: 'Conference. No Admittance'.) Dispatch rider rushes in. A door opens for him and closes behind him. We hear a mighty roar of laughter... series of doompfs as the commanders hit the floor or table. Soldier outside does not move a muscle.) (Cut to a pillbox on the Salisbury Plain. Track in to slit to see moustachioed top brass peering anxiously out.)*

**Voice Over:** Top brass were impressed. Tests on Salisbury Plain confirmed the joke's devastating effectiveness at a range of up to fifty yards.

*(Cut to shot looking out of slit in pillbox. Camera zooms through slit to distance where a solitary figure is standing on the windswept plain. He is a bespectacled, weedy lance-corporal (Terry Jones) looking cold and miserable. Pan across to fifty yards away where two helmeted soldiers are at their positions beside a blackboard on an easel covered with a cloth. Cut in to corporal's face- registering complete lack of comprehension as well as stupidly. Man on top of pillbox waves flag. The soldiers reveal the joke to the corporal. He peers at it, thinks about its meaning, sniggers, and dies. Two watching generals are very impressed.)* **Generals:** Fantastic.

*Cut to a Colonel talking to camera.*

**Colonel:** All through the winter of '43 we had translators working, in joke-proof conditions, to try and produce a German version of the joke. They worked on one word each for greater safety. One of them saw two words of the joke and spent several weeks in hospital. But apart from that things went pretty quickly, and we soon had the joke by January, in a form which our troops couldn't understand but which the Germans could.

*(Cut to a trench in the Ardennes. Members of the joke brigade are crouched holding pieces of paper with the joke on them.)*

**Voice Over:** So, on July 8th, 1944, the joke was first told to the enemy in the Ardennes...

**Commanding NCO:** Tell the ... joke.

**Joke Brigade:** *(together)* Wenn ist das Nunstrück git und Slotermeyer? Ja! ... Beiherhund das Oder die Flipperwaldt gersput!

*(Pan out of the British trench across war-torn landscape and come to rest where presumably the German trench is. There is a pause and then a group of Germans rear up in hysterics.)*

**Voice Over:** It was a fantastic success. Over sixty thousand times as powerful as Britain's great pre-war joke ...*Cut to a film of Chamberlain brandishing the 'Peace in our time' bit of paper ... and one which Hitler just couldn't match.*

*Film of Hitler rally. Hitler speaks; subtitles are superimposed.*

SUBTITLE: 'MY DOG'S GOT NO NOSE'

A young soldier responds:

SUBTITLE: HOW DOES HE SMELL?

Hitler speaks:  
SUBTITLE: AWFUL'

**Voice Over:** In action it was deadly.

*(Cut to a small squad with rifles making their way through forest. Suddenly one of them sees something and gives signal at which they all dive for cover. From the cover of a tree he reads out joke.)*

**Corporal:** Wenn ist das Nunstrück git und Slotermeyer? Ja! .. Beiherhund das Oder die Flipperwaldt gersput!

*(Sniper falls laughing out of tree.)*

**Joke Brigade:** *(charging)* Wenn ist das Nunstrück git und Slotermeyer? Ja! ... Beiherhund das Oder die Flipperwaldt gersput.

*(They chant the joke. Germans are put to fight laughing, some dropping to ground.)*

**Voice Over:** The German casualties were appalling.

*(Cut to a German hospital and a ward full of casualties still laughing hysterically. Cut to Nazi interrogation room. An officer from the joke brigade has a light shining in his face. A Gestapo officer is interrogating him; another stands behind him.)* **Nazi:** Vott is the big joke?

**Officer:** I can only give you name, rank, and why did the chicken cross the road?

**Nazi:** That's not funny! *(slaps him)* I want to know the joke.

**Officer:** All right. How do you make a Nazi cross?

**Nazi:** *(momentarily fooled)* I don't know ... how do you make a Nazi cross?

**Officer:** Tread on his corns. *(does so; the Nazi hops in pain)*

**Nazi:** Gott in Hiramell That's not funny! *(mimes cuffing him while the other Nazi claps his hands to provide the sound effect)* Now if you don't tell me the joke, I shall hit you properly.

**Officer:** I can stand physical pain, you know.

**Nazi:** Ah ... you're no fun. All right, Otto.

*(Otto starts tickling the officer who starts laughing,)*

**Officer:** Oh no - anything but that please no, all fight I'll tell you.

*(They stop tickling him)*

**Nazi:** Quick Otto. The typewriter.

*(Otto goes to the typewriter and they wait expectantly. The officer produces piece of paper out of his breast pocket and reads.)*

**Officer:** Wenn ist das Nunstrück git und Slotermeyer? Ja! ... Beiherhund das Oder die Flipperwaldt gersput.

*(Otto at the typewriter explodes with laughter and dies.)*

**Nazi:** Ach! Zat iss not funny!

*(Nazi burts into laughter and dies. A German guard bursts in with machine gun, The British officer leaps on the table.)*

**Officer:** *(lightning speed)* Wenn ist das Nunstrück git und Slotermeyer? Ja! .. Beiherhund das Oder die Flipperwaldt gersput.

*(The guard reels back and collapses laughing. British officer makes his escape. Cut to a film of German scientists working in laboratories.)*

**Voice Over:** But at Peenemunde in the Autumn of '44, the Germans were working on a joke of their own.

*(A German general is seated at an imposing desk. Behind him stands Otto, labelled 'A Different Gestapo Officer'. Bespectacled German scientist/joke writer enters room. He clean his throat and reads from card.)*

**German Joker:** Die ist ein Kinnerhunder und zwei Mackel über und der bitte schön ist den Wunderhaus sprechensie. 'Nein' spricht der Herren 'Ist aufern borger mit zveitingen'.

*He finishes and looks hopeful.*

**Otto:** We let you know.

*(He shoots him.  
Film of German scientists.)*

**Voice Over:** But by December their joke was ready, and Hitler gave the order for the German V-Joke to be broadcast in English.

*(Cut to 1940's wartime radio set with couple anxiously listening to it.)*

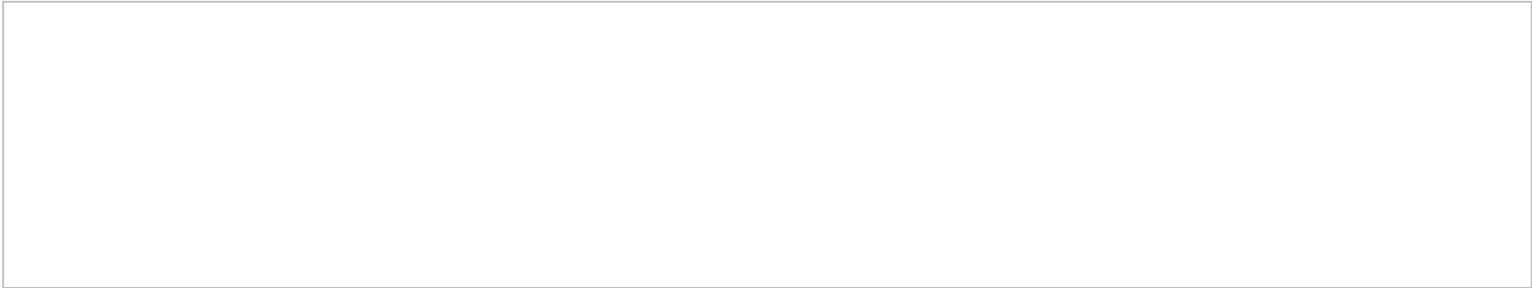
**Radio:** *(crackly German voice)* Der ver zwei peanuts, valking down der strasse, and von vas... assaulted! peanut. Ho-ho-ho-ho.

*(Radio bunts into 'Deutschland Über Alles'. The couple look at each other and then in blank amazement at the radio. Cut to modern BBC 2 interview. The commentator in a woodland glade.)*

**Commentator (Eric Idle):** In 1945 Peace broke out. It was the end of the Joke. Joke warfare was banned at a special session of the Geneva Convention, and in 1950 the last remaining copy of the

joke was laid to rest here in the Berkshire countryside, never to be told again.

*(He walks away revealing a monument on which is written: 'To the unknown Joke'. Camera pulls away slowly through idyllic setting. Patriotic music reaches crescendo.)*



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# Flying Sheep

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 2

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did this sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 2](#), it was also performed on their Album - Monty Python's Flying Circus'.

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## The cast:

# TOURIST

Terry Jones

**SHEPHERD**

Graham Chapman



**The sketch:**

*(Opening Scene : A tourist dressed in a business suit approaches a shepherd. The sounds of sheep and the outdoors are heard.)*

**Tourist:** Good afternoon.

**Shepherd:** Afternoon

**Tourist:** Ah, lovely day isn't it?

**Shepherd:** Eh, 'tis that.

**Tourist:** You here on holiday?

**Shepherd:** Nope, I live 'ere.

**Tourist:** Oh, good for you. Uh...those ARE sheep aren't they?

**Shepherd:** Yeh.

**Tourist:** Hmm, thought they were. Only, what are they doing up in the trees?

**Shepherd:** A fair question and one that in recent weeks 'as been much on my mind. It's my considered opinion that they're nestin'.

**Tourist:** Nesting?

**Shepherd:** Aye.

**Tourist:** Like birds?

**Shepherd:** Exactly. It's my belief that these sheep are laborin' under the misapprehension that they're birds. Observe their be'avior. Take for a start the sheeps' tendency to 'op about the field on their 'ind legs. Now witness their attmpts to fly from tree to tree. Notice that they do not so much fly as...plummet.

*(Baaa baaa... flap flap flap... whoosh... thud.)*

**Tourist:** Yes, but why do they think they're birds?

**Shepherd:** Another fair question. One thing is for sure, the sheep is not a creature of the air. They have enormous difficulty in the comparatively simple act of perchin'. *(Baaa baaa... flap flap flap... whoosh... thud.)* Trouble is, sheep are very dim. Once they get an idea in their 'eads, there's no shiftin' it.

**Tourist:** But where did they get the idea?

**Shepherd:** From Harold. He's that most dangerous of creatures, a clever sheep. 'e's realized that a sheep's life consists of standin' around for a few months and then bein' eaten. And that's a depressing prospect for an ambitious sheep.

**Tourist:** Well why don't just remove Harold?

**Shepherd:** Because of the enormous commercial possibilities if 'e succeeds.

**Voice Over :** And what exactly are the commercial possibilities of ovine aviation?

(Continued in the Sketch - [French lecture on Sheep Aircraft](#))

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# French lecture on Sheep-aircraft

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 2

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**The cast:**

**FIRST FRENCHMAN**

John Cleese

**SECOND FRENCHMAN**

Michael Palin

**FIRST PEPPERPOT**  
Graham Chapman

**SECOND PEPPERPOT**

Terry Jones

**THIRD PEPPERPOT**  
Michael Plain



## FOURTH PEPPERPOT

John Cleese

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### The sketch:

*(Two Frenchmen stand in front of a diagram of a sheep adapted for flying. They speak rapidly in French, much of it pseudo.)*

**First Frenchman:** (JOHN) Bonsoir - ici nous avons les diagrammes modernes d'un mouton anglo-français ... maintenant ... baa-aa, baa-aa... nous avons, dans la tête, le cabinc. Ici, on se trouve le petit capitaine Anglais, Monsieur Trubshawe.

**Second Frenchman:** Vive Brian, wherever you are.

**First Frenchman:** D'accord, d'accord. Maintenant, je vous présente mon collègue, le pour célèbre, Jean-Brian Zatapathique.

*(Transfers his moustache to Second Frenchman)*

**Second Frenchman** Maintenant, le mouton ... le landing ... les wheels, bon.

*(Opens diagram to show wheels on sheep's legs.)*

**First Frenchman:** Bon, les wheels, ici.

**Second Frenchman** C'est formidable, n'est ce pas ... *(unintelligibly indicates motor at rear of sheep)*

**First Frenchman:** Les voyageurs ... les bagages ... ils sont ... ici!

*(Triumphantly opens the rest of the diagram to reveal the whole brilliant arrangement. They run round flapping their arms and baa-ing. Cut to pepperpots in supermarket with off-screen interviewer.)*

**First Pepperpot:** Oh yes, we get a lot of French people round here.

**Second Pepperpot:** Ooh Yes.

**Third Pepperpot:** All over yes.

**Interviewer:** And how do you get on with these French people?

**First Pepperpot:** Oh very well.

**Fourth Pepperpot:** So do I.

**Third Pepperpot:** Me too.

**First Pepperpot:** Oh yes I like them. I mean, they think well don't they? I mean, be fair- Pascal.

**Second Pepperpot:** Blaise Pascal.

**Third Pepperpot:** Jean-Paul Sartre.

**First Pepperpot:** Yes, Voltaire.

**Second Pepperpot:** Ooh! - Rendre Descartes.

*(Reni Descartes is sitting thinking. Bubbles come from his head with 'thinks '. Suddenly he looks happy. In a thought bubble appears 'I THINK THEREFORE I AM '. A large hand comes into picture with a pin and pricks the thought bubble. It deflates and disappears. After a second, Reni disappears too.)*

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# The Man With Three Buttocks

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 2

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did this sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 2](#), it was also performed on their Album - Monty Python's Flying Circus' under the name More Television Interviews/Arthur Frampton.

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## The cast:

**ANNOUNCER**  
Eric Idle

**HOST**

John Cleese

# ARTHUR FRAMPTON

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

**Announcer:** And now for something completely different. A man with three buttocks!

**Host :** I have with me Mr Arthur Frampton who... *(pause)* Mr. Frampton, I understand that you - um - as it were... *(pause)* Well let me put it another way. Erm, I believe that whereas most people have - er - two... Two.

**Frampton:** Oh, sure.

**Host:** Ah well, er, Mr Frampton. Erm, is that chair comfortable?

**Frampton:** Fine, yeah, fine.

**Host:** Mr Frampton, er, vis a vis your... *(pause)* rump.

**Frampton:** I beg your pardon?

**Host:** Your rump.

**Frampton:** What?

**Host:** Er, your derriere. *(Whispers)* Posterior. Sit-upon.

**Frampton:** What's that?

**Host:** *(whispers)* Your buttocks.

**Frampton:** Oh, me bum!

**Host:** *(hurriedly)* Sshhh! Well now, I understand that you, Mr Frampton, have a... *(pause)* 50% bonus in the region of what you say.

**Frampton:** I got three cheeks.

**Host:** Yes, yes, excellent, excellent. Well we were wondering, Mr Frampton, if you could see your way clear to giving us a quick... *(pause)* a quick visual... *(long pause)*. Mr Frampton, would you take your trousers down.

**Frampton:** What? *(to cameramen)* 'Ere, get that away! I'm not taking me trousers down on television. What do you think I am?

**Host:** Please take them down.

**Frampton:** No!

**Host:** No, er look, er Mr Frampton. It's quite easy for somebody just to come along here claiming... that they have a bit to spare in the botty department. The point is, our viewers need proof.

**Frampton:** I've been on Persian Radio ... Get off! Arthur Figgis knows I've got three buttocks.

**Host:** How?

**Frampton:** We go cycling together.

*(Cut to shot of two men riding tandem. The one behind (Graham) looks down, looks up and exclaims 'strewth '.)*

**Announcer:** (sitting at desk) And now for something completely different. A man with three buttocks.

*(Interview studio again.)*

**Interviewer:** Good evening, I have with me Mr Arthur Frampton, who.. Mr Frampton I understand that you, as it were - well let me put it another way... I believe Mr Frampton that whereas most people... didn't we do this just now?

**Frampton:** Er ... yes.

**Interviewer:** Well why didn't you say so?

**Frampton:** I thought it was the continental version.

*(Cut back to Announcer sitting confidently at desk)*

Announcer: And now for something completely the same - a man with three buttocks. *(phone on desk rings - he answers)* Hullo? ... Oh, did we. *(puts phone down and looks at camera)* And now for something completely different. A man with three noses.

**Off-Screen Voice:** He's not here yet!

**Announcer:** [Two noses?](#)



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# A man with two noses / Musical Mice

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 2

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 2](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'

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## The cast:



**MAN WITH TWO NOSES**

Graham Chapman

**COMPÈRE**

Michael Palin

**The sketch:**

*(Opening Scene : Stock shot of audience of Women , applauding. A man flourishing a handkerchief blows his nose. Then he puts his handkerchief inside his shin and blows again. Stock shot women applauding again.)*

**Compare:** Ladies and gentlemen isn't she just great eh, wasn't she just Feat. Ha, ha, ha, and she can run as fast as she can sing, ha, ha, ha. And I'm telling you - 'cos I know. No, only kidding. Ha, ha, ha. Seriously now, ladies and gentlemen, we have for you one of the most unique acts in the world today. He's ... well I'll say no more, just let you see for yourselves... ladies and gentlemen, my very great privilege to introduce Arthur Ewing, and his musical mice.

*Cut to Ewing.*

**Ewing:** Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you. Ladies and gentlemen. I have in this box twenty-three white mice. Mice which have been painstakingly trained over the past few years, to squeak at a selected pitch. *(he raises a mouse by its tail)* This is E sharp... and this one is G. You get the general idea. Now these mice are so arranged upon this rack, that when played in the correct order they will squeak 'The Bells of St Mary's'. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you on the mouse organ 'The Bells of St Mary's'. Thank you.

*(He produces two mallets. He starts stritu'ng the mice while singing quietly 'The Bells of St Mary's'. Each downward stroke of the mallet brings a terrible squashing sound and the expiring squeak. It is quite clear that he is slaughtering the mice. The musical effect is poor. After the first few notes people are shouting 'Stop it, stop him someone, Oh my God'. He cheerfully takes a bow. He is hauled off by the floor manager. He comes back and has a few more 'hits' before being dragged off again.)*

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# Marriage Guidance Counsellor

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 2

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 2](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'

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## The cast:

**COUNSELLOR**  
Eric Idle

**ARTHUR PEWTY**  
Michael Palin

**DEIDRE PEWTY**  
Carol Cleveland

**The sketch:**

*A little man enters, with a beautiful blond buxom woman dressed very scantily*

**Arthur:** Are you the marriage guidance counsellor?

**Counsellor:** Yes. Good morning

**Arthur:** Good morning, sir

**Counsellor:** *(stares at woman, fascinated)* And good morning to you madam *(pauses, shrugs himself out of staring and says to Arthur)* Name?

**Arthur:** Mr and Mrs Arthur Pewty

**Counsellor:** *(writes without looking down, just stares at Arthur's wife)* And what is the name of your ravishing wife? *(holds her hand)* Wait. Don't tell me - it's something to do with moonlight - it goes with her eyes - it's soft and gentle, warm and yielding, deeply lyrical and yet tender and frightened like a tiny whit rabbit **Arthur:** It's Deidre

**Counsellor:** Deidre. What a beautiful name. What a beautiful, beautiful name *(leans across and lightly brushes his hand across Diedre's cheek)* And what seems to be the trouble with your marriage Mr Pewty?

**Arthur:** Well, it all started about five years ago when we started going on holiday in Brighton together. Deidre, that's my wife, has always been a jolly good companion to me and I never particularly anticipated any marital strife - indeed the very idea of consulting a professional marital adviser has always been of the greatest repugnance to me although far be it from me to impugn the nature of your trade or profession *The counsellor and Arthur's wife are not listening, they are fascinated by each other*

**Counsellor:** *(realising Arthur has stopped)* Do go on

**Arthur:** Well, as I say, we've always been good friends, sharing the interests, the gardening and so on, the model aeroplanes, the sixpenny bottle for the holiday money, and indeed twice a month settling down in the evenings doing the accounts, something which, er, Deidre, Deidre that's my wife, er, particularly looked forward to on account of her feet *(the counsellor has his face very close to Diedre, so close that they could kiss)* I should probably have said at the outset I'm noted for having something of a sense of humour, although I have kept myself very much to myself over the las two years notwithstanding, as it were, and it's only as comparatively recently that I began to realize - well, er prehaps realize is not the correct word, er, imagine, that I was not the only thing in her life

**Counsellor:** *(who is practically in a clutch with Diedre)* You suspected your wife?

**Arthur:** Well yes - at first, frankly yes *(the counsellor points Diedre to a screen. She goes behind*

it) Her behaviour did seem at the time to me, who after all was there to see, to be a little odd

**Counsellor:** Odd?

**Arthur:** Yes well, I mean to a certain extent yes. I'm not by nature a suspicious person - far from it - though in fact I have something of a reputation as an after-dinner speaker, if you take my meaning...

*A piece of Diedre's clothing comes over the top of the screen*

**Counsellor:** Yes I certainly do

*Diedre's bra and panties come over the screen*

**Arthur:** Anyway in the area where I'm known people in fact know me extremely well....

**Counsellor:** *(taking his jacket off)* Oh yes. Would you hold this

**Arthur:** Certainly yes *(helps him with his jacket. The counsellor continues to undress)* Anyway as I said, I decided to face up to the facts and stop beating about the bush or I'd never look myself in the bathroom mirror again.

**Counsellor:** *(stips down to his shorts)* Er, look would you mind running long for ten minutes? Make it half an hour.

**Arthur:** No, no right-ho, fine. Yes I'll wait outside shall I?...*(the counsellor has already gone behind the screen)* Yes, well that's perhaps the best things. Yes. You've certainly put my mind at rest on one or two points, there.

*Exits through door. Arthur is stopped by a deep southern American voice*

**Southener:** Now ait there stranger. A man can run and run for year after year until he realizes that what he's running from .....is hisself

**Arthur:** Gosh

**Southener:** A man's got ot do what a man's got to do, and there ain't no sense in runnin'. Now you gotta turn, and you gotta fight, and you gotta hold your head up high

**Arthur:** Yes!

**Southener:** Now you go back in there my son and be a man

**Arthur:** Yes I will. I will!. I've been pushed around long enough. This is it. This is your monent Arthur Pewty - this is it Arthur Pewty. At last you're a man! *(open the door very determined)* All right, Diedre, come out of there **Counsellor:** Go away

**Arthur:** Right. Right.

*Arthur is then hit in the head with a chicken by a man in a suit of armour*





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# The wacky queen

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 2

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The cast:

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**TENNYSON**

Michael Palin

**QUEEN VICTORIA**

Terry Jones

## The sketch:

*(Queen Victoria Film: the texture of the film reproduces as accurately as possible an animated Victorian photograph. Queen Victoria and Gladstone are walking on the lawn in front of Osborne.)*

**Compare:** These historic pictures of Queen Victoria, taken in 1880 at Osborne show the Queen with Gladstone. This unique film provides a rare glimpse into the private world of a woman who ruled half the earth. The commentary, recorded on the earliest wax cylinders, is spoken by Alfred Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate.

**Tennyson:** Well hello, it's the wacky Queen again! *(the Queen repeatedly nudges Gladstone in the ribs and chucks him under the chin)* And who's the other fella? It's Willie Gladstone! And when these two way-out wacky characters get together there's fun a-plenty. *(they come up to a gardener with a hosepipe)* And, uh-oh! There's a hosepipe! This means trouble for somebody! *(the Queen takes the hose and kicks the gardener; he falls over)* Uh-oh, Charlie Gardener's fallen for that old trick. The Queen has put him in a heap of trouble! *(the Queen turns the hose on Gladstone)* Uh-oh that's one in the eye for Willie! *(the Queen hands Gladstone the hose)* Here, you have a go! *(she goes back to the tap and turns off the water)* Well, doggone it, where's the water? *(Gladstone examines the end of the hose; the water flow returns, spraying him)* Uh-oh, there it is, all over his face! *(she lifts her skirts and runs as he chases her across the lawn; next we see the Queen painting a fence, Gladstone approaches from the other side)* Well, hello, what's Britain's wacky Queen up to now? Weft, she's certainly not sitting on the fence. She's painting it. Surely nothing can go wrong here? Uh! oh, here's the PM coming back for more. *(Gladstone walks into line with the end of the fence; the Queen drubs paint on him)* And he certainly gets it *(he takes the bucket from her and empties it over her head; she kicks him; he falls through the fence)* Well, that's one way to get the housework done!

*(Cut to the Queen and Gladstone having tea on the lawn. She pushes a custard pie into his face. As he retaliates the picture freezes; the camera pulls back to reveal that it is a photo on the mantelpiece of a working-class sitting room.)*

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# Working Class Playwright

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 2

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**The cast:**

**MUM**

Terry Jones



**DAD**

Graham Chapman

**KEN**

Eric Idle

**MAN**

Michael Palin

## VOICE OVER

John Cleese

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### The sketch:

*(Opening Scene : A sitting room straight out of. H. Lawrence. Mum, wiping her hands on her apron is ushering in a young man in a suit. They are a Northern couple.)*

**Mum:** Oh dad... look who's come to see us... it's our Ken.

**Dad:** *(without looking up)* Aye, and about bloody time if you ask me.

**Ken:** Aren't you pleased to see me, father?

**Mum:** *(squeezing his arm reassuringly)* Of course he's pleased to see you, Ken, he...

**Dad:** All right, woman, all right I've got a tongue in my head - I'll do 'talkin'. *(looks at Ken distastefully)* Aye ... I like yer fancy suit. Is that what they're wearing up in Yorkshire now?

**Ken:** It's just an ordinary suit, father... it's all I've got apart from the overalls.

*(Dad turns away with an expression of scornful disgust.)*

**Mum:** How are you liking it down the mine, Ken?

**Ken:** Oh it's not too bad, mum... we're using some new tungsten carbide drills for the preliminary coal-face scouring operations.

**Mum:** Oh that sounds nice, dear...

**Dad:** Tungsten carbide drills! What the bloody hell's tungsten carbide drills?

**Ken:** It's something they use in coal-mining, father.

**Dad:** *(mimicking)* 'It's something they use in coal-mining, father'. You're all bloody fancy talk since you left London.

**Ken:** Oh not that again.

**Mum:** He's had a hard day dear... his new play opens at the National Theatre tomorrow.

**Ken:** Oh that's good.

**Dad:** Good! good? What do you know about it? What do you know about getting up at five o'clock in t'morning to fly to Paris... back at the Old Vic for drinks at twelve, sweating the day through press interviews, television interviews and getting back here at ten to wrestle with the problem of a homosexual nymphomaniac drug-addict involved in the ritual murder of a well known Scottish footballer. That's a full working day, lad, and don't you forget it!

**Mum:** Oh, don't shout at the boy, father.

**Dad:** Aye, 'ampstead wasn't good enough for you, was it? ... you had to go poncing off to BarnsIcy, you and yer coal-mining friends. *(spits)*

**Ken:** Coal-mining is a wonderful thing father, but it's something you'll never understand. Just look at you!

**Mum:** Oh Ken! Be careful! You know what he's like after a few novels.

**Dad:** Oh come on lad! Come on, out wi' it! What's wrong wi' me?... yet tit!

**Ken:** I'll tell you what's wrong with you. Your head's addled with novels and poems, you come home every evening reeling of Chateau La Tour...

**Mum:** Oh don't, don't.

**Ken:** And look what you've done to mother! She's worn out with meeting film stars, attending premieres and giving gala luncheons...

**Dad:** There's nowt wrong wi' gala luncheons, lad! I've had more gala luncheons than you've had hot dinners!

**Mum:** Oh please!

**Dad:** Aaaaaaagh! *(clutches hands and sinks to knees)*

**Mum:** Oh no!

**Ken:** What is it?

**Mum:** Oh, it's his writer's cramp!

**Ken:** You never told me about this...

**Mum:** No, we didn't like to, Kenny.

**Dad:** I'm all right! I'm all right, woman. Just get him out of here.

**Mum:** Oh Ken! You'd better go ...

**Ken:** All right. I'm going.

**Dad:** After all we've done for him...

**Ken:** *(at the door)* One day you'll realize there's more to life than culture. There's dirt, and smoke, and good honest sweat!

**Dad:** Get out! Get out! Get OUT! You ... LABOURER!

*(Ken goes. Shocked silence. Dad goes to table and takes the cover off the typewriter.)*

**Dad:** Hey, you know, mother, I think there's a play there .... get t'agent on t'phone.

**Mum:** Aye I think you're right, Frank, it could express, it could express a vital theme of our age...

**Dad:** Aye.

*(In the room beneath a man is standing on a chair. banging on the ceiling with a broom.)*

**Man:** Oh shut up! *(bang bang)* Shut up! *(they stop talking upstairs)* Oh, that's better. *(he climbs down and looks at the camera)* And now for something completely different ... a man with three buttocks...

**Mum and Dad:** *(from upstairs)* We've done that!

*(The man looks up slightly disconcerted.)*

**Man:** Oh all right. All right! A man with nine legs.

**Voice Off:** He ran away.

**Man:** Oh... Bloody Hell! Er ... a Scotsman on a horse!

*(Cut to film of a Scotsman (John Cleese) riding up on a horse. He looks around, puzzled.*

*Cut to stock film of Women's Institute audience applauding. Cut to the man with two noses (Graham Chapman); he puts a handkerchief to his elbow and we hear the sound of a nose being blown.*

*Cut to Women's Institute audience applauding.*

*Cut to cartoon of a flying sheep.)* **Voice Over:** Harold! Come back, Harold! Harold! Come back, Harold! Oh, blast!

*(The sheep is shot down by a cannon. Cut to film of an audience of Indian ladies not applauding.)*

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# The Wrestling Epilogue

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 2

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The cast:

**INTERVIEWER**  
John Cleese



**The sketch:**

**Interviewer:** Good evening, and welcome once again to the Epilogue. On the programme this evening we have Monsignor Edward Gay, visiting Pastoral Emissary of the Somerset Theological College and author of a number of books about belief, the most recent of which is the best seller 'My God'. And opposite him we have Dr Tom Jack: humanist, broadcaster, lecturer and author of the book 'Hello Sailor'. Tonight, instead of discussing the existence or non-existence of God, they have decided to fight for it. The existence, or non-existence, to be determined by two falls, two submissions, or a knockout. All right boys, let's get to it. Your master of ceremonies for this evening - Mr Arthur Waring.

*(The partial pants move into a wrestling ring.)*

**MC:** Good evening ladies and gentlemen and welcome to a three-round contest of the Epilogue. Introducing on my right in the blue corner, appearing for Jehovah - the ever popular Monsignor Eddie Gay. *(there are boos from the crowd)* And on my left in the red corner - author of the books 'The Problems of Kierkegaard' and 'Hello Sailor' and visiting Professor of Modern Theological Philosophy at the University of East Anglia - from Wigan - Dr Tom Jack! *(cheers; gong goes for the start)* (CAPTION: 'ROUND 1' They are real wrestlers. They throw each other about.)

**Interviewer:** Now Dr Jack's got a flying mare there. A flying mare there, and this is going to be a full body slam. A full body slam, and he's laying it in there, and he's standing back. Well .. there we are leaving the Epilogue for the moment, we'll be bringing you the result of this discussion later on in the programme.

**Interviewer:** Oh my God! *(pulls out a revolver and shoots something off-screen)*

*(ANIMATION: We see a cowboy just having been shot. This leads into cartoon film, which includes a carnivorous pram and music from Rodin's statue 'The Kiss '. Then a protest march appears carrying banners. Close in on banners which read: End Discrimination: Mice Is Nice; Ho Ho Ho Traps Must Go; Hands Off Mice: Repeal Anti-Mouse Laws Now; Kidderminster Young Methodists Resent Oppression: A Fair Deal For Mice Men.)*

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# The mouse problem

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 2

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did this sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 2](#), it was also performed on their Album - Monty Python's Flying Circus'.

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## The cast:





**INTERVIEWER**  
Terry Jones

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**KARGOL**

Graham Chapman

**JANET**

Carol Cleveland



**JULIUS CAESAR**

Graham Chapman

**NAPOLEON**  
Terry Jones

**VIKING**

Eric Idle

**WINDOW CLEANER**  
Eric Idle

**STOCKBROKER**

John Cleese

MAN

Terry Jones

**ACCOUNTANT**

Graham Chapman

**VICAR**

John Cleese



**PORTER**

Terry Jones

## SECOND MAN

Graham Chapman

## MR. A

John Cleese

---

### The sketch:

*(Sketch starts with a policeman leading a man in mouse costume into a police station. Photo of headline: Mouse Clubs On Increase. Cut to: photos of neon signs of clubs: Eek Eek Club; The Little White Rodent Room; Caerphilly A Go-Go. Cut to studio: ordinary grey-suited Linkman.)*

**Linkman:** Yes. The Mouse Problem. This week 'The World Around Us' looks at the growing social phenomenon of Mice and Men. What makes a man want to be a mouse.

*(Interviewer, Harold Voice, sitting facing a confessor. The confessor is badly lit and is turned away from camera.)*

**Confessor:** *(very slowly and painfully)* Well it's not a question of wanting to be a mouse... it just sort of happens to you. All of a sudden you realize... that's what you want to be.

**Interviewer:** And when did you first notice these... shall we say... tendencies?

**Confessor:** Well... I was about seventeen and some mates and me went to a party, and, er... we had quite a lot to drink... and then some of the fellows there ... started handing ... cheese around ... and well just out of curiosity I tried a bit ... and well that was that.

**Interviewer:** And what else did these fellows do?

**Confessor:** Well some of them started dressing up as mice a bit ... and then when they'd got the costumes on they started ... squeaking.

**Interviewer:** Yes. And was that all?

**Confessor:** That was all.

**Interviewer:** And what was your reaction to this?

**Confessor:** Well I was shocked. But, er... gradually I came to feel that I was more at ease ... with other mice.

*(Cut to linkman.)*

**Linkman:** A typical case, whom we shall refer to as Mr A, although his real name is this:

Voice Over: *(and CAPTION)* ARTHUR JACKSON 32A MILTON AVENUE, HOUNSLOW, MIDDLESEX.

**Linkman:** What is it that attracts someone like Mr A to this way of life? I have with me a consultant psychiatrist.

*(The camera pulls back to reveal the psychiatrist who places in front of himself a notice saying 'The Amazing Kargol And Janet '.)*

**Kargol:** Well, we've just heard a typical case history. I myself have over seven hundred similar histories, all fully documented. Would you care to choose one?

*(Janet, dressed in showgirl's outfit, enters and offers Linkman the case histories fanned out like cards, with one more prominent than the others; he picks it out.)*

**Kargol:** *(without looking)* Mr Arthur Aidridge of Leamington.

**Linkman:** Well, that's amazing, amazing. Thank you, Janet. *(chord; Janet postures and exits)*  
Kargol, speaking as a psychiatrist as opposed to a conjuror...

**Kargol:** *(disappointed)* Oh...

**Linkman:** ... what makes certain men want to be mice?

**Kargol:** Well, we psychiatrists have found that over 8% of the population will always be mice. I mean, after all, there's something of the mouse in all of us. I mean, how many of us can honestly say that at one time or another he hasn't felt sexually attracted to mice. *(Linkman looks puzzled)* I know I have. I mean, most normal adolescents go through a stage of squeaking two or three times a day. Some youngsters on the other hand, are attracted to it by its very illegality. It's like murder - make a thing illegal and it acquires a mystique. *(Linkman looks increasingly embarrassed)* Look at arson - I mean, how many of us can honestly say that at one time or another he hasn't set fire to some great public building. I know I have. *(phone on desk rings; the Linkman picks it up but does not answer it)* The only way to bring the crime figures down is to reduce the number of offences - get it out in the open - I know I have, **Linkman:** *(replacing phone)* 'The Amazing Kargol And Janet. What a lot of people don't realize is that a mouse, once accepted, can fulfil a very useful role in society. Indeed there are examples throughout history of famous men now known to have been mice.

*(Cut to Julius Caesar on beach. He shouts 'Veni Vidi, Vial'. Then he adds a furtive squeak. Napoleon pulls slice of cheese out of jacket and bites into it. Cut to Linkman)*

**Linkman:** And, of course, Hillaire Belloc. But what is the attitude...

*(Cut to man in a Viking helmet.)*

**Viking:** ... of the man in the street towards...

**Linkman:** ... this growing social problem?

*(Vox pops films.)*

**Window Cleaner:** Clamp down on them.

**Off-screen Voice:** How?

**Window Cleaner:** I'd strangle them.

**Stockbroker:** Well speaking as a member of the Stock Exchange I would suck their brains out with a straw, sell the widows and orphans and go into South American Zinc.

**Man:** Yeh I'd, er, stuff sparrows down their throats, er, until the beaks stuck out through the, er, stomach walls.

**Accountant:** Oh well I'm a chartered accountant, and consequently too boring to be of interest.

**Vicar:** I feel that these poor unfortunate people should be free to live the lives of their own choice.

**Porter:** I'd split their nostrils open with a boat hook, I think.

**2nd Man:** Well I mean, they can't help it, can they? But, er, there's nothing you can do about it. So er, I'd kill 'em.

*(Cut to linkman.)*

**Linkman:** Clearly the British public's view is a hostile one.

**Voice Over:** *(and CAPTION)* 'HOSTILE'

**Linkman:** But perhaps this is because so little is generally known of these mice men. We have some film now taken of one of the notorious weekend mouse parties, where these disgusting little perverts meet.

*(Cut to exterior house (night). The blinds are drawn so that only shadows of enormous mice can be seen, holding slices of cheese and squeaking.)*

**Linkman's Voice** Mr A tells us what actually goes on at these mouse parties.

*(Cut to Mr A.)*

**Mr A:** Well first of all you get shown to your own private hole in the skirting board... then you put the mouse skin on... then you scurry into the main room, and perhaps take a run in the wheel.

**Linkman:** The remainder of this film was taken secretly at one of these mouse parties by a BBC cameraman posing as a vole. As usual we apologize for the poor quality of the film.

*(Very, poor quality film, shadowy shapes, the odd mouse glimpsed.)*

**Mr A's Voice:** Well, er, then you steal some cheese, Brie or Camembert, or Cheddar or Gouda, if you're on the harder stuff. You might go and see one of the blue cheese films... there's a big clock in the middle of the room, and about 12.50 you climb up it and then ...eventually, it strikes one... and you all run down.

*(Cut to a large matron with apron and cawing knife)*

**Linkman's Voice:** And what's that?

**Mr A's Voice:** That's the farmer's wife.

*(Cut to the linkman at desk.)*

**Linkman:** Perhaps we need to know more of these mice men before we can really judge them. Perhaps not. Anyway, our thirty minutes are up.

*(Sound of baa-ing. The linkman looks up in air, looks startled, pulls a gun from under the desk and fires in the air. The body of a sheep falls to the floor.)*

**Linkman:** Goodnight.

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# **Court Scene**

## **(witness in coffin / Cardinal Richelieu)**

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 3](#)

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**The cast:**

**JUDGE**

Terry Jones

**PRISONER**  
Eric Idle



**COUNSEL**

John Cleese

**MRS. LEWIS**

Graham Chapman

**CARDINAL**  
Michael Palin

## **The sketch:**

*Scene : A Courtroom with a Judge sitting where a Judge sits, and a prisoner in the dock.*

**Judge::** Mr Larch, you heard the case for the prosecution. Is there anything you wish to say before I pass sentence?

**Prisoner:** Well... I'd just like to say, m'lud, I've got a family... a wife and six kids... and I hope very much you don't have to takeaway my freedom... because... well, because m'lud freedom is a state much prized within the realm of civilized society. *(slips into Olivier impression)* It is a bond wherewith the savage man may charm the outward hatchments of his soul, and soothe the troubled breast into a magnitude of quiet. It is most precious as a blessedbalm, the saviour of princes, the harbinger of happiness, yea, the very stuff and pith of all we hold most dear. What frees the prisoner in his lonely tree, chained within the bondage of rude walls, far from the owl of Thebes? What fires and stirs the woodcock in his spring or wakes the drowsy apricot betides? What goddess doth the storm toss'd mariner offer her most tempestuous prayers to? Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!

**Judge:** It's only a bloody parking offence.

*Counsel walks into court.*

**Counsel:** I'm sorry I'm late m'lud I couldn't find a kosher car park. Er... don't bother to recap m'lud, I'll pick it up as we go along. Call Mrs Fiona Lewis.

*Mrs Lewis walks into the court and gets up into the witness box.*

**Clerk of the Court:** Call Mrs Fiona Lewis.

**Mrs. Lewis:** *(taking bible)* I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so anyway, I said to her, 1 said, they can't afford that on what he earns, I mean for a start the feathers get up your nose, I ask you, four and six a pound, and him with a wooden leg, I don't know how she puts up widl it after all the trouble she's had with her you-know-what, anyway it was a white wedding much to everyone's surprise, of course they bought everything on the hire purchase, I think they ought to send them back where they came from, I mean you've got to be cruel to be kind so Mrs Harris said, so she said, she said, she said, the dead crab she said, she said. Well, her sister's gone to Rhodesia what with her womb and all, and her youngest, her youngest as thin as a filing cabinet, and the goldfish, the goldfish they've got whooping cough they keep spitting water all over their Bratbys, well, they do don't they, I mean you can't, can you, I mean they're not even married or anything, they're not even divorced, and he's in the KGB if you ask me, he says he's a tree surgeon but I don't like the sound of his liver, all that squeaking and banging every night till the small hours, his mother's been much better since she had her head off, yes she has, I said, don't you talk to me about bladders, I said...

*(While Mrs. Lewis was talking Counsel was trying to interupt and ask questions. Eventually he*

*gives up and she is pushed out of court still talking.)*

**Judge:** Mr Bartlett, I fail to see the relevance of your last witness. Counsel My next witness will explain that if m'ludship will allow. I call the late Arthur Aidridge.

**Clerk of the Court:** The late Arthur Aidridge.

**Judge:** The late Arthur Aidridge?

**Counsel:** Yes m'lud.

*(A coffin is brought into the court and laid across the witness box.)*

**Judge:** Mr Bartlett, do you think there is any relevance in questioning the deceased?

**Counsel:** I beg your pardon m'lud.

**Judge:** Well, I mean, your witness is dead.

**Counsel:** Yes, m'lud. Er, ,well, er, virtually, m'lud.

**Judge:** He's not completely dead?

**Counsel:** No he's not completely dead m'lud. No. But he's not at all well.

**Judge:** But if he's not dead, what's he doing in a coffin?

**Counsel:** Oh, it's purely a precaution m'lud - if I may continue? Mr Aidridge, you were a... you are a stockbroker of xo Savundra Close, Wimbledon. *(from the coffin comes a bang)* Mr Aidridge...

**Judge:** What was that knock?

**Counsel:** It means 'yes' m'lud. One knock for 'yes', and two knocks for 'no'. If I may continue? Mr Aidridge, would it be fair to say that you are not at all well? *(from the coffin comes a bang)* In fact Mr Aldridge, not to put too fine a point on it, would you be prepared to say that you are, as it were, what is generally known as, in a manner of speaking, 'dead'? *(silence,' counsel listens;)* Mr Aidridge I put it to you that you are dead. *(silence)* Ah ha!

**Judge:** Where is all this leading us?

**Counsel:** That will become apparent in one moment m'lud. *(walking over to coffin)* Mr Aidridge are you considering the question or are you just dead? *(silence)* I think I'd better take a look m'lud. *(he opens the coffin and looks inside)* No further questions m'lud.

**Judge:** What do you mean, no further questions? You can't just dump a dead body in my court and say 'no further questions'. I demand an explanation.

**Counsel:** There are no easy answers in this case m'lud.

**Judge:** I think you haven't got the slightest idea what this case is about.

**Counsel:** M'lud the strange, damnable, almost diabolic threads of this extraordinary tangled web of intrigue will shortly m'lud reveal a plot so fiendish, so infernal, so heinous ...

**Judge:** Mr Bartlett, your client has already pleaded guilty to the parking offence.

**Counsel:** Parking offence, schmarking offence, m'lud. We must leave no stone unturned. Call Cardinal Richelieu.

**Judge:** Oh, you're just trying to string this case out. Cardinal Richelieu?

**Counsel:** A character witness m'lud.

*(Fanfare of trumpets. Cardinal Richelieu enters witness box in beautiful robes.)*

**Cardinal:** 'Allo everyone, it's wonderful to be 'ere y'know, I just love your country. London is so beautiful at this time of year.

**Counsel:** Er, you are Cardinal Armand du Piessis de Richelieu, First Minister of Louis XIII?

**Cardinal:** Oui.

**Counsel:** Cardinal, would it be fair to say that you not only built up the centralized monarchy in France but also perpetuated the religious schism in Europe?

**Cardinal:** *(modesty)* That's what they say.

**Counsel:** Did you persecute the Huguenots?

**Cardinal:** Oui.

**Counsel:** And did you take even sterner measures against the great Catholic nobles who made common cause with foreign foes in defence of their feudal independence?

**Cardinal:** I sure did that thing.

**Counsel:** Cardinal. Are you acquainted with the defendant, Harold Latch?

**Cardinal:** Since I was so high *(indicated how high)*.

**Counsel:** Speaking as a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church, as First Minister of Louis XIII, and as one of the architects of the modern world already - would you say that Harold Larch was a man of good character?

**Cardinal:** Listen. Harry is a very wonderful human being.

**Counsel:** M'lud. In view of the impeccable nature of this character witness may I plead for clemency.

**Judge:** Oh but it's only thirty shillings.

*(Enter Inspector Dim.)*

**Dim:** Not so fast!

**Prisoner:** Why not?

**Dim:** *(momentarily thrown)* None of your smart answers ... you think you're so clever. Well, I'm Dim.

*(A caption appears on the screen 'DIM OF THE YARD')*

**Everyone:** *(in unison)* Dim! Consternation! Uproar!

**Dim:** Yes, and I've a few questions I'd like to ask Cardinal so-called Richelieu.

**Cardinal:** Bonjour Monsieur Dim.

**Dim:** So-called Cardinal, I put it to you that you died in December 1642.

**Cardinal:** That is correct.

**Dim:** Ah ha! He fell for my little trap.

*(Court applauds and the Cardinal looks dismayed.)*

**Cardinal:** Curse you Inspector Dim. You are too clever for us naughty people.

**Dim:** And furthermore I suggest that you are none other than Ron Higgins, professional Cardinal Richelieu impersonator.

**Cardinal:** It's a fair cop.

**Counsel:** My you're clever Dim. He'd certainly taken me in.

**Dim:** It's all in a day's work.

**Judge:** With a brilliant mind like yours, Dim, you could be something other than a policeman.

**Dim:** Yes.

**Judge:** What?

*(Piano starts playing.)*

**Dim:** *(singng)*

If I were not in the CID  
Something else I'd like to be

If I were not in the CID

A window cleaner, me!

With a rub-a-dub-dub and a scrub-a-dub-dub

And a rub-a-dub all day long

With a rub-a-dub-dub and a scrub-a-dub-dub

I'd sing this merry song!

*(Dim mimes window cleaning movements in a sort of a dance routine. The rest of the court sings the chorus again with him. When they finish counsel enthusiastically takes over but this time the court all sit and watch him as though he has gone completely mad.)* **Counsel:** *(Singing)*

If I were not before the bar

Something else I'd like to be

If I were not a barr-is-ter

An engine driver me!

With a chuffchuffchuff etc.

*(He, makes engine miming movements. A few seconds he sees that the rest of the court are staring at him in amazement and he loses momentum rapidly. After he stops a knight in armour walks up to the counsel and hits him with a raw chicken.)*

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# **How to recognize different types of tree from quite a long way away**

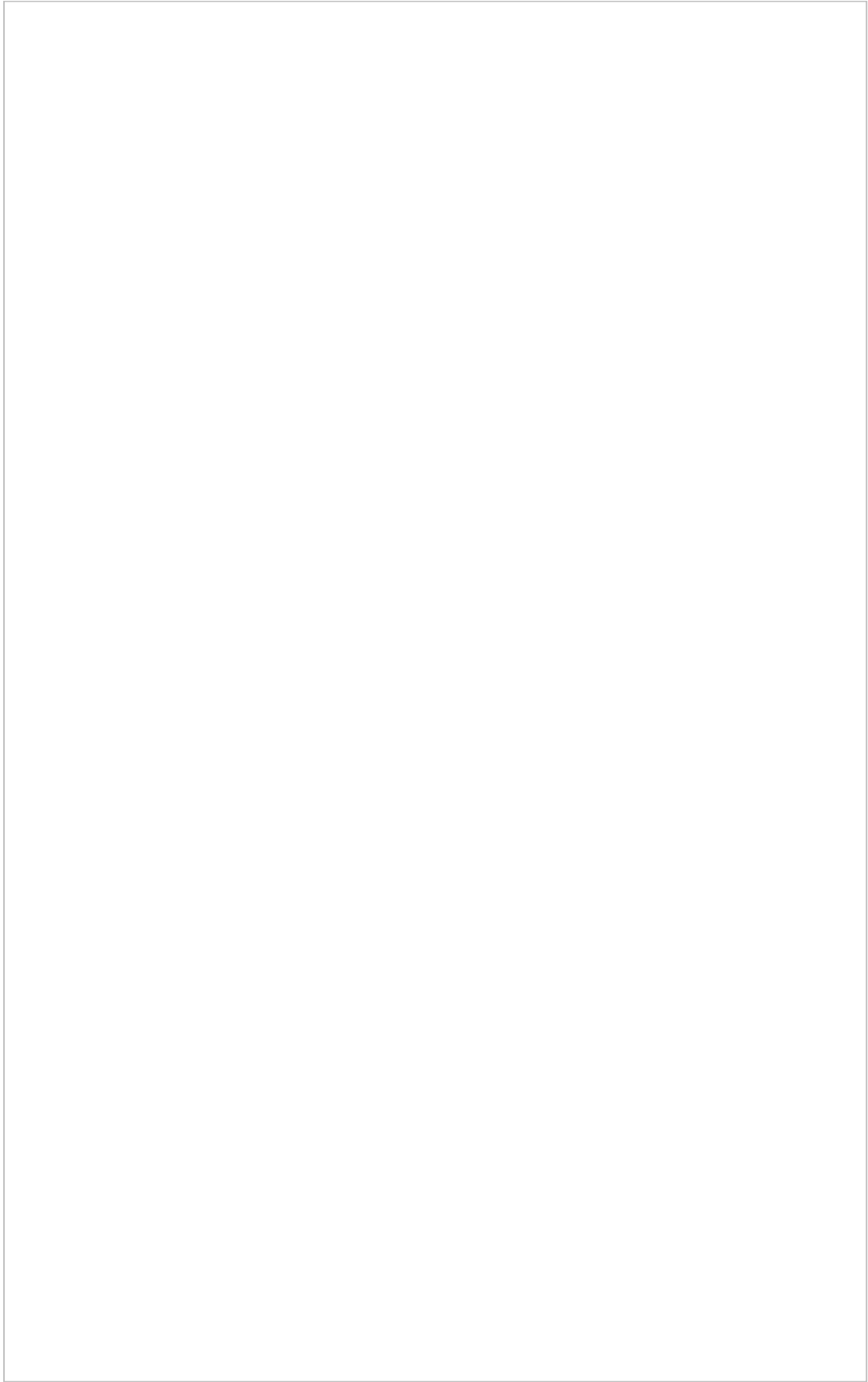


## Voice Over

(and CAPTION:)

'NO. 1'

'THE LARCH'



**Voice Over**

The larch. The larch.

**Voice Over**

(and CAPTION:)  
'AND NOW...NO. 1...THE LARCH...AND NOW...'

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# Bicycle Repair Man

Also featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 3](#)

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The cast:

## **VOICE OVER**

John Cleese (with American Accent)

**BICYCLE REPAIR MAN**

Michael Palin

**SUPERMAN ONE**  
John Cleese

**SUPERMAN TWO**  
Graham Chapman



# SUPERMAN THREE

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

**Voiceover:** This man is no ordinary man. This is Mr. H G Superman. To all appearances, he looks like any other law-abiding citizen. But Mr F G Superman has a secret identity. When trouble strikes at any time, at any place, he is ready to become... BICYCLE REPAIR MAN!

**Superboy:** Hey, there's a bicycle broken, up the road.

**Superman One:** If only Bicycle Repair Man were here!

**Superboy:** Yes, wait, I think I know where I can find him. Look over there!

*Caption: FLASH!*

**All Supermen:** Bicycle Repair Man, but how?

**Superman One:** Oh look... is it a stockbroker?

**Superman Two:** Is it a quantity Surveyor?

**Superman Three:** Is it a church warden?

**All Supermen:** NO! It's Bicycle Repair Man!

**Superman:** MY! Bicycle Repair Man! Thank goodness you've come! Look!

*Caption: Clink! Screw! Bend! Inflate! Alter Saddle!*

**Superman Two:** Why, he's mending it with his own hands!

**Superman One:** See how he uses a spanner to tighten that nut!

**Superman:** Oh, Oh Bicycle Repair Man, how can I ever repay you?

**Bicycle Repair Man:** Oh, you don't need to guv. It's all in a days work for... Bicycle Repair Man!

**All Supermen:** Our Hero!

**Voiceover:** Yes! whenever bicycles are broken, or menaced by international communism, Bicycle Repair Man is ready!

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# Children's Stories

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 3

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did this sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 3](#), it was also performed on their Album - Monty Python's Flying Circus'.

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## The cast:

## The sketch:

*(Sketch opens with five seconds of Gilliam animation. To gentle children's music, we see bunnies jumping up and down. Cut to children's storyteller in studio.)*

**Storyteller:** *(sitting with large children's book, at desk)* Hello, Children, hello. Here is this morning's story. Are you ready? Then we'll begin. *(opens book; reads)* 'One day Ricky the magic Pixie went to visit Daisy Bumble in her tumbledown cottage. He found her in the bedroom. Roughly he grabbed her heavy shoulders pulling her down on to the bed and ripping off her...; *(reads silently, turns over page quickly, smiles)* 'Old Nick the Sea Captain was a rough tough jolly sort of fellow. He loved the life of the sea and he loved to hang out down by the pier where the men dressed as ladies...' *(reads on silently; a stick enters vision and pokes him; he starts and turns over page)* 'Rumpletweezer ran the Dinky Tinky shop in the foot of the magic oak tree by the wobbly dumdum bush in the shade of the magic glade down in Dingly Dell. Here he sold contraceptives and .. discipline?... naked? ... *(without looking up, reads a bit; then, incredulously to himself)* With a melon!?

*(ANIMATION: A hippo squashes the bunnies... and other things happen. Cut to a seaside beach. By a notice, 'Donkey Rides ', run two men carrying a donkey.)*

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# Restaurant Sketch

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 3

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 3](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'.

## The cast:

**WIFE**

Carol Cleveland

MAN

Graham Chapman

**WAITER**

Terry Jones



**HEAD WAITER**  
Michael Palin

**MANAGER**  
Eric Idle

# COOK

John Cleese

---

## The sketch:

*(Scene : A couple are seated at a table in a restaurant.)*

**Wife:** It's nice here, isn't it?

**Man:** Oh, very good restaurant, three stars you know.

**Wife:** Really?

**Man:** Mmm...

**Waiter:** Good evening, sir! Good evening, madam! And may I say what a pleasure it is to see you here again, sir!

**Man:** Oh thank you. Well there you are dear. Have a look there, anything you like. The boeuf en croute is fantastic.

**Waiter:** Oh if I may suggest, sir ... the pheasant à la reine, the sauce is one of the chefs most famous creations.

**Man:** Em... that sounds good. Anyway just have a look... take your time. Oh, er by the way - got a bit of a dirty fork, could you ... er... get me another one?

**Waiter:** I beg your pardon.

**Man:** Oh it's nothing ... er, I've got a fork a little bit dirty. Could you get me another one? Thank you.

**Waiter:** Oh ... sir, I do apologize.

**Man:** Oh, no need to apologize, it doesn't worry me.

**Waiter:** Oh no, no, no, I do apologize. I will fetch the head waiter immediately.

**Man:** Oh, there's no need to do that!

**Waiter:** Oh, no no... I'm sure the head waiter, he will want to apologize to you himself. I will fetch him at once.

**Wife:** Well, you certainly get good service here.

**Man:** They really look after you... yes.

**Head Waiter:** Excuse me monsieur and madame. *(examines the fork)* It's filthy, Gaston ... find out who washed this up, and give them their cards immediately.

**Man:** Oh, no, no.

**Head Waiter:** Better still, we can't afford to take any chances, sack the entire washing-up staff.

**Man:** No, look I don't want to make any trouble.

**Head Waiter:** Oh, no please, no trouble. It's quite right that you should point these kind of things out. Gaston, tell the manager what has happened immediately! *(The Waiter runs off)*

**Man:** Oh, no I don't want to cause any fuss.

**Head Waiter:** Please, it's no fuss. I quite simply wish to ensure that nothing interferes with your complete enjoyment of the meal.

**Man:** Oh I'm sure it won't, it was only a dirty fork.

**Head Waiter:** I know. And I'm sorry, bitterly sorry, but I know that... no apologies I can make can alter the fact that in our restaurant you have been given a dirty, filthy, smelly piece of cutlery...

**Man:** It wasn't smelly.

**Head Waiter:** It was smelly, and obscene and disgusting and I hate it, I hate it ,.. nasty, grubby, dirty, mingy, scrubby little fork. Oh ... oh . . . oh . . . *(runs off in a passion as the manager comes to the table)*

**Manager:** Good evening, sir, good evening, madam. I am the manager. I've only just heard . .. may I sit down?

**Man:** Yes, of course.

**Manager:** I want to apologize, humbly, deeply, and sincerely about the fork.

**Man:** Oh please, it's only a tiny bit... I couldn't see it.

**Manager:** Ah you're good kind fine people, for saying that, but I can see it.., to me it's like a mountain, a vast bowl of pus.

**Man:** It's not as bad as that.

**Manager:** It gets me here. I can't give you any excuses for it - there are no excuses. I've been meaning to spend more time in the restaurant recently, but I haven't been too well ,.. *(emotionally)* things aren't going very well back there. The poor cook's son has been put away again, and poor old Mrs Dalrymple who does the washing up can hardly move her poor fingers, and then there's Gilberto's war wound - but they're good people, and they're kind people, and together we were beginning to get over this dark patch ... there was light at the end of the tunnel . .. now this . .. now this...

**Man:** Can I get you some water?

**Manager:** *(in tears)* It's the end of the road!!

*(The cook comes in; he is very big and comes a meat cleaver.)*

**Cook:** *(shouting)* You bastards! You vicious, heartless bastards! Look what you've done to him! He's worked his fingers to the bone to make this place what it is, and you come in with your petty feeble quibbling and you grind him into the dirt, this fine, honourable Man, whose boots you are not worthy to kiss. Oh... it makes me mad... mad! *(slams cleaver into the table)* *(The head waiter comes in and tries to restrain him. )*

**Head Waiter:** Easy, Mungo, easy... Mungo... *(clutches his head in agony)* the war wound!... the wound... the wound...

**Manager:** This is the end! The end! Aaargh!! *(stabs himself with the fork)*

**Cook:** They've destroyed him! He's dead!! They killed him!!! *(goes completely mad)*

**Head Waiter:** *(trying to restrain him)* Mungo... never kill a customer. *(in pain)* Oh . .. the wound! The wound! *(he and the cook fight furiously and fall over the table)*

*(On the Screen a Caption appears - 'AND NOW THE PUNCH-LINE')*

**Man:** Lucky we didn't say anything about the dirty knife...

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# Seduced Milkman

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 3

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 3](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'.

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## The cast:

**MILKMAN**

Michael Palin

# YOUNG LADY

Carol Cleveland

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## The sketch:

**Please note this sketch is mainly visual**

*(Milkman delivering milk to a suburban house. As he puts the milk down, the front door opens and a seductively dressed young lady beckons him inside. Glancing round he follows her into the house and up the stairs. She leads him to the bedroom door, opens it, and ushers him inside, closing the door behind him. Inside, he is bewildered to see several elderly milkmen, who have obviously been therefor a very long time.)* **The TV Series version finished here, however the Movie version continues...**

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# Stolen News reader

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 3

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**The cast:**

# NEWSREADER

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(Scene : A BBC News studio, where the news reader is just putting the phone down. At his desk is an old-fashioned microphone with 'BBC' on it. He is in evening dress, and speaks in beautifully modulated tones.)*

**Newsreader:** Good evening, here is the 6 o'clock News read by Michael Queen. It's been a quiet day over most of the country as people went back to work after the warmest July weekend for nearly a year. The only high spot of the weekend was the meeting between officials of the NEDC and the ODCN in Bradford today.

*(At this point, axes split open the studio door behind him. Through the hole, men with stockings over their heads leap in firing guns in all directions. The newsreader continues, unperturbed. Cut to marauders pushing the newsreader, still at his desk down a passage in the BBC. They rush him out of the TV Centre and onto the back of a lorry.)* **Newsreader:** *(continuing)* In Geneva, officials of the Central Clearing Banks met with Herr Voleschtadt of Poland to discuss non-returnable loans on a twelve-year trust basis for the construction of a new zinc-treating works in the Omsk area of Krakow, near the Bulestan border. The Board of Trade has ratified a Trade Agreement with the Soviet Union for the sale of 600 low gear electric sewing machines. The President of the Board of Trade said he hoped this would mark a new area of expansion in world trade and a new spirit of co-operation between East and West. There has been a substantial drop in Gold Reserves during the last twelve months. This follows a statement by the Treasury to the effect that the balance of imports situation had not changed dramatically over the same period.

*(cut to lorry hurtling through London with newsreader still reading news on the back - facing backwards; cut to lorry hurtling through country lane and flashing past camera)*

**Newsreader:** *(continuing)* Still no news of the National Savings book lost by Mr Charles Griffiths of Porthcawl during a field expedition to the Nature Reserves of Swansea last July. Mr Griffiths' wife said that her husband was refusing to talk to the Press until the Savings Certificate had been found.

*(cut to gang hoisting him on to the back of an open lorry, still in desk etc.)*

**Newsreader:** *(continuing)* In Cornwall the death has been announced today of the former Minister without Portfolio, General Sir Hugh Marksby-Smith. Sir Hugh was vice-president of the Rotarian movement.

*(a long shot of a jetty; we see the gang still pushing the newsreader still on his desk along the jetty)*

**Newsreader:** *(continuing)* In the match between Glamorgan and Yorkshire, the Yorkshire bowler Nicholson took eight wickets for three runs. Glamorgan were all out for the thirty-six and therefore won the match by an innings and seven runs. Weather for tomorrow will be cloudy with occasional

outbreaks of rain. And that is the end of the news.

*(they reach the end and push him over into the sea... sound effects: splash. Gurgle gurgle.)*

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# Children's Interview

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 3](#)

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**The cast:**



**LITTLE ERIC**  
Eric Idle

**LITTLE MICHAEL**

Michael

# LITTLE TERRY

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*Scene : An interviewer bending down to speak to 3 children in playground.*

**Interviewer:** Eric ... do you think you could recognize a larch tree?

**Eric:** *(after much deliberation)* Don't know.

*(Roars of delighted pre-recorded laughter from unseen audience.)*

**Interviewer:** What's your name?

**Michael:** Michael.

*(Laughter.)*

**Interviewer:** Michael, do you think you know what a larch tree looks like?

**Michael:** *(bursting into tears)* I want to go home.

*(Shrieks from unseen audience.)*

**Terry:** Bottom!

*(More shrieks.)*

**Interviewer:** Are there any other trees that any of you think you could recognize from quite a long way away?

**Terry:** I ... want... to see a sketch of Eric's please...

**Interviewer:** What?

**Terry:** I want to see a sketch of Eric's. Nudge Nudge.

**Interviewer:** A sketch?

**Terry:** Eric's written...

**Eric:** I've written a sketch.

**Michael:** Nudge nudge, Eric's written ...

**Eric:** [Nudge nudge ... nudge ... nudge](#)





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# Nudge, Nudge

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 3](#)

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 3](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different' and performed live in the Movie - 'Live at the Hollywood Bowl'. It was also performed on their Albums - 'Monty Python's Flying Circus', 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (UK version), 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (US version), 'Monty Python's The Final Ripoff' 'The Ultimate Monty Python Ripoff' and 'Lust for Glory'. They also performed this sketch live on their albums 'Monty Python live at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane' and 'Monty Python live at City Center..

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## The cast:

MAN

Eric Idle

# SQUIRE

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

**Man:** 'Evening, squire!

**Squire:** (stiffly) Good evening.

**Man:** Is, uh,...Is your wife a goer, eh? Know whatahmean, know whatahmean, nudge nudge, know whatahmean, say no more?

**Squire:** I, uh, I beg your pardon?

**Man:** Your, uh, your wife, does she go, eh, does she go, eh?

**Squire:** (flustered) Well, she sometimes "goes", yes.

**Man:** Aaaaaaaah bet she does, I bet she does, say no more, say no more, knowwhatahmean, nudge nudge?

**Squire:** (confused) I'm afraid I don't quite follow you.

**Man:** Follow me. Follow me. That's good, that's good! A nod's as good as a wink to a blind bat!

**Squire:** Are you, uh,...are you selling something?

**Man:** SELLING! Very good, very good! Ay? Ay? Ay? *(pause)* Oooh! Ya wicked Ay! Wicked Ay! Oooh hooh! Say NO MORE!

**Squire:** Well, I, uh....

**Man:** Is, your uh, is your wife a sport, ay?

**Squire:** Um, she likes sport, yes!

**Man:** I bet she does, I bet she does!

**Squire:** As a matter of fact she's very fond of cricket.

**Man:** 'Oo isn't? Likes games, eh? Knew she would. Likes games, eh? She's been around a bit, been around?

**Squire:** She has traveled, yes. She's from Scarsdale. *(pause)*

**Man:** SAY NO MORE!!

**Man:** Scarsdale, saynomore, saynomore, saynomore, squire!

**Squire:** I wasn't going to!

**Man:** Oh! Well, never mind. Dib dib? Is your uh, is your wife interested in....photography, ay?  
"Photographs, ay", he asked him knowingly?

**Squire:** Photography?

**Man:** Snap snap, grin grin, wink wink, nudge nudge, say no more?

**Squire:** Holiday snaps, eh?

**Man:** They could be, they could be taken on holiday. Candid, you know, CANDID photography?

**Squire:** No, no I'm afraid we don't have a camera.

**Man:** Oh. (leeringly) Still, mooooooh, ay? Mwoohohohohoo, ay? Hohohohohoho, ay?

**Squire:** Look... are you insinuating something?

**Man:** Oh, no, no, no...yes.

**Squire:** Well?

**Man:** Well, you're a man of the world, squire.

**Squire:** Yes...

**Man:** I mean, you've been around a bit, you know, like, you've, uh.... You've "done it"....

**Squire:** What do you mean?

**Man:** Well, I mean like,....you've SLEPT, with a lady....

**Squire:** Yes....

**Man:** What's it like?

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# Song 'And did those feet' / Art Gallery & Critic

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 4](#)

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**The cast:**

**SINGER**

Eric Idle



**JANET**

John Cleese

**MARGE**

Graham Chapman

**CRITIC**

Michael Palin

WIFE

Katya Wyeth

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## The sketch:

*(Opening Scene : Singer in spangly jacket sitting on high stool with guitar.)*

**Singer:** *(singing to the tune of Jerusalem)* And did those teeth in ancient time...

*(CAPTION: 'LIVE FROM THE CARDIFF ROOMS, LIBYA')*

**Singer:** ... walk upon England's mountains green. *(he stops playing)* Good evening and welcome ladies and gentlemen. At this time we'd like to up the tempo a litde, change the mood. We've got a number requested by Pip, Pauline, Nigel, Tarquin, and old Spotty - Tarquin's mother - a little number specially written for the pubescence of ex-King Zog of Albania, and it's entitled 'Art Gallery'. Hope you like it.

*(Interior of art gallery. Two figures enter. They are both middle-aged working mothers. Each holds the hand of an unseen infant who is beneath the range of the camera.)*

**Janet:** 'Allo, Marge!

**Marge:** Oh hello, Janet, how are you love?

**Janet:** Fancy seeing you! How's little Ralph?

**Marge:** Oh, don't ask me! He's been nothing but trouble all morning. Stop it Ralph! *(she slaps at unseen infant)* Stop it!

**Janet:** Same as my Kevin.

**Marge:** Really?

**Janet:** Nothing but trouble ... leave it alone! He's just been in the Florentine Room and smeared tomato ketchup all over Raphael's Baby Jesus. *(shouting off sharply)* Put that Baroque masterpiece down!

**Marge:** Well, we've just come from the Courtauld and Ralph smashed every exhibit but one in the Danish Contemporary Sculpture Exhibition.

**Janet:** Just like my Kevin. Show him an exhibition of early eighteenth-century Dresden Pottery and he goes berserk. No, I said no, and I meant no! *(smacks unseen infant again)* This morning we were viewing the early Flemish Masters of the Renaissance and Mannerist Schools, when he gets out his black aerosol and squirts Vermeer's Lady At A Window!

**Marge:** Still it's not as bad as spitting is it?

**Janet:** *(firmly)* No, well Kevin knows *(slaps the infant)* that if he spits at a painting I'll never take

him to all exhibition again.

**Marge:** Ralph used to spit - he could hit a Van Gogh at thirty yards. But he knows now it's wrong - don't you Ralph? *(she looks down)* Ralph! Stop it Stop it Stop chewing that Turner! You are ... *(she disappears from shot)* You are a naughty, naughty, vicious little boy. *(smack; she comes back into shot holding a copy of Turner's Fighting Temeraire in a lovely gilt frame but all tattered)* Oh, look at that! The Fighting Temeraire - ruined! What shall I do?

**Janet:** *(taking control)* Now don't do a thing with it love, just put it in the bin over there.

**Marge:** Really?

**Janet:** Yes take my word for it, Marge. Kevin's eaten most of the early nineteenth-century British landscape artists, and I've learnt not to worry. As a matter of fact, I feel a bit peckish myself. *(she breaks a bit off the Turner)* Yes...

*(Marge also tastes a bit.)*

**Marge:** I never used to like Turner.

**Janet:** *(swallowing)* No ... I don't know much about art, but I know what I like.

*(Cut to a book-lined study. At a desk in front of the shelves sits an art critic with a mouthful of Utrillo. SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'AN ART CRITIC')*

**Critic:** *(taking out stringy bits as he speaks)* Mmmm... *(munches)* Well I think Utrillo's brushwork is fantastic... *(stifles burp)* But he doesn't always agree with me ... *(belches)* Not after a Rubens, anyway ... all those cherries ... ooohh ... *(suddenly looks down)* Ur'gh! I've got Vermeer all down my shirt...

**Wife:** *(bringing in a water jug and glass on a tray and laying it on his desk)* Watteau, dear?

**Critic:** What a terrible joke.

**Wife:** But it's my only line.

**Critic:** *(rising vehemently)* All right! All right! But you didn't have to say it! You could have kept quiet for a change

*(Wife cries.)*

**Critic:** Oh, that's typical. Talk, talk, talk. Natter, natter, natter!

*(Cut back to singer.)*

**Singer:** *(singing)* Bring me my arrows of desire ... Bring me my spear oh clouds unfold ... Bring me my chariot of fire.

*(A sexy girl (Katya ) enters and starts fondling him.)*



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# It's a man's life in the modern army / Undressing In Public

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 4](#)

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**The cast:**

**COLONEL**

Graham Chapman



MAN

Terry Gillam

**GENTLEMAN**

Terry Jones

**SECOND MAN**

Michael Palin

## **The sketch:**

*(On-screen caption: 'IT'S A MAN'S LIFE IN THE CARDIFF ROOMS, LIBYA'. Scene : Colonel with army recruitment posters on wall behind him.)*

**Colonel:** Right, cut to me. As Officer Commanding the Regular Army's Advertising Division, I object, in the strongest possible terms to this obvious reference to our own slogan 'It's a dog's life ... *(correcting himself rapidly)* a man's life in the modern army' and I warn this programme that any recurrence of this sloppy long-haired civilian plagiarism will be dealt with most severely. Right, now on the command 'cut', the camera will cut to camera two, all right, director... *(cut to a man sitting at desk)* Wait for it! *(cut back to colonel)* Camera cut. *(cut to man; he has a Viking helmet on)* **Man:** This is my only line. *(catcalls)* *(defensively)* Well, it's my only line.

*(Cut to a gentleman in striped blazer, boater and cricket flannels walking down to beach clutching towel and bathing trunks. He puts his towel on a breakwater next to another towel and starts to change. He suddenly looks up and we see everyone on the beach has turned to watch him - not with any disapproval just a blank English stare. He grabs his towel off the breakwater and starts to take his trousers off under that. Girl in a bikini has been sitting on other side of the breakwater, stands up looking for her towel. She sees that the man is using it and she whisks it off him leaving him clutching his half-down trousers. Shot of everyone staring at him again. He pulls them up and makes for a beach hut... embarrassed. He goes into beach hut. Inside he is about to take his trousers off, when he becomes aware of a pair of feet which come up to the back of the beach hut - there is a 6-inch gap along bottom - and stop as if someone were peering through the crack. The man looks slightly outraged and pulls his trousers up, goes outside and edges cautiously round to the back of the beach hut. Then he finds a man bending close to the side of the beach hut with his hand to his face. The Gentleman kicks him hard in the seat of the pants. The man turns in obvious surprise, to reveal he was merely trying to light his cigarette out of the wind. The gentleman backs away with embarrassed apologies. We cut to the front of the beach hut to see gentleman backing round at the same time as a large matronly woman marches into the hut... the man follows her in. He is promptly thrown out on his ear. In desperation he looks around. On the promenade he suddenly sees an ice-cream van. He walks up to it, looks around, then nips behind to start changing. At the same time a policeman strolls up to the ice-cream van and tells it to move on. The van drives off, exposing the gentleman clutching his trousers round his ankles. Close-up policeman's reaction. The man hurriedly pulls trousers up as policeman approaches him pulling out note book. Still covered in confusion he runs away from the policeman. In long shot we see him approach the commissionaire of the Royale Palace De Luxe Hotel. He whispers to the commissionaire, indicates by mime that he wants to take his trousers off: The commissionaire reacts to the gesture. The man nods. The commissionaire starts to take his trousers off. Man backs away once more in confusion - he has been misunderstood. Back on the beach again. He hides behind a pile of deck chairs. At that moment a beach party of jolly trippers arrive and each takes one. The deck chair pile rapidly disappears leaving the gentleman once again exposed. He dashes behind the deck chair attendant's hut which is next to him. Enter two workmen who dismantle it. Desperate by now he goes onto the pier. He goes into the*

*amusement arcade, looking around furtively. Nips behind a 'what the butler saw' machine. Woman comes and puts penny in and starts to look, beckons over husband,' he comes, looks in the machine, sees the man' changing his trousers. They chase him off. Stir pursued he nips into door. Finds himself in blackness. Relieved - at last he has found somewhere to change. He relaxes and starts to take his trousers off. Suddenly hears music and applause... curtains swishes back to reveal he is on stage of the pier pavilion. The audience applauds. Resigned to his fate, he breaks into striptease routine.)* **Voice Over:** (and Caption) 'IT'S A MAN'S LIFE TAKING YOUR CLOTHES OFF IN PUBLIC

*(Cut to colonel)*

**Colonel:** Quiet. Quiet. Now wait a minute. I have already warned this programme about infringing the Army copyright of our slogan 'It's a pig's life... man's life in the modern army'. And I'm warning you if it happens again, I shall come down on this programme like a ton of bricks... right. [Carry on sergeant major.](#)

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# Self-defense against Fresh Fruit

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 4

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 4](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'. This sketch were also performed on their Album 'Monty Python's Flying Circus'.

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## The cast:

**COLONEL**

Graham Chapman

**SERGEANT MAJOR**

John Cleese



**FIRST MAN**

Graham Chapman

**SECOND MAN**

Michael Palin

# THIRD MAN

Terry Jones

**SINGER**

Eric Idle

## The sketch:

**Colonel:** get some discipline into those chaps, Sergeant Major!

**Sargeant:** (*Shouting throughout*) Right sir! Good evening, class.

**All:** (*mumbling*) Good evening.

**Sargeant:** Where's all the others, then?

**All:** They're not here.

**Sergeant:** I can see that. What's the matter with them?

**All:** Dunno.

**1st Man:** Perhaps they've got 'flu.

**Sergeant:** Huh! 'Flu, eh? They should eat more fresh fruit. Ha. Right. Now, self-defence. Tonight I shall be carrying on from where we got to last week when I was showing you how to defend yourselves against anyone who attacks you with armed with a piece of fresh fruit.

(*Grumbles from all*)

**2nd Man:** Oh, you promised you wouldn't do fruit this week.

**Sergeant:** What do you mean?

**3rd Man:** We've done fruit the last nine weeks.

**Sergeant:** What's wrong with fruit? You think you know it all, eh?

**2nd Man:** Can't we do something else?

**3rd Man:** Like someone who attacks you with a pointed stick?

**Sergeant:** Pointed stick? Oh, oh, oh. We want to learn how to defend ourselves against pointed sticks, do we? Getting all high and mighty, eh? Fresh fruit not good enough for you eh? Well I'll tell you something my lad. When you're walking home tonight and some great homicidal maniac comes after you with a bunch of loganberries, don't come crying to me! Now, the passion fruit. When your assailant lunges at you with a passion fruit...

**All:** We done the passion fruit.

**Sergeant:** What?

**1st Man:** We done the passion fruit.

**2nd Man:** We done oranges, apples, grapefruit...

**3rd Man:** Whole and segments.

**2nd Man:** Pomegranates, greengages...

**1st Man:** Grapes, passion fruit...

**2nd Man:** Lemons...

**3rd Man:** Plums...

**1st Man:** Mangoes in syrup...

**Sergeant:** How about cherries?

**All:** We did them.

**Sergeant:** Red \*and\* black?

**All:** Yes!

**Sergeant:** All right, bananas.

*(All sigh.)*

**Sergeant:** We haven't done them, have we? Right. Bananas. How to defend yourself against a man armed with a banana. Now you, come at me with this banana. Catch! Now, it's quite simple to defend yourself against a man armed with a banana. First of all you force him to drop the banana; then, second, you eat the banana, thus disarming him. You have now rendered him 'elpless.

**2nd Man:** Suppose he's got a bunch.

**Sergeant:** Shut up.

**4th Man:** Suppose he's got a pointed stick.

**Sergeant:** Shut up. Right now you, Mr Apricot.

**1st Man:** 'Arrison.

**Sergeant:** Sorry, Mr. 'Arrison. Come at me with that banana. Hold it like that, that's it. Now attack me with it. Come on! Come on! Come at me! Come at me then! *(Shoots him.)*

**1st Man:** Aaagh! *(dies.)*

**Sergeant:** Now, I eat the banana. *(Does so.)*

**2nd Man:** You shot him!

**3rd Man:** He's dead!

**4th Man:** He's completely dead!

**Sergeant:** I have now eaten the banana. The deceased, Mr Apricot, is now 'elpless.

**2nd Man:** You shot him. You shot him dead.

**Sergeant:** Well, he was attacking me with a banana.

**3rd Man:** But you told him to.

**Sergeant:** Look, I'm only doing me job. I have to show you how to defend yourselves against fresh fruit.

**4th Man:** And pointed sticks.

**Sergeant:** Shut up.

**2nd Man:** Suppose I'm attacked by a man with a banana and I haven't got a gun?

**Sergeant:** Run for it.

**3rd Man:** You could stand and scream for help.

**Sergeant:** Yeah, you try that with a pineapple down your windpipe.

**3rd Man:** A pineapple?

**Sergeant:** Where? Where?

**3rd Man:** No I just said: a pineapple.

**Sergeant:** Oh. Phew. I thought my number was on that one.

**3rd Man:** What, on the pineapple?

**Sergeant:** Where? Where?

**3rd Man:** No, I was just repeating it.

**Sergeant:** Oh. Oh. I see. Right. Phew. Right that's bananas then. Now the raspberry. There we are. 'Armless looking thing, isn't it? Now you, Mr Tin Peach.

**3rd Man:** Thompson.

**Sergeant:** Thompson. Come at me with that raspberry. Come on. Be as vicious as you like with it.

**3rd Man:** No.

**Sergeant:** Why not?

**3rd Man:** You'll shoot me.

**Sergeant:** I won't.

**3rd Man:** You shot Mr. Harrison.

**Sergeant:** That was self-defence. Now come on. I promise I won't shoot you.

**4th Man:** You promised you'd tell us about pointed sticks.

**Sergeant:** Shut up. Come on, brandish that raspberry. Come at me with it. Give me Hell.

**3rd Man:** Throw the gun away.

**Sergeant:** I haven't got a gun.

**3rd Man:** You have.

**Sergeant:** Haven't.

**3rd Man:** You shot Mr 'Arrison with it.

**Sergeant:** Oh, that gun.

**3rd Man:** Throw it away.

**Sergeant:** Oh all right. How to defend yourself against a redcurrant -- without a gun.

**3rd Man:** You were going to shoot me!

**Sergeant:** I wasn't.

**3rd Man:** You were!

**Sergeant:** No, I wasn't, I wasn't. Come on then. Come at me. Come on you weed! You weed, do your worst! Come on, you puny little man. You weed...

*(Sgt. pulls a lever in the wall--CRASH! a 16-ton weight falls on Jones)*

**3rd Man:** Aaagh.

**Sergeant:** If anyone ever attacks you with a raspberry, just pull the lever and the 16-ton weight will fall on top of him.

**2nd Man:** Suppose there isn't a 16-ton weight?



**Sergeant:** Well that's planning, isn't it? Forethought.

**2nd Man:** Well how many 16-ton weights are there?

**Sergeant:** Look, look, look, Mr Knowall. The 16-ton weight is just \_one way\_ of dealing with a raspberry killer. There are millions of others!

**4th Man:** Like what?

**Sergeant:** Shootin' him?

**2nd Man:** Well what if you haven't got a gun or a 16-ton weight?

**Sergeant:** Look, look. All right, smarty-pants. You two, you two, come at me then with raspberries. Come on, both of you, whole basket each.

**2nd Man:** No guns.

**Sergeant:** No.

**2nd Man:** No 16-ton weights.

**Sergeant:** No.

**4th Man:** No pointed sticks.

**Sergeant:** Shut up.

**2nd Man:** No rocks up in the ceiling.

**Sergeant:** No.

**2nd Man:** And you won't kill us.

**Sergeant:** I won't.

**2nd Man:** Promise.

**Sergeant:** I promise I won't kill you. Now. Are you going to attack me?

**2nd & 4th Men:** Oh, all right.

**Sergeant:** Right, now don't rush me this time. Stalk me. Do it properly. Stalk me. I'll turn me back. Stalk up behind me, close behind me, then in with the redcurrants! Right? O.K. start moving. Now the first thing to do when you're being stalked by an ugly mob with redcurrants is to -- release the tiger!

*(He does so. Growls. Screams.)*

**Sergeant:** The great advantage of the tiger in unarmed combat is that he eats not only the fruit-laden foe but also the redcurrants. Tigers however do not relish the peach. The peach assailant should be

attacked with a crocodile. Right, now, the rest of you, where are you? I know you're hiding somewhere with your damsons and prunes. Well I'm ready for you. I've wired meself up to 200 tons of gelignite, and if any one of you so much as makes a move we'll all go up together! Right, right. I warned you. That's it...

*(Explosion.)*

*(ANIMATION: Ends with cut-out animation of sedan chair; matching shot links into next film. Cut to deserted beach. Sedan chair arrives at deserted beach. Hunkey opens the door. Gentleman gets out in his eighteenth-century finery. The flunkeys help him to change into a lace-trimmed striped bathing costume. He then gets back into the sedan chair and they all trot off into the sea. Cut to singer in bed with woman. Singer reclining with guitar, strumming.)* **Singer:** And did those feet in ancient times, walk upon England's mountains green... we'd like to alter the mood a little, we'd like to bring you something for mum and dad, Annie, and Roger, Mazarin and Louis and all at Versailles, it's a little number called 'England's Mountains Green'. Hope you like it. And did those feet in ancient time ...

*(Cut to a man standing in the countryside.)*

**Man:** (rustic accent) Yes, you know it's a man's life in England's Mountain Green.

*((The colonel enters briskly.)*

**Colonel:** Right I heard that, I heard that, I'm going to stop this sketch now, and if there's any more of this, I'm going to stop the whole programme. I thought it was supposed to be about teeth anyway. Why don't you do something about teeth - go on. *(walks off)* **Man:** What about my rustic monologue? ... I'm not sleeping with that producer again.

*(Cut to film of various sporting activities, wild west stage coach etc.)*



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# Secret Service Dentists

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 4

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**The cast:**

**BOOKSELLER**

John Cleese

**ARTHUR**

Eric Idle

**VAN DER BERG**

Dick Vosburgh

**LAFARGE**

Michael Palin

**NURSE**

Katya Wyeth



**BRIAN**

Terry Jones

**BIG CHEESE**  
Graham Chapman

**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

COLONEL

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

*(Scene: A bookshop. A Bookseller is standing behind the counter. Arthur enters the shot and goes up to the counter. The Bookseller jumps and looks around furtively.)*

**Bookseller:** Er... oh!

**Arthur:** Good morning, I'd like to buy a book please.

**Bookseller:** Oh, well I'm afraid we don't have any. *(trying to hide them)*

**Arthur:** I'm sorry?

**Bookseller:** We don't have any books. We're fresh out of them. Good morning.

**Arthur:** Well what are all these?

**Bookseller:** All what? Oh! All these, ah ah ha ha. Your referring to these ... books.

**Arthur:** Yes.

**Bookseller:** They're um ... they're all sold. Good morning.

**Arthur:** What all of them?

**Bookseller:** Every single man Jack of them. Not a single one of them in an unsold state. Good morning.

**Arthur:** Who to?

**Bookseller:** What?

**Arthur:** Who are they sold to?

**Bookseller:** Oh ... various ... good Lord is that the time? Oh my goodness I must close for lunch.

**Arthur:** It's only half past ten.

**Bookseller:** Ah yes, well I feel rather peckish ... very peckish actually, I don't expect I'll open again today. I think I'll have a really good feed. I say! Look at that lovely bookshop just across the road there, they've got a much better selection than we've got, probably at ridiculously low prices ... just across the road there. *(he has the door open)* Good morning.

**Arthur:** But I was told to come here.

**Bookseller:** *(bundling him back in)* Well. Well, I see. Er ... *(very, carefully)* hear the gooseberries are doing well this year... and so are the mangoes. *(winks)*

**Arthur:** I'm sorry?

**Bookseller:** Er .. oh . .. I was just saying ... thinking of the weather.. I hear the gooseberries are doing well this year... and so are the mangoes.

**Arthur:** Mine aren't.

**Bookseller:** *(nodding keenly, with anticipation)* Go on...

**Arthur:** What?

**Bookseller:** Go on - mine aren't ... but...

**Arthur:** What?

**Bookseller:** Aren't you going to say something about 'mine aren't but the Big Cheese gets his at low tide tonight'?

**Arthur:** No.

**Bookseller:** Oh, ah, good morning, *(starts to bundle him out then stops)* Wait. Who sent you?

**Arthur:** The little old lady in the sweet shop.

**Bookseller:** She didn't have a duelling scar just here ... and a hook?

**Arthur:** No.

**Bookseller:** Of course not, I was thinking of somebody else. Good morning.

**Arthur:** Wait a minute, there's something going on here.

**Bookseller:** *(spinning round.)* What, where? You didn't see anything did you?

**Arthur:** No, but I think there's something going on here.

**Bookseller:** No no, well there's nothing going on here at all *(shouts off)* and he didn't see anything. Good morning.

**Arthur:** *(coming back into shop)* There is something going on.

**Bookseller:** Look there is nothing going on. Please believe me, there is abso... *(a hand comes into view behind Arthur's back; Bookseller frantically waves at it to disappear; it does so)* . . . lutely nothing going on. Is there anything going on?

*(A man appears, fleetingly: he is Van der Berg)*

**Van der Berg:** No there's nothing going on. (*disappears*)

**Bookseller:** See there's nothing going on.

**Arthur:** Who was that?

**Bookseller:** That was my aunt, look what was this book you wanted then? Quickly! Quickly!

**Arthur:** Oh, well, I'd like to buy a copy of an 'Illustrated History of False Teeth'.

**Bookseller:** My God you've got guts.

**Arthur:** What?

**Bookseller:** (*pulling gun*) Just how much do you know?

**Arthur:** What about?

**Bookseller:** Are you from the British Dental Association?

**Arthur:** No I'm a tobacconist.

**Bookseller:** Get away from that door.

**Arthur:** I'll just go over the other...

**Bookseller:** Stay where you are. You'll never leave this bookshop alive.

**Arthur:** Why not?

**Bookseller:** You know too much, my dental friend.

**Arthur:** I don't know anything.

**Bookseller:** Come clean. You're a dentist aren't you.

**Arthur:** No, I'm a tobacconist.

**Bookseller:** A tobacconist who just happens to be buying a book on ...teeth?

**Arthur:** Yes.

**Bookseller:** Ha ha ha ha...

(*Lafarge enters room with gun. He is swarthy, French, dressed all in black and menacing.*)

**Lafarge:** Drop that gun, Stapleton.

**Bookseller:** Lafrage! (*he drops the gun*)

**Arthur:** There is something going on.

**Bookseller:** No there isn't.

**Lafarge:** OK Stapleton, this is it. Where's Mahoney hidden the fillings?

**Bookseller:** What fillings?

**Lafarge:** You know which fillings, Stapleton. Upper right two and four, lower right three and two lower left one. Come on. *(he threatens with the gun)* Remember what happened to Nigel.

**Arthur:** What happened to Nigel?

**Bookseller:** Orthodontic Jake gave him a gelignite mouth wash.

**Arthur:** I knew there was something going on.

**Bookseller:** Well there isn't.

**Lafarge:** Come on Stapleton. The fillings!

**Bookseller:** They're at 22 Wimpole Street.

**Lafarge:** Don't play games with me! *(pokes bookseller in eye with the gun)*

**Bookseller:** Oh, oh, 22a Wimpole Street.

**Lafarge:** That's better.

**Bookseller:** But you'll need an appointment.

**Lafarge:** OK *(shouting out of shop)* Brian! Make with the appointment baby. No gas.

*(Van der Berg appears with machine gun and a nurse, he is basically dressed as a dentist. But with many rings, chains, writlets, cravats, buckled shoes and an ear-ring.)*

**Van der Berg:** Not so fast Lafarge!

**Lafarge:** Van der Berg!

**Van der Berg:** Yes. Now drop the roscoe.

**Arthur:** There is something going on.

**Bookseller:** No there isn't.

**Van der Berg:** Get the guns.

*(The nurse runs forward, picks up the gun and puts it on steel surgeon's tray, and covers it with a white cloth, returning it to Van der Berg.)*

**Arthur:** Who's that?

**Bookseller:** That's Van der Berg. He's on our side.

**Van der Berg:** All right, get up against the wall Lafarge, and you too Stapleton.

**Bookseller:** Me?

**Van der Berg:** Yes, you!

**Bookseller:** You dirty double-crossing rat.

**Arthur:** *(going with Bookseller)* What's happened?

**Bookseller:** He's two-timed me.

**Arthur:** Bad luck.

**Van der Berg:** All right ... where are the fillings? Answer me, where are they?

**Arthur:** This is quite exciting.

*(Brian enters carrying a bazooka. Brian is dressed in operating-theatre clothes, gown, cap and mask, with rubber gloves and white wellingtons.)*

**Brian:** Not so fast.

**All:** Brian!

**Arthur:** Ooh, what's that?

**The Others:** It's a bazooka.

**Brian:** All right. Get against the wall Van der Berg ... and you nurse. And the first one to try anything moves to a practice six feet underground ... this is an anti-tank gun ... and it's loaded ...and you've just got five seconds to tell me ... whatever happened to Baby Jane?

**All:** What?

**Brian:** Oh ... I'm sorry ... my mind was wandering ... I've had a terrible day... I really have ... you've got five seconds to tell me... I've forgotten. I've forgotten.

**Bookseller:** The five seconds haven't started yet have they?

**Van der Berg:** Only we don't know the question.

**Arthur:** Was it about Vogler?

**Brian:** No, no... no ... you've got five seconds to tell me...



**Van der Berg:** About Nigel?

**Brian:** No.

**Lafarge:** Bronski?

**Brian:** No. No.

**Arthur:** The fillings!

**Brian:** Oh yes, the fillings, of course. How stupid of me. Right, you've got five seconds ... *(clears throat)* Where are the fillings? Five, four, three, two, one, Zero! *(there is a long pause, Brian has forgotten to fire the bazooka but he can't put his finger on what has gone wrong)* Zero! *(looks at gun)* Oh! I've forgotten to fire it. Sorry. Silly day. Very well. *(quite rapidly)* Five, four, three, two, one.

*(A panel slides back and the Big Cheese appears in sight seated in dentist's chair. The Big Cheese is in dentist's gear, wears evil magnifying type glasses and strokes a rabbit lying on his lap.)*

**Big Cheese:** Drop the bazooka Brian.

**All:** The Big Cheese!

*(Brian drops the bazooka.)*

**Big Cheese:** I'm glad you could all come to my little ... party. And Flopsy's glad too, aren't you, Flopsy? *(he holds rabbit up as it does not reply)* Aren't you Flopsy? *(no reply again so he pulls a big revolver out and fires at rabbit from point-blank range)* That'll teach you to play hard to get. There, poor Flopsy's dead. And never called me mother. And soon ... you will all be dead, dead, dead, dead. *(the crowd start to hiss him)* And because I'm so evil you'll all die the slow way ... under the drill.

**Arthur:** It's one o'clock.

**Big Cheese:** So it is. Lunch break, everyone back here at two.

*(They, all happily relax and walk off. Arthur surreptitiously goes to telephone and, making sure nobody is looking, calls)*

**Arthur:** Hallo ... give me the British Dental Association ... and fast.

*(Cut to Arthur dressed normally as dentist leaning over patient in chair. He looks up to camera.)*

**Arthur:** You see, I knew there was something going on. Of course, the Big Cheese made two mistakes. First of all he didn't recognize me: Lemming, Arthur Lemming, Special Investigator, British Dental Association, and second ... *(to patient)* spit ... by the time I got back from lunch I had every dental surgeon in SWI waiting for them all in the broom cupboard. Funny isn't it, how naughty dentists always make that one fatal mistake. Bye for now ... keep your teeth clean.

*(Cut to photo of Arthur Lemming, with superimposed caption on screen: 'LEMMING OF THE BDA' Over this we hear a song.)*

**Song:** *(Voice over pre-recorded)* Lemming, Lemming ... Lemming of the BDA .. Lemming, Lemming ... Lemming of the BD ...Lemming of the BD ... BD, BDA.

**Voice Over:** and Caption on Screen: 'IT'S A MAN'S LIFE IN THE BRITISH DENTAL ASSOCIATION'

**Colonel:** *(knocking the photo aside)* Right! No, I warned you, no, I warned you about the slogan, right. That's the end. Stop the programme! Stop it.

*(Cut to referee blowing whistle.)*



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# Confuse-a-Cat

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 5](#)

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## The cast:

**MR. A**

Michael Palin

**MRS. B**

Terry Jones

**VET**

Graham Chapman

**SERGEANT**  
Michael Palin

# GENERAL

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(Elderly couple, Mr A and Mrs B are staring through french windows at a cat that is sitting in the middle of their lawn motionless and facing away from them. A car is heard drawing up.)*

**Mr A:** Oh good, that'll be the Vet, dear.

**Mrs B:** I'd better go and let him in.

*(Mrs B: goes out and comes back into the room with the Vet)*

**Mrs B:** (stage whisper) It's the Vet, dear.

**Mr A:** Oh very glad indeed you could come round, sir.

**Vet:** Not at all. Now what seems to be the problem? You can tell me - I'm a Vet, you know.

**Mrs B:** See! Tell him, dear.

**Mr A:** Well...

**Mrs B:** It's our cat. He doesn't do anything. He just sits out there on the lawn.

**Vet:** Is he ... dead?

**Mr A:** Oh, no!

**Vet:** *(to camera dramatically)* Thank God for that. For one ghastly moment I thought I was... too late. If only more people would call in the nick of time.

**Mrs B:** He just sits there, all day and every day.

**Mr A:** And at night.

**Mrs B:** Sh! Almost motionless. We have to take his food out to him.

**Mr A:** And his milk.

**Mrs B:** Sh! He doesn't do anything. He just sits there.

**Vet:** Are you at your wits' end?

**Mrs B:** Definitely, yes.

**Vet:** Hm. I see. Well I think I may be able to help you. You see ... *(he goes over to armchair, puts on*

*spectacles, sits, crosses legs and puts finger tips together)*... your cat is suffering from what we Vets haven't found a word for. His condition is typified by total physical inertia, absence of interest in its ambience - what we Vets call environment - failure to respond to the conventional external stimuli - a ball of string, a nice juicy mouse, a bird. To be blunt, your cat is in a rut. It's the old stockbroker syndrome, the suburban fin de siècle ennui, angst, weltschmerz, call it what you will.

**Mrs B:** Moping.

**Vet:** In a way, in a way ... hum ... moping, I must remember that. Now, what's to be done? Tell me sir, have you confused your cat recently?

**Mr A:** Well we ...

**Mrs B:** Sh! No.

**Vet:** Yes ... well I think I can definitely say that your cat badly needs to be confused.

**Mrs B:** What?

**Mr A:** Sh! What?

**Vet:** Confused. To shake it out of its state of complacency. I'm afraid I'm not personally qualified to confuse cats, but I can recommend an extremely good service. Here is their card.

**Mrs B:** *(reading card)* Oooh. 'Confuse-a-Cat Limited'.

**Mr A:** 'Confuse-a-Cat Limited'.

**Mrs B:** Oh.

*(Cut to large van arriving. On one side is a large sign reading 'Confuse-a-Cat Limited: Europe's leading cat-confusing service. By appointment to...' and a crest. Several people get out of the van, dressed in white coats, with peaked caps and insignia. One of them has a sergeant's stripes.)*

**Sergeant:** Squad! Eyes front! Stand at ease. Cat confusers ...shun!

*(From a following car a general alights.)*

**General:** Well men, we've got a pretty difficult cat to confuse today so let's get straight on with it. Jolly good. Thank you sergeant.

**Sergeant:** Confusers attend to the van and fetch out... wait for it... fetch out the funny things. *(the men unload the van)* Move, move, move. One, two, one, two, get those funny things off.

*(The workmen are completing the erection of a proscenium with curtains in front of the still immobile cat. A and B watch with awe. The arrangements are completed. All stand ready.)*

**Sergeant:** Stage ready for confusing, sir!

**General:** Very good. Carry on, sergeant.

**Sergeant:** Left turn, double march!

**General:** Right men, confuse the ... cat!

*(Drum roll and cymbals. The curtains draw back and an amazing show takes place, using various tricks: locked camera, fast motion, jerky motion, jump cuts, some pixilated motion etc. Long John Silver walks to front of stage.)*

**Long John Silver:** My lords, ladies and Gedderbong.

*(Long John Silver disappears. A pause. Two boxers appear. they circle each other. On one's head a bowler hat appears, vanishes. On the other's a stove-pipe hat appears. On the first's head a fez. The stove-pipe hat becomes a Stetson. The fez becomes a cardinal's hat. The Stetson becomes a wimple. Then the cardinal's hat and the wimple vanish. One of the boxers becomes Napoleon and the other boxer is astonished. Napoleon punches the boxer with the hand inside his jacket. The boxer falls, stunned. Horizontally he shoots off stage. Shot of cat, watching unimpressed. Napoleon does one-legged pixilated dance across stage and off, immediately reappearing on other side of stage doing same dance in same direction. He reaches the other side, but is halted by a traffic policeman. The policeman beckons onto the stage a man in a penguin skin on a pogo-stick. The penguin gets halfway across and then turns into a dustbin. Napoleon hops off stage. Policeman goes to dustbin, opens it and Napoleon gets out. Shot of cat, still unmoved. A nude man with a towel round his waist gets out of the dustbin. Napoleon points at ground. A chair appears where he points. The nude man gets on to the chair, jumps in the air and vanishes. Then Napoleon points to ground by him and a small cannon appears. Napoleon fires cannon and the policeman disappears. The man with the towel round his waist gets out of the dustbin and is chased off stage by the penguin on the pogo-stick. A sedan chair is carried on stage by two chefs. The man with the towel gets out and the penguin appears from the dustbin and chases him off. Napoleon points to sedan chair and it changes into dustbin. Man in towel runs back on to stage and jumps in dustbin. He looks out and the penguin appears from the other dustbin and hits him on the head with a raw chicken. Shot of cat still unimpressed. Napoleon, the man with the towel round his waist, the policeman, a boxer, and a chef suddenly appear standing in a line, and take a bow. They immediately change positions and take another bow. The penguin appears at the end of the line with a puff of smoke. Each one in turn jumps in the air and vanishes. Shot of passive cat.) (Cut to Mr A and Mrs B watching with the general.)*

**General:** I hope to God it works. Anyway, we shall know any minute now.

*(After a pause, the cat gets up and walks into the house. Mr A and Mrs B are overcome with joy.)*

**Mrs B:** I can't believe it.

**Mr A:** Neither can I. It's just like the old days.

**Mrs B:** Then he's cured. Oh thank you, general.

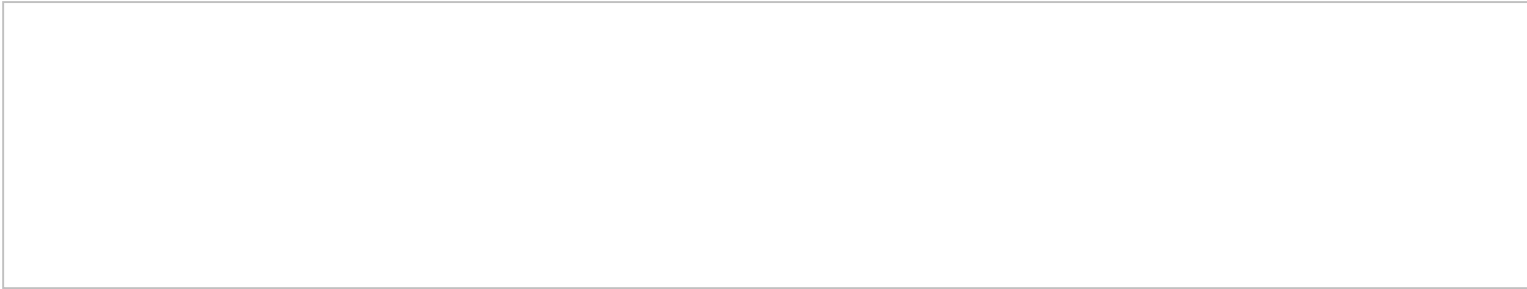
**Mr A:** What can we ever do to repay you?

**General:** No need to, sir. It's all in a day's work for Confuse-a-Cat.



*(Picture freezes and over still of general's face are superimposed the words 'Confuse-a-Cat Limited'. Dramatic music. The words start to roll, like ordinary credits but read.)*

CONFUSE-A-CAT LIMITED  
INCORPORATING  
AMAZE-A-VOLE LTD  
STUN-A-STOAT LTD  
PUZZLE-A-PUMA LTD  
STARTLE-A-THOMPSON'S GAZELLE LTD  
BEWILDEREBEEST INC  
DISTRACT-A-BEE



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# The Smuggler

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 5

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**The cast:**

**OFFICER**

John Cleese

**MAN**

Michael Palin

## The sketch:

*(Scene : A Customs hall.)*

**Officer:** Have you read this, sir? *(holds up notice)*

**Man:** No! Oh, yes, yes - yes.

**Officer:** Anything to declare?

**Man:** Yes ... no! No! No! No! Nothing to declare, no, nothing in my suitcase no...

**Officer:** No watches, cameras, radio sets?

**Man:** Oh yes ... four watches ... no, no, no. No. One... one watch...No, no. Not even one watch. No, no watches at all. No, no watches at all. No precision watches, no.

**Officer:** Which country have you been visiting, sir?

**Man:** Switzerland ... er ... no ... no ... not Switzerland ... er ... not Switzerland, it began with S but it wasn't Switzerland... oh what could it be? Terribly bad memory for names. What's the name of that country where they don't make watches at all?

**Officer:** Spain?

**Man:** Spain! That's it. Spain, yes, mm.

**Officer:** The label says 'Zurich', sir.

**Man:** Yes well ... it was Spain then.

**Officer:** Zurich's in Switzerland, sir.

**Man:** Switzerland, yes mm ... mm ... yes.

**Officer:** Switzerland - where they make the watches.

**Man:** Oh, nice shed you've got here.

**Officer:** Have you, er, got any Swiss currency, sir?

**Man:** No... just the watches... er just my watch, er, my watch on the currency... I've kept a watch of the currency, and I've watched it and I haven't got any.

**Officer:** That come out a bit glib didn't it? *(an alarm clock goes off inside his case; the Man*

*thumps it, unsuccessfully*) Have you got an alarm clock in there, sir?

**Man:** No, no, heavens no, no... just vests. *(he thumps the case and the alarm stops)*

**Officer:** Sounded a bit like an alarm going off.

**Man:** Well it can't have been... it must be a vest, er, going off.

**Officer:** Going Off

*(Clocks start ticking and chiming in the case. The man desperately thumps the case.)* the case.

**Man:** All right, I confess, I'm a smuggler ... This whole case is crammed full of Swiss watches and clocks. I've been purposely trying to deceive Her Majesty's Customs and Excise. I've been a bloody fool.

**Officer:** I don't believe you, sir.

**Man:** It's true. I'm, er, guilty of smuggling.

**Officer:** Don't give me that, sir ... you couldn't smuggle a piece of greaseproof paper let alone a case full of watches.

**Man:** What do you mean! I've smuggled watches before, you know! I've smuggled bombs, cameras, microfilms, aircraft components, you name it - I've smuggled it.

**Officer:** Now come along please, you're wasting our time... move along please.

**Man:** Look! *(he opens his case to reveal it stuffed full of watches and clocks)* Look - look at this.

**Officer:** Look, for all I know, sir, you could've bought these in London before you ever went to Switzerland.

**Man:** What? I wouldn't buy two thousand clocks.

**Officer:** People do, now close your case move along please come on. Don't waste our time, we're out to catch the real smugglers. Come on.

**Man:** *(shouting)* I am a real smuggler. I'm a smuggler! Don't you understand, I'm a smuggler, a lawbreaker... a smuggler. *(he is removed struggling)*

*(A vicar is next.)*

**Vicar:** Poor fellow. I think he needs help.

**Officer:** Right, cut the wisecracks, vicar. Get to the search room, and strip.

*(Cut to chairman of [discussion group](#).)*

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# **A Duck, a cat and a lizard (discussion) / Vox pops on suggling**

**As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 5**

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**The cast:**



**CHAIRMAN**  
Terry Jones

**FRENCH AU PAIR**  
Carol Cleveland

**MAN ON ROOF**  
Terry Jones

**MAN IN STREET**  
John Cleese

**MAN**

Michael Palin

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**PEPPERPOT**  
Eric Idle

**WOMAN**

Carol Cleveland



## The sketch:

*(Scene a chairman of discussion group.)*

**Chairman:** Well to discuss the implications of that sketch and to consider the moral problems raised by the law-enforcement methods involved we have a duck, a cat and a lizard. Now first of all I'd like to put this question to you please, lizard. How effective do you consider the legal weapons employed by legal customs officers, nowadays? *(shot of lizard; silence)* Well while you're thinking about that, I'd like to bring the duck in here, and ask her, if possible, to clarify the whole question of currency restrictions, and customs regulations in the world today. *(shot of duck; silence)* Perhaps the cat would rather answer that? *(shot of cat; silence)* No? Lizard? *(shot of lizard again and then back)* No. Well, er, let's ask the man in the street what he thinks.

*(Cut to film: vox pops.)*

**French Au Pair:** I am not a man you silly billy.

**Man on Roof:** I'm not in the street you fairy.

**Man in Street:** Well, er, speaking as a man in the street... *(a car runs him over)* Wagh!

**Man:** What was the question again?

**Voice Over:** Just how relevant are contemporary customs regulations and currency restrictions in a modern expanding industrial economy? *(no answer)* Oh never mind.

**Pepperpot:** Well I think customs men should be armed, so they can kill people carrying more than two hundred cigarettes.

**Man:** *(getting up from a deck chair and screaming with indignation and rage: he has a knotted handkerchief on his head and his trousers are rolled up to the knees)* Well I, I think that, er, nobody who has gone abroad should be allowed back in the country. I mean, er, blimey, blimey if they're not keen enough to stay here when they're 'ere, why should we allow them back, er, at the tax-payers' expense? I mean, be fair, I mean, I don't eat squirrels do I? I mean well perhaps I do one or two but there's no law against that, is there? It's a free country. *(enter a knight in amour)* I mean if I want to eat a squirrel now and again, that's me own business, innit? I mean, I'm no racist. I, oh, oh...

*(The knight is carrying a raw chicken. The man apprehensively covers his head and the knight slams him in the stomach with the chicken.)*

**Woman:** I think it's silly to ask a lizard what it thinks, anyway.

**Chairman:** Why?

**Woman:** I mean they should have asked Margaret Drabble.

**Young Man:** (*very reasonably*) Well I think, er, customs people are quite necessary, and I think they're doing quite a good job really. [Check.](#)

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# **Police Raid / Letter and vox pops**

**As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 5**

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**The cast:**

**YOUNG MAN**  
Eric Idle

**POLICEMAN**  
Graham Chapman

**FEMALE VOICE OVER**  
Carol Cleveland

**MALE VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**PEPPERPOT**  
Eric Idle



**FEMALE JOURNALIST**

Terry Jones

**BOXER**

Eric Idle



**STOCKBROKER**

John Cleese

**BOY**

Michael Palin

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## The sketch:

*(We a young man playing chess with another young man. They are in an ordinary flat. Them is a tremendous battering, banging, hammering and clattering at the door.)*

**Young Man:** Door's open.

**Policeman:** Oh. Yes. *(he enters)* All right. All right, all fight, all right. My name's Police Constable Henry Thatcher, and this is a raid. I have reason to believe that there are certain substances on the premises.

**Young Man:** Well what sort of substances, officer?

**Policeman:** Er... certain substances.

**Young Man:** Well, what sort of certain substances?

**Policeman:** Er, certain substances of an illicit nature.

**Young Man:** Er, could you be more specific?

**Policeman:** I beg your pardon?

**Young Man:** Could you be 'clearer'.

**Policeman:** Oh, oh ... yes, er ... certain substances on the premises. To be removed for clinical tests.

**Young Man:** Have you got anything particular in mind?

**Policeman:** Well what have you got?

**Young Man:** Nothing, officer.

**Policeman:** You are Sandy Camp the actor?

**Young Man:** Yes.

**Policeman:** I must warn you, sir, that outside I have police dog Josephine, who is not only armed, and trained to sniff out certain substances, but is also a junkie.

**Young Man:** What are you after ... ?

**Policeman:** *(pulling a brown paper package from out of his pocket, very badly and obviously)* Oo! Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Here is a brown paper bag I have found on the premises. I must confiscate this, sir, and take it with me for clinical examination.

**Young Man:** Wait a minute. You just got that out of your pocket.

**Policeman:** What?

**Young Man:** *(takes it)* Well what's in it anyway? *(opens it)* Sandwiches.

**Policeman:** Sandwiches? Blimey. Whatever did I give the wife?

*(Cut to viewer's letter in handwriting, read in voice over.)*

**Female VO:** Dear BBC, East Grinstead, Friday. I feel I really must write and protest about that sketch. My husband, in common with a lot of people of his age, is fifty. For how long are we to put up with these things. Yours sincerely, E. B. Debenham (Mrs).

*(Cut to another letter.)*

**Male VO:** Dear Freddy Grisewood, Bagshot, Surrey. As a prolific letter-writer, I feel I must protest about the previous letter. I am nearly sixty and am quite mad, but I do enjoy listening to the BBC Home Service. If this continues to go on unabated ...Dunkirk... dark days of the war... backs to the wall... Alvar Liddell ... Berlin air lift ... moral upheaval of Profumo case ... young hippies roaming the streets, raping, looting and killing. Yours etc., Brigadier Arthur Gormanstrop (Mrs).

*(Cut to vox pops film.)*

**Pepperpot:** Well I think they should attack things, like that - with satire. I mean Ned Sherrin. Fair's fair. I think people should be able to make up their own minds for me.

**Female Journalist:** Well I think they should attack the fuddy-duddy attitudes of the lower middle classes which permit the establishment to survive and keep the mores of the whole country back where they were in the nineteenth century and the ghastly days of the pre-sexual revolution.

*(A boxer runs up and knocks her out.)*

**Scotsman:** Well that's, er, very interesting, because, er, I am, in fact, made entirely of wood.

**Stockbroker:** Well I think they should attack the lower classes, er, first with bombs, and rockets destroying their homes, and then when they run helpless into the streets, er, mowing them down with machine guns. Er, and then of course releasing the vultures. I know these views aren't popular, but I have never courted popularity.

*(A boy scout on his knees. Next to him is a scout master, seen only from the knees down.)*

**Boy:** I think there should be more race prejudice.

*(He is nudged.)*

**Voice:** Less.

**Boy:** Less race prejudice.



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# News reader arrested / Erotic film

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 5](#)

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**The cast:**





**OTHER news reader**  
John Cleese

**DORA**

Carol Cleveland

**The sketch:**

*(Scene : A news studio with a large screen behind news reader.)*

**News reader:** (ERIC) ... and several butchers' aprons. In Fulham this morning a jeweller's shop was broken into and jewellery to the value of £2,000 stolen. Police have issued this picture of a man they wish to interview. *(on the screen behind, him, there appears an identical picture of him, sitting at his news reader desk)* The man is in his late twenties wearing a grey suit, a white shirt and a floral tie. *(on the screen behind, police come in and remove the news reader)* Will anyone who sees this man or can give any information about his whereabouts contact their nearest police station. *(he is handed a piece of paper)* Ah! Oh. We've just heard that police have detained the man they wished to interview in connection with the jewel robbery. Ah, but after questioning police have ruled him out of their enquiries and released him. *(the other news reader appears back on the screen and sits down)* Sport. *(he is handed another piece of paper)* Ah, they say, however, that acting on his information they now wish to interview a news reader in the central London area. Ah, police are concentrating their enquiries on the British Broadcasting Corp ... *(a policeman come in, and removes news reader in the foreground)* Excuse me a minute...

*(The news reader on the screen behind continues.)*

**Other news reader:** We understand a man is now helping police with their enquiries. And that is the end of the news. *(he clips a piece of jewellery on to his ear)* And now, 'Match of the Day'.

*('Match of the Day' music. We see a couple. They are standing at the foot of a largish bed. She is in bra and pants. He is in Y-fronts. They kiss ecstatically. After a few seconds there is the sound of a car drawing up. The crunch of footsteps on gravel and the sound of a door opening. The news reader comes into shot.)* **News reader:** Ah, I, Um terribly sorry it's not in fact 'Match of the Day'-, it is in fact edited highlights of tonight's romantic movie. Er. Sorry. *(he goes out of shot; the two clinch again; after a second he pops back into shot)* Ooh, I'm sorry, on BBC2 Joan Bakewell will be talking to Michael Dean about what makes exciting television. *(pops out of shot, then pops in again)* Ah, sorry about all that. And now back to the movie. *(he goes)* *(The couple continue to neck.)*

**Dora:** *(smoking)* Oh, oh, oh Bevis, should we?

**Bevis:** Oh Dora. Why not?

**Dora:** Be gentle with me.

*(Cut to film montage.' collapsing factory chimney in reverse motion; pan up tall soaring poplars in the wind; waves crashing; fish in shallow water fountains; exploding fireworks; volcano erupting with lava; rocket taking off, express train going into a tunnel; dam bursting; battleship broadside; lion leaping through flaming hoop; Richard Nixon smiling; milking a cow; planes refuelling in mid-air; Women's Institute applauding; tossing the caber; plane falling in flames; tree*

*crashing to the ground; the lead shot tower collapsing (normal motion). Cut back to the girl in bed.)* **Dora:** Oh Bevis, are you going to do anything or are you just going to show me films all evening?

*(We see Bevis, with small projector.)*

**Bevis:** Just one more, dear.

**Dora:** Oh.

*(He starts it. A two-minute extravaganza constructed by Mr Terry Gilliam.)*

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# Silly Job Interview / Career Advisory Board

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 5

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**The cast:**



**STIG**

Graham Chapman



# CAREER ADVISOR

Eric Idle

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## The sketch:

*(Scene an interview room.)*

**Interviewer:** You know I really enjoy interviewing applicants for this management training course.  
*(knock at door)* Come in. *(Stig enters)* Ah. Come and sit down.

**Stig:** Thank you. *(he sits)*

**Interviewer:** *(stares at him and starts writing)* Would you mind just standing up again for one moment. *(stands up)* Take a seat.

**Stig:** I'm sorry.

**Interviewer:** Take a seat. *(Stig does so)* Ah! *(writes again)* Good morning.

**Stig:** Good morning.

**Interviewer:** Good morning.

**Stig:** Good morning.

**Interviewer:** *(writes)* Tell me why did you say 'good morning' when you know perfectly well that it's afternoon?

**Stig:** Well, well, you said 'good morning'. Ha, ha.

**Interviewer:** *(shakes head)* Good afternoon.

**Stig:** Ah, good afternoon.

**Interviewer:** Oh dear. *(writes again)* Good evening.

**Stig:** ... Goodbye?

**Interviewer:** Ha, ha. No. *(rings small hand-bell)* ... Aren't you going to ask me why I rang the bell?  
*(rings bell again)*

**Stig:** Er why did you ring the bell?

**Interviewer:** Why do you think I rang the bell? *(shouts)* Five, four, three, two, one, zero!

**Stig:** Well, I, I...

**Interviewer:** Too late! *(singing)* Goodnight, ding-ding-ding-ding-ding. Goodnight. Ding-ding-ding-

ding-ding-ding-ding.

**Stig:** Um. Oh this is, is the interview for the management training course is it?

**Interviewer:** *(Rings bell)* Yes. Yes it is. Goodnight. Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding.

**Stig:** Oh. Oh dear, I don't think I'm doing very well.

**Interviewer:** Why do you say that?

**Stig:** Well I don't know.

**Interviewer:** Do you say it because you didn't know?

**Stig:** Well. I, I, I, I don't know.

**Interviewer:** Five, four, three, two, one, zero! Right! *(makes face and strange noise,)*

**Stig:** I'm sorry, I'm confused.

**Interviewer:** Well why do you think I did that then?

**Stig:** Well I don't know.

**Interviewer:** Aren't you curious?

**Stig:** Well yes.

**Interviewer:** Well, why didn't you ask me?

**Stig:** Well...I...er...

**Interviewer:** Name?

**Stig:** What?

**Interviewer:** Your name man, your name!

**Stig:** Um, er David.

**Interviewer:** David. Sure?

**Stig:** Oh yes.

**Interviewer:** *(writing)* David Shaw.

**Stig:** No, no Thomas.

**Interviewer:** Thomas Shaw?

**Stig:** No, no, David Thomas.

**Interviewer:** *(long look, rings bell)* Goodnight. Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding- ding-ding-ding. Goodnight. Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding.

**Stig:** Oh dear we're back to that again. I don't know what to do when you do that.

**Interviewer:** Well do something. Goodnight. Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding, five, four, three, two, one . . .  
*.(Stig pulls face and makes noise)* Good!

**Stig:** Good?

**Interviewer:** Very good - do it again. *(Stig pulls face and makes noise)* Very good' indeed, quite outstanding. *(Interviewer goes to door)* Ah right. *(calls through door)* Ready now. *(four people come in and line up by desk)* Right, once more. *(rings bell)* Goodnight, ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding.

*(Stig very cautiously pulls face and makes noise. Interviewer rings bell again. Suddenly the four men all hold up points cards like diving or skating judges.)*

**Stig:** What's going on? What's going on?

**Interviewer:** You've got very good marks.

**Stig:** *(hysterically)* Well I don't care, I want to know what's going on! I think you're deliberately trying to humiliate people, and I'm going straight out of here and I'm going to tell the police exactly what you do to people and I'm going to make bloody sure that you never do it again. There, what do you think of that? What do you think of that?

*(The judges give him very high marks.)*

**Interviewer:** Very good marks.

**Stig:** Oh, oh well, do I get the job?

**Interviewer:** Er, well, I'm afraid not. I'm afraid all the vacancies were filled several weeks ago.

*(They fall about laughing.)*

*(Cut to man sitting at desk.)*

**Career Advisor:** Well that was all good fun, and we all had a jolly good laugh, but I would like to assure you that you'd never be treated like that if you had an interview here at the Careers Advisory Board. Perhaps I should introduce myself. I am the Head of the Careers Advisory Board. I wanted to be a doctor, but there we are, I'm Head of the Careers Advisory Board. *(emotionally)* Or a sculptor, something artistic, or an engineer, with all those dams, but there we are, it's no use crying over split milk, the facts are there and that's that. I'm the Head of this lousy Board. *(he weeps, then recovers)* Never mind, now I wonder if you've ever considered what a very profitable line of work this man is in.

*(Cut to front door of a fiat. Man walks up to the door and rings bell. He is dressed smartly.)*

**NB Sketch continues - [Burglar/encyclopedia salesman](#)**

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# Burglar/Encyclopaedia Salesman

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 5](#)

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**The cast:**

**SALESMAN**  
Eric Idle

**WOMAN**

John Cleese

## The sketch:

*(Scene : A front door of a flat. A man walks up to the door and rings bell. He is dressed smartly, like a Salesman.)*

**Salesman:** Burglar! *(longish pause while he waits, he rings again)* Burglar! *(woman appears at other side of door)*

**Woman:** Yes?

**Salesman:** Burglar, madam.

**Woman:** What do you want?

**Salesman:** I want to come in and steal a few firings, madam.

**Woman:** Are you an encyclopaedia salesman?

**Salesman:** No madam, I'm a burglar, I burgle people.

**Woman:** I think you're an encyclopaedia salesman.

**Salesman:** Oh I'm not, open the door, let me in please.

**Woman:** If I let you in you'll sell me encyclopaedias.

**Salesman:** I won't, madam. I just want to come in and ransack the flat. Honestly.

**Woman:** Promise. No encyclopaedias?

**Salesman:** None at all.

**Woman:** All right. *(she opens door)* You'd better come in then.

*(Salesman enters through door.)*

**Salesman:** Mind you I don't know whether you've really considered the advantages of owning a really fine set of modern encyclopaedias...*(he pockets valuable)* You know, they can really do you wonders.

*(Cut back to man at desk.)*

**Man:** That man was a successful encyclopaedia salesman. But not all encyclopaedia salesmen are successful. Here is an unsuccessful encyclopaedia salesman.



*(Cut to very tall building; a body flies out of a high window and plummets. Cut back to man at desk.)*

**Man:** Now here are two unsuccessful encyclopaedia salesmen.

*(Cut to a different tall building; two bodies fly out of a high window. Cut back to man at desk.)*

**Man:** I think there's a lesson there for all of us.

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# It's the Arts / Johann Gambolputty... von Hautkopft of Ulm

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 6

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The cast:

**MAN**

Michael Palin

**FIGGIS**

Graham Chapman

**KARL**

Terry Jones



## The sketch:

**Man:** (*rushing in*) I thought you did that so well Mr Figgis, could I have your autograph?

**Figgis:** You certainly can.

(*Presenter signs autograph. Part of his signature gets away (animation) and eventually leads us into the title: 'It's the Arts'. Classical music plays.*)

**Figgis:** Beethoven,.Mozart, Chopin, Liszt, Brahms, Panties ...I'm sorry ... Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Bach. Names that will live for ever. But there is one composer whose name is never included with the greats. Why is it the world never remembered the name of Johann Gambolputty de von Ausfern -schplenden -schlitter -crasscrenbon -fried -digger -dangle -dungle -burstein -von -knacker -thrasher -apple -banger -horowitz -ticolensic -grander -knotty -spellinkle -grandlich -grumblemeyer -spelterwasser -kürstlich -himbleeisen -bahnwagen -gutenabend -bitte -eine -nürnberg -bratwustle -gerspurten -mit -zweimache -luber -hundsput -gumberaber -shönendanker -kalbsfleisch -mittler -raucher von Hautkopft of Ulm. To do justice to this man, thought by many to be the greatest name in German Baroque music, we present a profile of Johann Gambolputty de von Ausfern -schplenden -schlitter -crasscrenbon -fried -digger -dangle -dungle -burstein -von -knacker - thrasher -apple -banger -horowitz -ticolensic -grander -knotty -spellinkle -grandlich -grumblemeyer -spelterwasser -kurstlich -himbleeisen -bahnwagen -gutenabend -bitte -ein -nürnberg -bratwustle -gerspurten -mit -zweimache - auuber -hundsput -gumberaber -shönendanker -kalbsfleisch -mittler -aucher von Hautkopft of Ulm We start with an interview with his only surviving relative Karl Gambolputty de von Ausfern.....(*fades out*) (*Cut to old man sitting blanketed, in wheel-chair, as he speaks, intercut with shot of interviewer nodding and looking interested.*)

**Karl:** Oh ja. When I first met Johann Gambolputty de von Ausfern -schplenden -schlitter -crasscrenbon -fried -digger -dingle -dangle -dongle -dungle -burstein -von -knacker - thrasher -apple -banger -horowitz -ticolensic -grander -knotty -spellinkle -grandlich -grumblemeyer -spelterwasser -kurstlich -himbleeisen -bahnwagen -gutenabend -bitte -ein -nürnberg -bratwustle -gerspurten -mitz -weimache - auuber -hundsput -gumberaber -shönendanker -kalbsfleisch -mittler -aucher von Hautkopft of Ulm, he was with his wife, Sarah Gambolputty de von...

**Interviewer:** (*as he speaks intercut with shots of Karl nodding and trying to look interested*) Yes, if I may just cut in on you there, Herr Gambolputty de von Ausfern -schplenden -schlitter -crasscrenbon -fried -digger -dingle -dangle -dongle -dungle -burstein -von -knacker - thrasher -apple -banger -horowitz -ticolensic -grander -knotty -spellinkle -grandlich -grumblemeyer -spelterwasser -kurstlich -himbleeisen -bahnwagen -gutenabend -bitte -ein -nürnberg -bratwustle -gerspurten -mitz -weimache - auuber -hundsput -gumberaber -shönendanker -kalbsfleisch -mittler -aucher von Hautkopft of Ulm.

(*No response. He shakes the old man, then gets up and listens to his heart. Realizing with exasperation that his interviewee has died, he starts digging a grave. Cut back to presenter.*)

**Figgis:** A tribute to Johann Gambolputty...

*(Cut to Viking)*

**Viking:** ... de von Ausfern-schplenden-schlitter ...

*(Cut to weedy man in pullover with National Health specs.)*

**Man:**... crasscrenbon-fficd-digger-dingle-dangle-dongle ...

*(Cut to a knight in armour.)*

**Knight in Armour:** ... dungle-burstein-von-knacker-thrasher...

*(Cut to a succession of animated characters.)*

**Mona Lisa:** ... apple-banger-horowitz-ticolensic...

**Lon Chaney:** ....grander-knorty-spelltinkle.

**Policeman:** ... grandlich ...

**Pig:** ... grumblemeyer ...

**Policeman:** ... spelterwasser...

**Boar:** ... kurstlich-himbleeisen ...

**Botticelli Lover:** ... bahnwagen-gutenabend ..

**Medieval Couple:** . . . bitte-ein-nürmburger.

**Family Group:** ... bratwurstle...

**Doctor:** ... gerspurten ...

**Bishop & Saint:** ... mitz-weimache-luber-hundsfut...

**Two Dancers:** ... gumberaber-schönendanker...

**Three Naked Ladies:** ... kalbsfieisch...

**Cricket Team:** ... mittler-aucher...

**Policemen:** ... von Hautkopf...

**Figgis:** ... of Ulm.

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# Non-Illegal Robbery / Vox Pops

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 6

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The cast:

**BOSS**

Michael Palin



**LARRY**

Terry Jones

**REG**

Eric Idle

**VICAR**  
Terry Jones

**CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT**

John Cleese



**PEPPERPOT**  
Michael Palin

**PRALINE**

John Cleese

# POLICEMAN

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

*(Scene : A garret room with a bare table. Around it are grouped four desperate-looking robbers. The Boss has a rolled-up map. One of the gang, the fifth, is looking out of the window.)*

**Boss:** All clear?

**Fifth:** All clear, Boss.

**Boss:** *(unfolding big map across table; talking carefully)* Right ... this is the plan then. At 10:45 .. you, Reg;, collect me and Ken in the van, and take us round to the British Jewellery Centre in the High Street. We will arrive outside the British Jewellery Centre at 10:50a of m. I shall then get out of the car, you Reg, take it and park it back here in Denver Street, right? At 10:51, I shall enter the British Jewellery Centre, where you, Vic, disguised as a customer, will meet me and hand me £5.18.3d. At 10:52, I shall approach the counter and purchase a watch costing £5.18.3d. I shall then give the watch to you, Vic. You'll go straight to Norman's Garage in East Street. You lads continue back up here at 10:56 and we rendezvous in the back room at the Cow and Sickle, at 11:15. All right, any questions?

**Larry:** We don't seem to be doing anything illegal.

**Boss:** What do you mean?

**Larry:** Well ... we're paying for the watch.

**Boss:** *(patiently)* Yes...

**Larry:** *(hesitating)* Well... why are we paying for the watch?

**Boss:** *(heavily)* They wouldn't give it to us if we didn't pay for it, would they... eh?

**Larry:** Look! I don't like this outfit.

**Boss:** Why not?

**Larry:** *(at last feeling free to say what's on his mind)* Well, we never break the bloody law.

*(General consternation.)*

**Boss:** What d'you mean?

**Larry:** Well, look at that bank job last week.

**Boss:** What was wrong with that?

**Larry:** Well having to go in there with a mask on and ask for £15 out of my deposit account; that's what was wrong with it.

**Boss:** Listen! What are you trying to say, Larry?

**Larry:** Couldn't we just steal the watch, Boss

**Boss:** Oh, you dumb cluck! We spent weeks organizing this job. Reg rented a room across the road and filmed the people going in and out every day. Vic spent three weeks looking at watch catalogues...until he knew the price of each one backwards, and now I'm not going to risk the whole raid just for the sake of breaking the law.

**Larry:** Urr... couldn't we park on a double yellow line?

**Boss:** No!

**Larry:** Couldn't we get a dog to foul the foot...

**Boss:** No!

**Reg:** *(suddenly going pale)* 'Ere, Boss!

**Boss:** What's the matter with you?

**Reg:** I just thought... I left the car on a meter... and it's...

**Boss:** Overdue?

**Reg:** Yes, Boss.

**Boss:** How much?

**Reg:** *(quaking)* I dunno, Boss... maybe two ... maybe five minutes ...

**Boss:** Five minutes overdue. You fool! You fool! All right ... we've no time to lose. Ken - shave all your hair off, get your passport and meet me at this address in Rio de Janeiro Tuesday night. Vic - go to East Africa, have plastic surgery and meet me there. Reg - go to Canada and work your way south to Nicaragua by July. Larry - you stay here as front man. Give us fifteen minutes then blow the building up. All right, make it fast.

**Larry:** I can't blow the building up.

**Boss:** Why not?

**Larry:** It's illegal.

**Boss:** Oh bloody hell. Well we'd better give ourselves up then.

**Reg:** We can't, Boss.

**Boss:** Why not?

**Reg:** We haven't done anything illegal.

*(Cut to film. Exterior of bank. Three bandits rush out with swag etc. One of them stops to talk to camera raising mask off hem.)*

**Boss:** No I think being illegal makes it more exciting.

**Reg:** Yes, I agree. I mean, if you're going to go straight you might as well be a vicar or something.

*(Cut to vicar, wheeling quickly round to reveal he has had his hand in the restoration-fund box.)*

**Vicar:** What?

*(Cut to chartered accountant.)*

**Chartered Accountant:** I agree. If there were fewer robbers there wouldn't be so many of them, numerically speaking.

*(Cut to pepperpot.)*

**Pepperpot:** I think sexual ecstasy is over-rated.

*(Cut to Scotsman.)*

**Scotsman:** Well, how very interesting, because I'm now made entirely of tin.

*(Cut to Police Inspector Praline.)*

**Praline:** After a few more of these remarks, I shall be [appearing in a sketch](#), so stay tuned.

*(Cut to policeman.)*

**Policeman:** It's the uniform that puts them off, that and my bad breath.

*(Cut to judge in full long wig and robes and a QC also wearing wig and robes.)*

*Judge:* (matter of factly) We like dressing up, yes...



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# Crunchy Frog

(Also known as Whizzo Chocolates)

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 6](#), it also performed live in the Movie - 'Live at the Hollywood Bowl' and on their album 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (US version). They also performed this sketch live on their albums - 'Monty Python Flying Circus' and 'Monty Python live at City Center'.

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## The cast:

**INSPECTOR PRALINE**

John Cleese

**SUPERINTENDENT PARROT**

Graham Chapman

**MR. MILTON**

Terry Jones



## The sketch:

*(Cut to Inspector Praline.)*

**Praline:** Hello again. I am at present still on film, but in a few seconds I shall be appearing in the studio. Thank you.

*(Cut to studio. A door opens. Inspector Praline looks round door. )*

**Inspector Praline:** *(to camera)* Hello. *(he walks in followed by Superintendent Parrot and goes to desk)* Mr Milton? You are sole proprietor and owner of the Whizzo Chocolate Company?

**Milton:** I am.

**Praline:** Superintendent Parrot and I are from the hygiene squad. We want to have a word with you about your box of chocolates entitled The Whizzo Quality Assortment.

**Milton:** Ah, yes.

**Praline:** *(producing box of chocolates)* If I may begin at the beginning. First there is the cherry fondue. This is extremely nasty, but we can't prosecute you for that.

**Milton:** Agreed.

**Praline:** Next we have number four, 'crunchy frog'.

**Milton:** Ah, yes.

**Praline:** Am I right in thinking there's a real frog in here?

**Milton:** Yes. A little one.

**Praline:** What sort of frog?

**Milton:** A dead frog.

**Praline:** Is it cooked?

**Milton:** No.

**Praline:** What, a raw frog?

*(Superintendent Parrot looks increasingly queasy.)*

**Milton:** We use only the finest baby frogs, dew picked and flown from Iraq, cleansed in finest

quality spring water, lightly killed, and then sealed in a succulent Swiss quintuple smooth treble cream milk chocolate envelope and lovingly frosted with glucose.

**Praline:** That's as maybe, it's still a frog.

**Milton:** What else?

**Praline:** Well don't you even take the bones out?

**Milton:** If we took the bones out it wouldn't be crunchy would it?

**Praline:** Superintendent Parrot ate one of those.

**Parrot:** Excuse me a moment. (*exits hurriedly*)

**Milton:** It says 'crunchy frog' quite clearly.

**Praline:** Well, the superintendent thought it was an almond whirl. People won't expect there to be a frog in there. They're bound to think it's some form of mock frog.

**Milton:** (*insulted*) Mock frog? We use no artificial preservatives or additives of any kind!

**Praline:** Nevertheless, I must warn you that in future you should delete the words 'crunchy frog', and replace them with the legend 'crunchy raw unboned real dead frog', if you want to avoid prosecution.

**Milton:** What about our sales?

**Praline:** I'm not interested in your sales, I have to protect the general public. Now how about this one. (*superintendent enters*) It was number five, wasn't it? (*superintendent nods*) Number five, ram's bladder cup. (*exit superintendent*) What kind of confection is this?

**Milton:** We use choicest juicy chunks of fresh Cornish ram's bladder, emptied, steamed, flavoured with sesame seeds whipped into a fondue and garnished with lark's vomit.

**Praline:** Lark's vomit?

**Milton:** Correct.

**Praline:** Well it don't say nothing about that here.

**Milton:** Oh yes it does, on the bottom of the box, after monosodium glutamate.

**Praline:** (*looking*) Well I hardly think this is good enough. I think it would be more appropriate if the box bore a large red label warning lark's vomit.

**Milton:** Our sales would plummet.

**Praline:** Well why don't you move into more conventional areas of confectionery, like praline or lime cream; a very popular flavour I'm led to understand. (*superintendent enters*) I mean look at this

one, 'cockroach cluster', (*superintendent exits*) 'anthrax ripple'. What's this one, 'spring surprise'?

**Milton:** Ah - now, that's our speciality - covered with darkest creamy chocolate. When you pop it in your mouth steel bolts spring out and plunge straight through-both cheeks.

**Praline:** Well where's the pleasure in that? If people place a nice chocky in their mouth, they don't want their cheeks pierced. In any case this is an inadequate description of the sweetmeat. I shall have to ask you to accompany me to the station.

**Milton:** (*getting up from desk and being led away*) It's a fair cop.

**Praline:** Stop talking to the camera.

**Milton:** I'm sorry.

(*Superintendent Parrot enters the room as Inspector Praline and Milton leave, and addresses the camera.*)

**Parrot:** If only the general public would take more care when buying its sweeties, it would reduce the number of man-hours lost to the nation and they would spend less time having their stomachs pumped and sitting around in public lavatories.

**Announcer:** The BBC would like to apologize for the extremely poor quality of the next announcement, only he's not at all well.

**Parrot:** We present ['The Dull Life of a City Stockbroker'](#).



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# Dull Life of a Stockbroker

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 6

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The cast:

**SUPERINTENDENT PARROT**

Graham Chapman

**STOCKBROKER**

Michael Palin

**WIFE**

Carol Cleveland

**FIRST MAN**

Graham Chapman



**SECOND MAN**  
Terry Jones

## The sketch:

**Parrot:** We present 'The Dull Life of a City Stockbroker'.

*(Cut to a nice suburban street. Inside the house a stockbroker is finishing his breakfast. His attractive wife looks on. He picks up his hat, rises, kisses her goodbye, and leaves. As he does so, she takes off her wrap and two men dressed only in briefs step out of the kitchen cupboard. In the front garden the stockbroker bids his neighbour 'good morning,' as he moves off a large African native throws an assegai, killing the neighbour. The stockbroker, not noticing this, moves on. A high street: he walks into a newsagents. Behind the counter a naked young lady gives him his newspaper. Taking his change without apparently noticing her he leaves. A bus queue: the stockbroker is at the head of it; there are four people behind him. As they wait, the Frankenstein monster comes up behind them and works his way along the queue, killing each member as he goes. He has just reached the stockbroker - who has not seen him - when the bus arrives and the stockbroker gets on. On the bus: all the other passengers are uniformed soldiers. The bus drives along a road past explosions and gunfire. A hand grenade comes through the window and lands on the seat next to the stockbroker. The soldiers leave the bus rapidly; the stockbroker calmly leaves the bus and walks down the street, in which the soldiers are engaging in a pitched battle. The stockbroker hails a taxi; it stops. No driver is visible. The stockbroker gets in and it drives off in the stockbroker's office: a secretary is dead across her typewriter with a knife in her back; at the back of the office a pair of legs swing gently from the ceiling; a couple are snogging at his desk. Unconcerned, the stockbroker sits down. Furtively he looks round, then takes from the desk drawer a comic-book entitled 'Thrills and Adventure'. We see the frames of the comic strip. A Superman-type character and a girl are shrinking from an explosion. She is saying 'My God, he's just exploded with enough force to destroy his kleenex. In the next frame, the Superman character is saying 'If only I had a kleenex to lend him - or even a linen handkerchief- but these trousers...!! No back pocket!' In the frame beneath, he flies from side to side attempting to escape; finally he breaks through, bringing the two frames above down on himself. Cut to a picture of a safety curtain. An animated man comes in front of it and says:)* **Man:** Coming right up - [the theatre sketch](#) - so don't move!

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# Red Indian in Theatre

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 6

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**The cast:**

**SIOUX INDIAN**  
Eric Idle

**MAN**

Graham Chapman:

**The sketch:**

*(The front stalls of a theatre. It is a first night - a lot of people in dinner jackets etc. About three rows back there is a spare seat. A general rustle of programmes, chocolates and theatrical murmurs. Suddenly a Sioux Indian enters, clad only in loin cloth, wearing war paint and with a single strip of hair in the middle of his head and feather. He carries a bow and a quiver of arrows. He settles into the empty seat. The Man next to him shifts uneasily and looks straight ahead. The Indian looks his neighbour up and down a couple of times.)* **Indian:** *(always speaking with full gestures)* Me heap want see play. Me want play start heap soon.

*(Man next to him nods.)*

**Man:** Yes well. I think it ..., begins in a minute.

**Indian:** Me heap big fan Cicely Courtneidge.

**Man:** *(highly embarrassed)* Yes ... she's very good.

**Indian:** She fine actress ... she make interpretation heap subtle ... she heap good diction and timing ... she make part really live for Indian brave.

**Man:** Yes ... yes ... she's marvelous...

**Indian:** My father - Chief Running Stag - leader of mighty Redfoot tribe - him heap keen on Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray.

**Man:** *(unwillingly drawn in)* Do you go to the theatre a lot?

**Indian:** When moon high over prairie ... when wolf howl over mountain, when mighty wind roar through Yellow Valley, we go Leatherhead Rep - block booking, upper circle - whole tribe get it on 3/6d each.

**Man:** That's very good.

**Indian:** Stage Manager, Stan Wilson, heap good friend Redfoot tribe. After show we go pow-wow speakum with director, Sandy Camp, in snug bar of Bell and Compasses. Him mighty fine director. Him heap famous.

**Man:** Oh - I don't know him myself.

**Indian:** Him say Leatherhead Rep like do play with Redfoot tribe.

**Man:** Oh that's good...

**Indian:** We do 'Dial M for Murder'. Chief Running Elk - him kill buffalo with bare hands, run

thousand paces when the sun is high - him play Chief Inspector Hardy - heap good fine actor.

**Man:** You do a lot of acting do you?

**Indian:** Yes. Redfoot tribe live by acting and hunting.

**Man:** You don't fight any more?

**Indian:** Yes! Redfoot make war! When Chief Yellow Snake was leader, and Mighty Eagle was in land of forefather, we fight Pawnee at Oxbow Crossing. When Pawnee steal our rehearsal copies of 'Reluctant Debutante' we kill fifty Pawnee - houses heap full every night. Heap good publicity.

*(The lights start to dim. Auditorium chatter subsides.)*

**Man:** *(visibly relieved)* I think he's about to start now, thank God for that.

*(They both look towards stage. The overture starts.)*

**Indian:** *(leaning across)* Paleface like eat chocolate? *(proffers box)*

**Man:** No, thank you very much.

**Indian:** *(helping himself)* Hmmm - crunchy frog - heap good.

*(Cut to stage, house manager walks out in front of tabs. He is a very nice young man)*

**House Manager:** Ladies and gentlemen. Before the play starts, I would like to apologize to you all, but unfortunately Miss Cicely Courtneidge is unable to appear, owing to...

*(He is suddenly struck in the chest by first one arrow and then another. He crumbles to the ground revealing half a dozen in his back. The air is filled with war-whoops and drum beats and screams.)*



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# Policeman make wonderful friends / A Scotsman on a horse

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 6](#)

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**The cast:**



**MUM**

Terry Jones

**DAD**

Ian Davidson

**FIRST SCOTSMAN**

John Cleese

## SECOND SCOTSMAN

Michael Palin

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### The sketch:

*(Scene : A working-class kitchen.)*

**Mum:** *(reading newspaper)* D'you read that, Edgar?

**Dad:** What's that dear?

**Mum:** There's been another Indian massacre at Dorking Civic Theatre.

**Dad:** About time too dear...

**Mum:** 'Those who were left alive at the end got their money back'.

**Dad:** That's what live theatre needs - a few more massacres...

**Mum:** 'The police are anxious to speak to anyone who saw the crime, ladies with large breasts, or just anyone who likes policemen.'

*(Suddenly a policeman walks in between the couple and the camera.)*

**Policeman:** *(to camera)* Yes! Policemen make wonderful friends. So if you are over six feet tall and would like a friend, a pen friend, in the police force, here is the address to write to: 'Mrs Ena Frog, 8 Masonic Apron Street, Cowdenbeath'. Remember-policemen make wonderful friends. So write today and take advantage of our free officer. Thank you. And now for the next sketch.

*(The policeman renteves his halmet, shakes it, proffers it to mum at the table. She takes out a small folded bit of paper, opens and reads.)*

**Mum:** A Scotsman on a horse.

**Policeman:** For Mrs Emma Hamilton of Nelson, a Scotsman on a horse.

*(A Scotsman rides up to the camera and looks around puzzled. In long-shot we see him riding off. At a wee Scottish kirk another Scotsman is waiting at the head of the aisle to be married. Intercut between first Scotsman galloping through the countryside and the wedding procession coming up the aisle. The wedding takes place; just as it finishes' the first Scotsman rides up to the kirk and rushes in. The assembled congregation look at him in alarm as he surveys them; then he picks up the other Scotsman and carries him off. Cut to film of Women's Institute audience applauding.)*



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# Twentieth-Century Vole

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 6](#)

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**The cast:**

**LARRY**

Graham Chapman

**FIRST WRITER**  
Michael Palin



**SECOND WRITER**

Terry Jones

**THIRD WRITER**  
Eric Idle

**FOURTH WRITER**

John Cleese

**FIFTH WRITER**  
Terry Gilliam

## SIXTH WRITER

Ian Davidson

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### The sketch:

*(We start with animation, which leads us to the 'Twentieth Century Vole' trademark. Cut to film producer's office. Six writers sitting round a table with one very impressive chair empty at the head of the table. They wait reverently. Suddenly the door of the room flies open and Larry Saltzberg, the film producer, walks in. The writers leap to their feet.)* **Larry:** Good morning boys.

**Writers:** Good morning Mr Saltzberg.

*(They run to help him into his chair.)*

**Larry:** *(sitting)* Sit down! Sit down! Sit down! Sit down! Now, boys, I want you to know that I think you are the best six writers in movies today. *(the writers are overcome)* I want you to know that I've had an idea for the next movie I'm going to produce and I want you boys to write it. The writers run and kiss him.

**Writers:** Thank you. Thank you.

**Larry:** Oh sit down! Sit down! Sit down! There'll be plenty of time for that later on. Now boys, here's my idea...

**Third Writer:** It's great!

**Larry:** You like it huh? *(he looks round the table)*

**Writers:** *(catching on fast)* Yeah, yeah, great! Really great. Fantastic. *(first writer is the only one not having an orgasm about the idea)*

**Larry:** *(to first writer)* Do you like it?

**First Writer:** *(thrown)* Yeah! Er ... yeah.

**Larry:** *(still to first writer)* What do you like best about it?

**First Writer:** Oh well you haven't told us... what it is yet...

**Larry:** WHAT!?

**First Writer:** *(pointing at second writer)* I like what he likes.

**Larry:** What do you like?

**Second Writer:** *(pointing at third writer)* I like what he likes.

**Third Writer:** *(pointing at fourth writer)* I like what he likes.

**Fourth Writer:** I like what he likes (*pointing at fifth writer*)

**Fifth Writer:** I just crazy about what he likes (*pointing at sixth writer*)

**Larry:** What do you like?

**Sixth Writer:** I ... I ... I ... agree with them.

**Larry:** Good! Now we're getting somewhere. Now, here's the start of the movie ... I see snow!  
(*writers applaud*) White snow!

**Fourth Writer:** Think of the colours!

**Larry:** And in the snow, I see ... a tree!

**Writers:** (*applauding*) Yes! Yes!

**Larry:** Wait, wait I haven't finished yet.

**Third Writer:** There's more?

**Larry:** And by this tree, gentlemen, I see ... a dog!

**Writers:** Olé!

**Larry:** And gentlemen, this dog goes up to the tree, and he piddles on it.

**Writers:** Hallelujah!

**Sixth Writer:** Have we got a movie!

**Fifth Writer:** He tells it the way it is!

**Fourth Writer:** It's where it's at!

**Third Writer:** This is something else!

**Second Writer:** It's out of sight!

**First Writer:** (*finding Larry staring at him*) I like it, I like it.

**Larry:** (*suspicious*) Oh yeah?

**First Writer:** Yeah, yeah, I promise I .like it

**Fifth Writer:** Sir, I don't know how to say this but I got to be perfectly frank. I really and truly believe this story of yours is the greatest story in motion-picture history.

**Larry:** Get out!

**Fifth Writer:** What?

**Larry:** If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a yes-man! Get out! *(fifth writer leaves very fast, the others go very quiet)* I'll see you never work again. *(to sixth writer)* What do you think?

**Sixth Writer:** Well... I...

**Larry:** Just because I have an idea it doesn't mean it's great. It could be lousy.

**Sixth Writer:** It could?

**Larry:** Yeah! What d'ya think?

**Sixth Writer:** It's lousy.

**Larry:** There you are, you see, he spoke his mind. He said my idea was lousy. It just so happens my idea isn't lousy so get out you goddam pinko subversive, get out! *(sixth writer exits)* You... *(looking straight at fourth writer)* **Fourth Writer:** Well ... I think it's an excellent idea.

**Larry:** Are you a yes-man?

**Fourth Writer:** No, no, no, I mean there may be things against it.

**Larry:** You think it's lousy, huh?

**Fourth Writer:** No, no, I mean it takes time.

**Larry:** *(really threatening)* Are you being indecisive?

**Fourth Writer:** Yo. Nes. Perhaps. *(runs out)*

**Larry:** I hope you three gentlemen aren't going to be indecisive! *(they try to hide under the table)* What the hell are you doing under that table?

**First Writer:** We dropped our pencils.

**Larry:** Pencil droppers, eh?

**Writers:** No, no, no, no, no!

**Larry:** Right. Now I want your opinion of my idea ... *(pointing at first writer)* You...

**First Writer:** *(quaking)* Oh...

*(First writer looks around and then faints.)*

**Larry:** Has he had a heart attack?

**Second and Third Writers:** Er...

**Larry:** If there's one thing I can't stand, it's people who have heart attacks.

**First Writer:** *(recovering immediately)* I feel fine now.

**Larry:** Well, what do you think?

**Writers:** Oh! Eh! You didn't ask me you asked him. He didn't ask me, he asked him. No, him.

**Larry:** I've changed my mind. I'm asking you, the one in the middle.

**Second Writer:** The one in the middle?

**Larry:** Yes, the one in the middle. *(the phone rings)* Hello, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Dimitri ... *(all jockey for position desperately trying to put the others in the middle and finish sitting on one chair)* What the hell are you doing?

**Second Writer:** I'm thinking.

**Larry:** Get back in those seats immediately. *(back to phone)* Yes... *(second writer is gabbed by the others and held in the middle chair; Larry finishes with the phone)* Right you. The one in the middle, what do you think?

**Second Writer:** *(panic)* Er... er...

**Larry:** Come on!

**Second Writer:** Splunge.

**Larry:** Did he say splunge?

**First and Third Writers:** Yes.

**Larry:** What does splunge mean?

**Second Writer:** It means ... it's a great-idea-but-possibly-not-and-I'm-not-being-indecisive!

**Larry:** Good. Right . . . *(to third writer)* What do you think?

**Third Writer:** Er. Splunge?

**Larry:** OK...

**First Writer:** Yeah. Splunge for me too.

**Larry:** So all three of you think splunge, huh?

**Writers:** Yes!

**Larry:** Well now we're getting somewhere. No, wait. A new angle! In the snow, instead of the tree, I see Rock Hudson, and instead of the dog I see Doris Day and, gentlemen, Doris Day goes up to Rock



Hudson and she kisses him. A love story. Intercourse Italian style. David Hemmings as a hippy Gestapo officer. Frontal nudity. A family picture. A comedy. And then when Doris Day's kissed Rock Hudson she says something funny like... *(looks at third writer)* **Third Writer:** Er ... Good evening.

**Larry:** Doris Day's a comedienne, not a news reader. Get out! *(third writer runs)* She says something funny like *(looks at second writer)*

**Second Writer:** Splunge?

**Larry:** That's the stupidest idea I ever heard. Get out! *(second writer leaves)* Doris Dog kisses Rock Tree and she says *(looks at first writer)*

**First Writer:** Er... er... er... I can't take it anymore. *(runs out)*

**Larry:** I like that! I like that, I can't take it any more, and then Rock Hudson says 'I'm a very rich film producer and I need a lobotomy' and then Doris Dog says 'I think you're very handsome and I'm going to take all my clothes off' and then Doris Dog turns into a yak and goes to the bathroom on David Lemming. No, wait, wait! *(picks up phone)* Hello, *(cut to 'It's' man film with Larry continuing voice over)* hello, hello, who are you? You're an out-of-work writer? Well, you're fired. Roll the credits. *(here the credits do start to roll with Larry's voice continuing over)* Produced by Irving C. Saltzberg Jnr. of Irving C. Saltzberg Productions Ltd. and Saltzberg An Films, Oil, Real Estate, Banking and Prostitution Inc.



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# Camel Spotting / You're no Fun

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 7](#)

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**The cast:**



**CAMEL SPOTTER**  
Eric Idle

**COUNT DRACULA**  
Graham Chapman

**GIRL**

Donna

**LASHER**

Terry Jones

## The sketch:

*(In the country we an Interviewer, with microphone. Behind him a man sits on a wall, with clipboard, binoculars and spotting gear.)*

**Interviewer:** Good evening. Tonight we're going to take a hard tough abrasive look at camel spotting. Hello.

**Spotter:** Hello Peter.

**Interviewer:** Now tell me, what exactly are you doing?

**Spotter:** Er well, I'm camel spotting. I'm spotting to see if there are any camels that I can spot, and put them down in my camel spotting book.

**Interviewer:** Good. And how many camels have you spotted so far?

**Spotter:** Oh, well so far Peter, up to the present moment, I've spotted nearly, ooh, nearly one.

**Interviewer:** Nearly one?

**Spotter:** Er, call it none.

**Interviewer:** Fine. And er how long have you been here?

**Spotter:** Three years.

**Interviewer:** So, in, er, three years you've spotted no camels?

**Spotter:** Yes in only three years. Er, I tell a lie, four, be fair, five. I've been camel spotting for just the seven years. Before that of course I was a Yeti Spotter.

**Interviewer:** A Yeti Spotter, that must have been extremely interesting.

**Spotter:** Oh, it was extremely interesting, very, very - quite... it was dull; dull, dull, dull, oh God it was dull. Sitting in the Waterloo waiting room. Course once you've seen one Yeti you've seen them all.

**Interviewer:** And have you seen them all?

**Spotter:** Well I've seen one. Well a little one... a picture of a... I've heard about them.

**Interviewer:** Well, now tell me, what do you do when you spot a camel?

**Spotter:** Er, I take its number.



**Interviewer:** Camels don't have numbers.

**Spotter:** Ah, well you've got to know where to look. Er, they're on the side of the engine above the piston box.

**Interviewer:** What?

**Spotter:** Ah - of course you've got to make sure it's not a dromedary. 'Cos if it's a dromedary it goes in the dromedary book.

**Interviewer:** Well how do you tell if it's a dromedary?

**Spotter:** Ah well, a dromedary has one hump and a camel has a refreshment car, buffet, and ticket collector.

**Interviewer:** Mr Sopwith, aren't you in fact a train Spotter?

**Spotter:** What?

**Interviewer:** Don't you in fact spot trains?

**Spotter:** Oh, you're no fun anymore.

*(ANIMATION: Then a girl in bed. Count Dracula enters. The girl reveals her neck. The vampire goes to kiss her but his fangs fall out.)*

**Girl:** Oh, you're no funn anymore.

*(A man at the yardarm being lashed.)*

**Lasher:**... thirty-nine... forty. All right, cut him down, Mr Fuller.

**Lashee:** Oh you're no fun anymore.

*(Back to camel spotter.)*

**Spotter:** Now if anybody else pinches my phrase I'll throw them under a camel.

**Interviewer:** *(giggling)* If you can spot one.

*(Spotter gives him a dirty look. Knight in amour appears beside him. He hits interviewer with chicken.)*



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# The Audit / You're No Fun (again)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 7](#)

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**The cast:**

**ACCOUNTANT**  
Michael Palin

**CHAIRMAN**

Graham Chapman

**BOARD MEMBER**

John Cleese

**BISHOP**

Terry Jones

**CAMEL SPOTTER**  
Eric Idle

**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle



## The sketch:

*(A small board meeting. An Accountant stands up and reads...)*

**Accountant:** Lady Chairman, sir, shareholders, ladies and gentlemen. I have great pleasure in announcing that owing to a cutback on surplus expenditure of twelve million Canadian dollars, plus a refund of seven and a half million Deutschmarks from the Swiss branch, and in addition adding the debenture preference stock of the three and three quarter million to the directors' reserve currency account of seven and a half million, plus an upward expenditure margin of eleven and a half thousand lira, due to a rise in capital investment of ten million pounds, this firm last year made a complete profit of a shilling.

**Chairman:** A shilling Wilkins?

**Accountant:** Er, roughly, yes sir.

**Chairman:** Wilkins, I am the Chairman of a multi-million pound corporation and you are a very new chartered Accountant. Isn't it possible there may have been some mistake?

**Accountant:** Well that's very kind of you sir, but I don't think I'm ready to be Chairman yet.

**Board Member:** Wilkins, Wilkins. This shilling, is it net or gross?

**Accountant:** It's British sir.

**Chairman:** Yes, has tax been paid on it?

**Accountant:** Yes, this is after tax. Owing to the rigorous bite of the income tax five pence of a further sixpence was swallowed up in tax.

**Board Member:** Five pence of a further sixpence?

**Accountant:** *(eagerly)* Yes sir.

**Chairman:** Five pence of a further sixpence?

**Accountant:** That's right sir.

**Chairman:** Then where is the other penny?

**Accountant:** ... Er.

**Board Member:** That makes you a penny short Wilkins. Where is it?

**Accountant:** ... Erm.

**Chairman:** Wilkins?

**Accountant:** *(in tears)* I embezzled it sir.

**Chairman:** What all of it?

**Accountant:** Yes all of it.

**Board Member:** You naughty person.

**Accountant:** It's my first. Please be gentle with me.

**Chairman:** I'm afraid it's my unpleasant duty to inform you that you're fired.

**Accountant:** Oh please, please.

**Chairman:** No, out!

**Accountant:** *(crying)* Oh ... *(he leaves)*

**Chairman:** Yes, there's no place for sentiment in big business.

*(He goes over to a wall plaque 'There is no place for sentiment in Big Business'. He turns it over. On the back it says 'He's right you know'.)*

**Bishop:** *(to Chairman)* Oh you're no fun anymore.

*([Camel Spotting man](#) comes running in shouting.)*

**Spotter:** I heard that. Who said that?

**All:** *(pointing at the bishop)* He did! He did!

**Bishop:** No I didn't.

**All:** Ooh!

**Spotter:** Right!

*(Shot of the bishop bound and gagged and tied across a railway line.)*

**Voice Over:** Here is the address to complain to ...

*(Caption on screen : 'MR ALBERT SPIM, 1,000,008 LONDON ROAD, OXFORD' But he reads:)*

**Voice Over:** The Royal Frog Trampling Institute, 16 Rayners Lane, London, W.C. Fields. I'll just repeat that...

*(Caption on screen : 'FLIGHT LT. & PREBENDARY ETHEL MORRIS, THE DIMPLES, THAXTED, NR BUENOS AIRES' He reads over it:)*

**Voice Over:** Tristram and Isolde Phillips, 7.30 Covent Garden Saturday (near Sunday) and afterwards at the Jingo Jones Fish Emporium.

*(Cut to Jewish figure.)*

**Jewish Figure:** And they want to put the licence fee up?

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# Science Fiction Sketch

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 7

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

**REDCOAT**

Michael Palin



**MAN**

Graham Chapman



## The sketch:

*(We see a photo of a man with pipe.)*

**Voice Over:** And now here is a reminder about leaving your radio on during the night. Leave your radio on during the night.

*(Cut to redcoat.)*

**Redcoat:** A little joke, a little jest. Nothing to worry about ladies and gentlemen. Now we've got some science fiction for you, some sci-fi, something to send the shivers up your spine, send the creepy crawlies down your lager and limes. All the lads have contributed to it, it's a little number entitled, Science Fiction Sketch...

*(Zoom through the galaxy to the solar system.)*

**American Voice:** *(very resonant)* The Universe consists of a billion, billion galaxies... 77,000,000,000 miles across, and every galaxy is made up of a billion, zillion stars and around these stars circle a billion planets, and of all of these planets the greenest and the pleasantest is the planet Earth, in the system of Sol, in the Galaxy known as the Milky Way ... And it was to this world that creatures of an alien planet came ... to conquer and destroy the very heart of civilization...

*(Mix into close-up of radway station sign: 'New Pudsey'. Pull out to mid-shot of a couple walking towards camera. They are middle-aged. He wears a cricket blazer and grey flannels and a carrier bag. She wears a fussy print dress.)*

**American Voice:** *(gently)* It was a day like any other and Mr and Mrs Samuel Brainsample were a perfectly ordinary couple, leading perfectly ordinary lives - the sort of people to whom nothing extraordinary ever happened, and not the kind of people to be the centre of one of the most astounding incidents in the history of mankind ... So let's forget about them and follow instead the destiny of this man ... *(camera pans off them; they both look disappointed; camera picks up instead a swan little business man, in bowler, briefcase and pinstripes)* ... Harold Potter, gardener, and tax official, first victim of Creatures from another Planet.

*(Weird electronic music. Sinister atmosphere. Follow him out of station. Cut-away to flying saucer, over day skyline. Back to Potter as he walks up suburban road. Back to flying saucer. It bleeps as if it has seen its prey and changes direction. Cut back to Potter just about to open his front gate. Shot from over the other side of the road. Cut to flying saucer sending down ray. Potter freezes . . . shivers and turns into a Scotsman with kilt, and red beard. His hand jerks out in front of him and he spins round and scuttles up road in fast motion, to the accompaniment of bagpipe music. Cut to close-up of newspaper with banner headline: '[Man turns into a Scotsman](#)'.)*

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# Man turns into a Scotsman / Police Station

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 7

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**The cast:**

**WIFE**

Eric Idle

**INSPECTOR**  
Terry Jones

**SHE**

Donna

**CHARLES**

Graham Chapman

**AMERICAN VOICE**

John Cleese

**MRS. PODGORNÝ**

Terry Jones





**SERGEANT**  
John Cleese

**GIRL**

Eric Idle

**POLICEMAN**  
Graham Chapman

**DETECTIVE**  
Eric Idle

## The sketch:

Please note that this sketch contains numerous references to things that happened in the [Science Fiction Sketch](#)

### Sketch

**News vendor's Voice:** Read all about it! Read all about it! Man turns into Scotsman!

*(Mix through to Potter's front gate. His wife is being interviewed by obvious plainclothes man.)*

**Inspector:** Mrs Potter - you knew Harold Potter quite well I believe?

**Wife:** Oh yes quite well.

**Inspector:** Yes.

**Wife:** He was my husband.

**Inspector:** Yes. And, er, he never showed any inclination towards being a Scotsman before this happened?

**Wife:** *(shocked)* No, no, not at all. He was not that sort of person...

**Inspector:** He didn't wear a kilt or play the bagpipes?

**Wife:** No, no.

**Inspector:** He never got drunk at night or bought home black puddings?

**Wife:** No, no. Not at all.

**Inspector:** He didn't have an inadequate brain capacity?

**Wife:** No, no, not at all.

**Inspector:** I see. So by your account Harold Potter was a perfectly ordinary Englishman without any tendency towards being a Scotsman whatsoever?

**Wife:** Absolutely, yes. *(suddenly remembering)* Mind you he did always watch Dr Finlay on television.

**Inspector:** Ah-hah! ... Well that's it, you see. That's how it starts.

**Wife:** I beg your pardon?

**Inspector:** Well you see Scottishness staffs with little things like that, and works up. You see, people don't just turn into a Scotsman for no reason at all... *(goes rigid with Scots accent.)* No further questions!

*(The words are hardly out of his mouth when he turns into a Scotsman and spins round and disappears up road in fast motion. Pan with him. Cut to bus queue: man in a city suit and bowler hat suddenly changes into a Scotsman with beard, twizzles round and speeds out of shot. Cut to street.' policeman pointing way for woman with a pram. Suddenly he changes into a Scotsman and scuffles out of shot. She looks aghast for a moment and then she too changes into a Scotsman and hurtles off after him. The baby suddenly develops a beard and the pram follows her. Single shot of black jazz musician in cellar blowing a blue sax solo. He changes and whizzes off. Squad of soldiers being drilled. Suddenly they all change into bearded Scotsmen and race off in unison. Pan with them past sign: 'Welsh Guard'.) (Quick animated shot of flying saucer disappearing over city skyline. Cut to big close-up of passionate kiss. It goes on for some moments. Foggy lens... romantic music. Keep on big close-up as they talk. She is none too intelligent.)*

**She:** Charles...

**Charles:** Darling...

**She:** Charles...

**Charles:** Darling, darling...

**She:** Charles... there's something I've got to tell you...

**Charles:** What is it darling?

**She:** It's daddy ... he's turned into a Scotsman...

**Charles:** What! Mr Llewellyn?

**She:** Yes, Charles. Help me, please help me.

**Charles:** But what can I do?

**She:** Surely, Charles, you're the Chief Scientist at the Anthropological Research Institute, at Butley Down - an expert in what makes people change from one nationality to another.

**Charles:** So I am! *(pull out to reveal they are in a laboratory; he is in a white coat, she is in something absurdly sexy)* This is fight up my street!

**She:** Oh good.

**Charles:** Now first of all, why would anyone turn into a Scotsman?

**She:** *(tentatively)* Em, for business reasons?

**Charles:** No, no! Only because he has no control over his own destiny! Look I'll show you...

*(He presses a button on a control board and a laboratory TV screen lights on with the words 'only because they have no control over their own destinies '.)*

**She:** I see.

**Charles:** Yes! So this means that some person or persons unknown is turning all these people into Scotsmen...

**She:** Oh, what kind of heartless fiend could do that to a man?

**Charles:** I don't know ... I don't know ... all I know is that these people are streaming north of the border at the rate of thousands every hour. If we don't act fast, Scotland will be choked with Scotsmen...

**She:** Ooh!...

*(Zoom in on her face. Cut to as many bearded Scotsmen as possible, hurtling through wood in fast motion. Follow them, ending up with skyline shot as per 'Seventh Seal'. They all still have the arm outstretched in front of them and as always they are accompanied by bagpipe music. Shot of border with large notice: 'Scotland Welcomes You'.)* **American Voice:** Soon Scotland was full of Scotsmen. The over-crowding was pitiful.

*(They all dash across harder and then stop abruptly once they're over. They stand around looking lost.)*

**American Voice:** Three men to a caber.

*(Cut to three Scotsmen tossing one caber. Cut to Scots wife in bed with bearded husband. Pull back to reveal five other Scotsmen in the bed. Short but brilliant piece of animation from T. Gilliam to show England emptying of people and Scotland filling up, ending with a till sound and a till sign coming up out of England reading: 'Empty'. Track into England. Film of a deserted street. Wind, a dog sniffing, newspaper blowing along street. Close-up sign on shop door 'Gone to lunch' ( lunch is actually crossed out) Scotland'. Close-up another sign on a shop door. 'McClosed'. Shop sign: McWoolworths & Co '.)* **American Voice:** For the few who remained, life was increasingly difficult.

*(Man suddenly folds up newspaper and runs round corner. Re-emerges driving bus. Drives it halfway to stop and then leaps out with bus still moving. Runs to stop, and puts out hand. Bus stops. He leaps on, rings bell, runs round to front and drives the bus off again. As bus drives out of frame we just see a couple of Scotsmen flashing past camera with arms outstretched. Pan slowly round empty football stadium. Eventually we pick up a solitary spectator, halfway up and halfway along in stand opposite where the players come out. He suddenly leaps to his feet cheering. Cut to players' tunnel and one player emerging and a referee with ball. They kick off. Player goes straight down field and scores.*

*Spectator disappointed.*

*A quick shot of flying saucer again.*

*Studio, the laboratory again. Charles is looking through microscope, when the door flies open and she bursts in.)* **She:** Charles! Thank goodness I've found you! It's mummy!



**Charles:** Hello mummy.

**She:** No, no, mummy's turned into a Scotsman...

**Charles:** Oh how horrible... Will they stop at nothing?

**She:** I don't know - do you think they will?

**Charles:** I meant that rhetorically.

**She:** What does rhetorically mean?

**Charles:** It means, I didn't expect an answer.

**She:** Oh I see. Oh, you're so clever, Charles.

**Charles:** Did mummy say anything as she changed?

**She:** *(with an air of tremendous revelation)* Yes! she did, now you come to mention it

*(A long pause as he waits expectantly.)*

**Charles:** Well, what was it?

**She:** Oh, she said ... 'Them!' *(thrilling chord of jangling music and quick zoom into her face)* Is there someone at the door?

**Charles:** No ... It's just the incidental music for this scene.

**She:** Oh I see...

**Charles:** 'Them' ... Wait a minute!

**She:** A whole minute?

**Charles:** No, I meant that metaphorically ... 'Them' ... 'Them' ... She was obviously referring to the people who turned her into a Scotsman. If only we knew who 'They' were ... And why 'They' were doing it... Who are 'Them'?

*(Crashing chord... cut to a small still of a Scottish crofter's cottage on a lonely moor. Slow zoom in on the cottage.)*

**American Voice:** Then suddenly a clue turned up in Scotland. Mr Angus Podgorny, owner of a Dunbar menswear shop, received an order for 48,000,000 'kilts from the planet Skyron in the Galaxy of Andromeda.

*(Mix to interior of highland mens wear shop. An elderly Scottish couple are poring over a letter which they have on the counter. Oil lamps etc.)*

**Mrs Podgorny:** Angus how are y'going to get 48,000,000 kilts into the van?

**Angus:** I'll have t'do it in two goes.

**Mrs Podgorny:** D'you not ken that the Galaxy of Andromeda is two million, two hundred thousand light years away?

**Angus:** Is that so?

**Mrs Podgorny:** Aye ... and you've never been further than Berwick-on-Tweed...

**Angus:** Aye ... but think o' the money dear ... £18.10.0d a kilt ...that's ... *(calculates with abacus)* £900,000,000 - and that's without sporrans!

**Mrs Podgorny:** Aye ... I think you ought not to go, Angus.

**Angus:** *(with visionary look in his eyes)* Aye ... we'd be able to afford writing paper with our names on it... We'd be able to buy that extension to the toilet...

**Mrs Podgorny:** Aye . . but he hasn't signed the order yet, has he?

**Angus:** Who?

**Mrs Podgorny:** Ach ... the man from Andromeda.

**Angus:** Och ... well ... he wasna really a man, d'you ken ...

*(Creepy music starts to edge in.)*

**Mrs Podgorny:** *(narrowing eyes)* Not really a man?

**Angus:** *(sweating as the music rises)* He was as strange a thing as ever I saw, or ever I hope to see, God willing. He was a strange unearthly creature - a quivering, glistening mass...

**Mrs Podgorny:** Angus Podgorny, what do y'mean?

**Angus:** He wasna so much a man as... a blancmange!

*(Jarring chord.)*

*(Police station: a police sergeant is talking ova the counter to a girl dressed in a short frilly tennis dress. She holds a racquet and tennis balls.)*

**Sergeant:** A blancmange, eh?

**Girl:** Yes, that's fight. I was just having a game of doubles with Sandra and Jocasta, Alec and David...

**Sergeant:** Hang on!

**Girl:** What?

**Sergeant:** There's five.

**Girl:** What?

**Sergeant:** Five people . . . how do you play doubles with five people?

**Girl:** Ah, well ... we were...

**Sergeant:** Sounds a bit funny if you ask me ... playing doubles with five people...

**Girl:** Well we often play like that... Jocasta plays on the side receiving service...

**Sergeant:** Oh yes?

**Girl:** Yes. It helps to speed the game up and make it a lot faster, and it means Jocasta isn't left out.

**Sergeant:** Look, are you asking me to believe that the five of you was playing doubles, when on the very next court there was a blancmange playing by itself?.

**Girl:** That's right, yes.

**Sergeant:** Well answer me this then - why didn't Jocasta play the blancmange at singles, while you and Sandra and Alec and David had a proper game of doubles with four people?

**Girl:** Because Jocasta always plays with us. She's a friend of ours.

**Sergeant:** Call that friendship? Messing up a perfectly good game of doubles?

**Girl:** It's not messing it up, officer, we like to play with five.

**Sergeant:** Look it's your affair if you want to play with five people ... but don't go calling it doubles. Look at Wimbledon, fight? If Fred Stolle and Tony Roche played Charlie Pasarell and Cliff Drysdale and Peaches Bartcowitz... they wouldn't go calling it doubles.

**Girl:** But what about the blancmange?

**Sergeant:** That could play Ann Haydon-Jones and her husband Pip.

*(Cut back to Podgorny's shop. He and his wife are frozen in the positions in which we left them. They pick up the conversation as if nothing had happened.)*

**Mrs Podgorny:** Oh, a blancmange gave you an order for 48,000,000 kilts?

**Angus:** Aye!

**Mrs Podgorny:** And you believed it?

**Angus:** Aye, I did.

**Mrs Podgorny:** Och, you're a stupid man, Angus Podgorny.

**Angus:** (*getting a little angry*) Oh look woman, how many kilts did we sell last year? Nine and a half, that's all. So when I get an order for 48,000,000, I believe it - you bet I believe it.

**Mrs Podgorny:** Even if it's from a blancmange?

**Angus:** Och, woman, if a blancmange is prepared to come 2,200,000 light years to purchase a kilt, they must be fairly keen on kilts. So cease yer prattling woman and get sewing. This could be the biggest breakthrough in kilts since the Provost of Edinburgh sat on a spike. Mary, we'll be rich! We'll be rich!

**Mrs Podgorny:** Oh, but Angus... he hasna given you an earnest of his good faith!

**Angus:** Ah mebbe not but he has gi' me this... (*brings out piece of folded paper from sporran*)

**Mrs Podgorny:** What is it now?

**Angus:** An entry form for the British Open Tennis Championships at Wimbledon Toon ... signed and seconded.

**Mrs Podgorny:** Och, but **Angus:**, ye ken full well that Scots folk dinna know how to play the tennis to save their lives.

**Angus:** Aye, but I must go though dear, I dinna want to seem ungrateful.

**Mrs Podgorny:** Ach! Angus, I wilna let you make a fool o'yourself'.

**Angus:** But I must.

**Mrs Podgorny:** Och, no you'll not ...

(*Close-up on Angus.*)

**Angus:** Oh, Mary... (*suddenly we hear a strange creaking and a slurping noise; a look of horror comes into his eyes*) Oh, oh, Mary! Look out! Look out!

(*Big close-up of Mrs Podgorny's eyes starting out from head.*)

**Mrs Podgorny:** Urrgh. It's the blancmange. (*Blur focus. Cut to a desk for police spokesman. A peaked-capped policeman sits there, reading 'The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire' by Googie Withers. He lowers book and talks chattily to camera.*) **Policeman:** Oh, now this is where Mr Podgorny could have saved his wife's life. If he'd gone to the police and told them that he'd been approached by unearthly beings from the Galaxy of Andromeda, we'd have sent a man round to investigate. As it was he did a deal with a blancmange, and the blancmange ate his wife. So if you're going out, or going on holiday, or anything strange happens involving other galaxies, just nip round to your local police station, and tell the sergeant on duty - or his wife - of your suspicions. And the same goes for dogs. So I'm sorry to have interrupted your exciting science fiction story ... but, then, crime's our business you know. So carry on viewing, and my thanks to the BBC for allowing me to have this little chat with you. Goodnight. God bless, look after yourselves.

*(He is hit on the head by knight in suit of armour with raw, chicken. Cut to CID office: a plainclothes detective is sitting in his office. Podgorny is sobbing.)*

**Detective:** *(softly and understandingly)* Do sit down, Mr Podgorny... I... I ... think what's happened is ... terribly ... terribly... funny .... tragic. But you must understand that we have to catch the creature that ate your wife, and if you could help us answer a few questions, we may be able to help save a few lives. I know this is the way your wife would have wanted it.

*(He is sitting on the desk next to Podgorny. Podgorny with superhuman control makes a great effort to stop sobbing.)*

**Angus:** Aye ... I'll ... do ... my best, sergeant.

**Detective:** *(slapping Podgorny)* Detective Inspector!

**Angus:** Er, detective inspector.

**Detective:** *(getting up and talking sharply and fast)* Now then. The facts are these. You received an order for 48,000,000 kilts from a blancmange from the planet Skyron in the Galaxy of Andromeda ... you'd just shown your wife an entry form for Wimbledon, which you'd filled in... when you turned round and saw her legs disappearing into a blancmange. Is that correct?

**Angus:** Yes, sir.

**Detective:** Are you mad?

**Angus:** No, sir.

**Detective:** Well that's a relief. 'Cos if you were, your story would be less plausible. *(detective brings out photograph of blancmange)* Now then, do you recognize this?

**Angus:** *(with a squeak of fear)* Oh yes. That's the one that ate my Mary!

**Detective:** Good. His name's Riley... Jack Riley... He's that most rare of criminals ... a blancmange impersonator and cannibal.

**Angus:** But what about the 48,000,000 kilts and the Galaxy of Andromeda?

**Detective:** I'm afraid that's just one of his stories. You must understand that a blancmange impersonator and cannibal has to use some pretty clever stories to allay suspicion.

**Angus:** Then you mean...

**Detective:** Yes.

**Angus:** But...

**Detective:** How?

**Angus:** Yes.

**Detective:** Well...

**Angus:** Not?

**Detective:** I'm afraid so.

**Angus:** Why?

**Detective:** Who knows?

**Angus:** Do you think?

**Detective:** Could be.

**Angus:** But...

**Detective:** I know.

**Angus:** She was...

**Detective:** Yes.

*(Suddenly, we hear a strange noise. Angus looks frightened. Detective narrows his eyes and walks over to the door.)*

**Detective:** Good lord what's that? *(he opens the door and we get a close-up of his staring eyes)* Ah, Riley! Come to give yourself up have you, Riley? *(with sudden fear)* Eh Riley? Riley! Riley! It's not Riley!

*(Eating noises. He is dragged out of camera shot. Refocus on Angus ... he averts his eyes as we hear the detective inspector off-screen.)*

**Detective:** It's an extra-terrestrial being! Aggggh!

*(Jarring chord: Angus shuts his eyes. Cut back to laboratory: she is sitting suggestively on a stool. He is pacing up and down looking intense.)*

**Charles:** So, everyone in England is being turned into Scotsmen, right?

**She:** Yes.

**Charles:** Now, which is the wont tennis-playing nation in the world?

**She:** Er ... Australia.

**Charles:** No. Try again.

**She:** Australia?

**Charles:** (*testily*) No... try again but say a different place.

**She:** Oh, I thought you meant I'd said it badly.

**Charles:** No, course you didn't say it badly. Now hurry.

**She:** Er, Czechoslovakia.

**Charles:** No! Scotland!

**She:** Of course.

**Charles:** Now ... now these blancmanges, apart from the one that killed

**Mrs Podgorny:**, have all appeared in which London suburb?

**She:** Finchley?

**Charles:** No. Wimbledon ... Now do you begin to see the pattern? With what sport is Wimbledon commonly associated?

*(She is thinking really hard.)*

**Norman Hackforth:** (*off-screen*) For viewers at home, the answer is coming up on your screens. Those of you who wish to play it the hard way, stand upside down with your head in a bucket of piranha fish. Here is the question once again.

**Charles:** With what sport is Wimbledon commonly associated?

*(SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'TENNIS')*

**She:** Cricket.

**Charles:** No.

**Charles:** No. Wimbledon is most commonly associated with tennis.

**She:** Of course! Now I see!

**Charles:** Yes, it all falls into place!

**She:** The blancmanges are really Australians trying to get the rights of the pelote rules from the Czech publishers!

**Charles:** (*heavily*) No ... not quite ... but, er, just look in here.

*(He indicates microscope. As she eagerly bends to look into it he picks up a sock filled with sand and without looking strikes her casually over the head with it. She collapses out of sight under desk. He continues to think out loud.)*

**Charles:** Yes. So these blancmanges, blancmange-shaped creatures come from the planet Skyron in the Galaxy of Andromeda. They order 48,000,000 kilts from a Scottish menswear shop ... turn the population of England into Scotsmen (well known as the worst tennis-playing nation on Earth) thus leaving England empty during Wimbledon fortnight! Empty during Wimbledon fortnight ... what's more the papers are full of reports of blancmanges appearing on tennis courts up and down the country - practising. This can only mean one thing!

*(Flash up caption quickly:)*

**Voice Over:** and caption on sceeen : 'THEY MEAN TO WIN WIMBLEDON'

**Charles:** They mean to win Wimbledon. Jarring chord.

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# Blancmanges playing Tennis

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 7

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The cast:

**COMMENTATOR**  
Eric Idle

**CHARLES**

Graham Chapman

**AMERICAN VOICE**

John Cleese

**MR. BRAINSAMPLE**

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

Please note that this sketch is a follow on from the [Man Turns into Scotsman](#) Sketch

### Sketch

*(Cut to commentator in his box at Wimbledon.)*

**Commentator:** Well, here at Wimbledon, it's been a most extraordinary week's tennis. The blancmanges have swept the board, winning match after match. Here are just a few of the results: Billie-Jean King eaten in straight sets, Laver smothered whole after winning the first set, and Poncho Gonzales, serving as well as I've never seen him, with some superb volleys and decisive return volleys off the back hand, was sucked through the net at match point and swallowed whole in just under two minutes. And so, here on the final day, there seems to be no players left to challenge the blancmanges. And this could be their undoing, Dan: as the rules of Wimbledon state quite clearly that there must be at least one human being concerned in the final. *(we see a three-foot- high blancmange being shepherded onto a tennis court by a Scotsman)* Well the blancmange is coming out onto the pitch now, and *(suddenly exalted)* there is a human with it It's Angus Podgorny! The plucky little Scottish tailor ... upon whom everything depends. And so it's Podgorny versus blancmange in this first ever Intergalactic Wimbledon!

*(Cut to the centre court at Wimbledon or fi we can't get it, number one will do. Blancmange and Podgorny on opposite sides net. Another blancmange sitting in umpire's chair. Blancmange serves... a real sizzling ace. Podgorny, who in any case is quivering with fear, doesn 't see it.)*

**Commentator's Voice:** And it's blancmange to serve and it's a good one.

**Blancmange Umpire:** Blurb blurble blurb.

**Voice Over:** Fifteen love.

*(Blancmange serves again, and again Podgorny misses hopelessly and pathetically. Collage of speeded-up versions of blancmange sewing and Podgorny missing. Cut to scoreboard:*

*BLANCMANGE.' 40*

*PODGORNY: 0*

*Cut back to the court. Podgorny is serving and each time he fails to hit the ball altogether.)*

**Commentator's Voice:** And Podgorny fails to even hit the ball ... but this is no surprise as he hasn't hit the ball once throughout this match. So it's 72 match points to the blancmange now... Podgorny prepares to serve again.

*(Podgorny fails to serve and we see the scoreboard:)*

*BLANCMANGE: 6 6 5 40*

*PODGORNY: 0 0*

**Commentator's Voice:** This is indeed a grim day for the human race, Dan.

*(Just as Podgorny is about to serve we see Mr and Mrs Brainsample jump onto the court brandishing forks and spoons and with napkins tucked into their necks.)*

**Commentator's Voice:** But what's this? Two spectators have rushed onto the pitch with spoons and forks... what are they going to do?

*(Cut to laboratory.)*

**Charles:** They mean to eat the blancmange.

*(The girl pulls herself up from where she was slumped by microscope. He knocks her out again with a sand-filled sock. Cut back to Wimbledon. Mr and Mrs Brainsample chasing blancmange and eating it.)*

**Commentator's Voice:** And they're eating the blancmange ... Yes! The blancmange is leaving the court... it's abandoning the game! This is fantastic!

*(Cut to Mr and Mrs Brainsample covered in bits of blancmange and licking their fingers.)*

**American Voice:** Yes it was Mr and Mrs Samuel Brainsample, who, after only a brief and misleading appearance in the early part of the film, returned to save the Earth ... but why?

**Mr Brainsample:** Oh, well you see we love blancmanages. My wife makes them.

**American Voice:** She makes blancmanages that size?

**Mr Brainsample:** Oh, yes. You see we're from the planet Skyron in the Galaxy of Andromeda, and they're all that size there. We tried to tell you at the beginning of the film but you just panned off us.

*(Cut back to Podgorny on court still trying to serve; at last he makes contact and runs backward and forward to receive his own services.)*

**American Voice:** So the world was saved! And Angus Podgorny became the first Scotsman to win Wimbledon... fifteen years later.

*(Caption on screen : 'YOU'RE NO FUN ANYMORE')*

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# Army Protection Racket

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 8

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese



**COLONEL**

Graham Chapman

**WATKINS**

Eric Idle

**SERGEANT**  
John Cleese

**DINO**

Terry Jones

## The sketch:

*(Stock film of the army. Tanks rolling, troops moving forward etc. Stirring military music.)*

**Voice Over:** In 1943, a group of British Army Officers working deep behind enemy lines, carried out one of the most dangerous and heroic raids in the history of warfare. But that's as maybe. And now . . .

*(Superimposed Caption on Screen : 'AND NOW . . . UNOCCUPIED BRITAIN 1970'  
Cut to colonel's office. Colonel is seated at desk.)*

**Colonel:** Come in, what do you want?

*(Private Watkins enters and salutes.)*

**Watkins:** I'd like to leave the army please, sir.

**Colonel:** Good heavens man, why?

**Watkins:** It's dangerous.

**Colonel:** What?

**Watkins:** There are people with guns out there, sir.

**Colonel:** What?

**Watkins:** Real guns, sir. Not toy ones, sir. Proper ones, sir. They've all got 'em. All of 'em, sir. And some of 'em have got tanks.

**Colonel:** Watkins, they are on our side.

**Watkins:** And grenades, sir. And machine guns, sir. So I'd like to leave, sir, before I get killed, please.

**Colonel:** Watkins, you've only been in the army a day.

**Watkins:** I know sir but people get killed, properly dead, sir, no barley cross fingers, sir. A bloke was telling me, if you're in the army and there's a war you have to go and fight.

**Colonel:** That's true.

**Watkins:** Well I mean, blimey, I mean if it was a big war somebody could be hurt.

**Colonel:** Watkins why did you join the army?

**Watkins:** For the water-skiing and for the travel, sir. And not for the killing, sir. I asked them to put it on my form, sir - no killing.

**Colonel:** Watkins are you a pacifist?

**Watkins:** No sir, I'm not a pacifist, sir. I'm a coward.

**Colonel:** That's a very silly line. Sit down.

**Watkins:** Yes sir. Silly, sir. *(sits in corner)*

**Colonel:** Awfully bad.

*(Knock at the door, sergeant enters, and salutes.)*

**Sergeant:** Two civilian gentlemen to see you ... sir!

**Colonel:** Show them in please, sergeant.

**Sergeant:** Mr Dino Vercotti and Mr Luigi Vercotti.

*(The Vercotti brothers enter. They wear Mafia suits and dark glasses.)*

**Dino:** Good morning, Colonel.

**Colonel:** Good morning gentlemen. Now what can I do for you.

**Luigi:** *(looking round office casually)* You've ... you've got a nice army base here, Colonel.

**Colonel:** Yes.

**Luigi:** We wouldn't want anything to happen to it.

**Colonel:** What?

**Dino:** No, what my brother means is it would be a shame if... *(he knocks something off mantel)*

**Colonel:** Oh.

**Dino:** Oh sorry, Colonel.

**Colonel:** Well don't worry about that. But please do sit down.

**Luigi:** No, we prefer to stand, thank you, Colonel.

**Colonel:** All right. All right. But what do you want?

**Dino:** What do we want, ha ha ha.

**Luigi:** Ha ha ha, very good, Colonel.

**Dino:** The Colonel's a joker, Luigi.

**Luigi:** Explain it to the Colonel, Dino.

**Dino:** How many tanks you got, Colonel?

**Colonel:** About five hundred altogether.

**Luigi:** Five hundred! Hey!

**Dino:** You ought to be careful, colonel.

**Colonel:** We arc careful, extremely careful.

**Dino:** 'Cos things break, don't they?

**Colonel:** Break?

**Luigi:** Well everything breaks, don't it colonel. *(he breaks something on desk)* Oh dear.

**Dino:** Oh see my brother's clumsy Colonel, and when he gets unhappy he breaks things. Like say, he don't feel the army's playing fair by him, he may start breaking things, Colonel.

**Colonel:** What is all this about?

**Luigi:** How many men you got here, Colonel?

**Colonel:** Oh, er ... seven thousand infantry, six hundred artillery, and er, two divisions of paratroops.

**Luigi:** Paratroops, Dino.

**Dino:** Be a shame if someone was to set fire to them.

**Colonel:** Set fire to them?

**Luigi:** Fires happen, Colonel.

**Dino:** Things burn.

**Colonel:** Look, what is all this about?

**Dino:** My brother and I have got a little proposition for you Colonel.

**Luigi:** Could save you a lot of bother.

**Dino:** I mean you're doing all right here aren't you, Colonel.

**Luigi:** Well suppose some of your tanks was to get broken and troops started getting lost, er, fights started breaking out during general inspection, like.

**Dino:** It wouldn't be good for business would it, Colonel?

**Colonel:** Are you threatening me?

**Dino:** Oh, no, no, no.

**Luigi:** Whatever made you think that, Colonel?

**Dino:** The Colonel doesn't think we're nice people, Luigi.

**Luigi:** We're your buddies, Colonel.

**Dino:** We want to look after you.

**Colonel:** Look after me?

**Luigi:** We can guarantee you that not a single armoured division will get done over for fifteen bob a week.

**Colonel:** No, no, no.

**Luigi:** Twelve and six.

**Colonel:** No, no, no.

**Luigi:** Eight and six ... five bob...

**Colonel:** No, no this is silly.

**Dino:** What's silly?

**Colonel:** No, the whole premise is silly and it's very badly written. I'm the senior officer here and I haven't had a funny line yet. So I'm stopping it.

**Dino:** You can't do that!

**Colonel:** I've done it. The sketch is over.

**Watkins:** I want to leave the army please sir, it's dangerous.

**Colonel:** Look, I stopped your sketch five minutes ago. So get out of shot. Right director! Close up. Zoom in on me. *(camera zooms in)* That's better.

**Luigi:** *(off screen)* It's only 'cos you couldn't think of a punch line.

**Colonel:** Not true, not true. It's time for the cartoon. Cue telecine, ten, nine, eight...

*(Cut to telecine countdown.)*

**Dino:** *(off screen)* The general public's not going to understand 'this, are they?



**Colonel:** *(off screen)* Shut up you eyeties!

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# Art Critic

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 8](#)

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**The cast:**



**GIRL**

Katya Wytech

## **The sketch:**

*(We see an art critic examining a nude painting. Caption on screen: 'AN ART CRITIC' He sees the camera and starts talking guiltily.)*

**Art Critic:** Good evening. I'd like to talk to you tonight about the place of the nude in my bed ... um ... in the history of my bed ... of art, of art, I'm sorry. The place of the nude in the history of tart... call-girl... I'm sorry. I'll start again... Bum ... oh what a giveaway. The place of the nude in art. *(a seductively dressed girl enters slinkily)* Oh hello there father, er confessor, professor, your honour, your grace ...

**Girl:** *(cutely)* I'm not your Grace, I'm your Elsie.

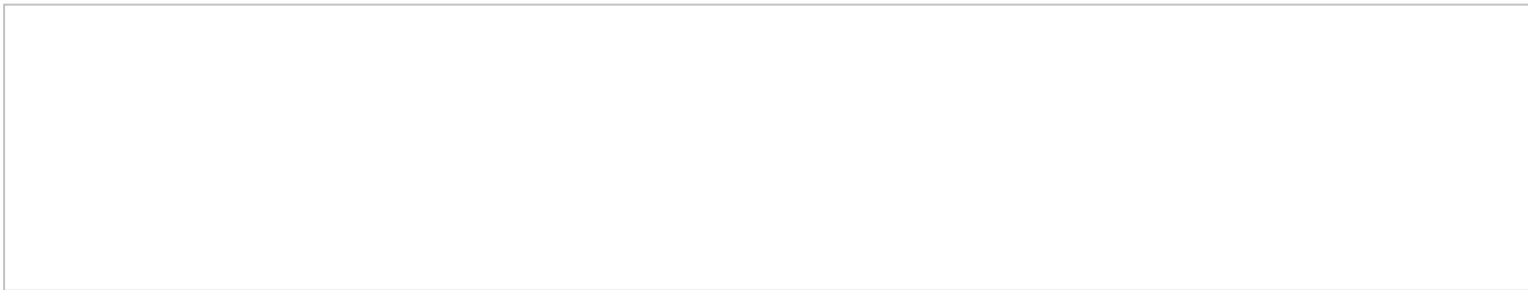
**Art Critic:** What a terrible joke!

**Girl:** *(crying)* But it's my only line!

*(Cut to an idyllic countryside. Birds sing etc. as the camera starts a lyrical pan across the fields.)*

**Voice Over:** and superimposed caption: 'BUT THERE LET US LEAVE THE ART CRITIC TO STRANGLE HIS WIFE AND MOVE ON TO PASTURES NEW'

*(After about ten seconds of mood setting the camera suddenly comes across the art critic strangling his wife in middle foreground. As the camera passes him he hums nervously and tries to look as though he isn't strangling anybody. The camera doesn't stop panning, and just as it goes off him we see him start strangling again.)*



# Buying a Bed

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did this sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 8](#), it was also performed on their Album - Monty Python's Flying Circus'.

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## The cast:

**HUSBAND**

Terry Jones

**WIFE**

Carol Cleveland

**MR. LAMBERT**

Graham Chapman

**MR. VERITY**

Eric Idle





## The sketch:

**Husband:** Hello, my wife and I would like to buy a bed, please.

**Mr Lambert:** Certainly sir, I'll get someone to help you.

**Wife:** Thank you.

**Mr Lambert:** Mr Verity!

**Mr Verity:** Can I help you, sir?

**Husband:** Yes, we'd like a bed, a double bed, and I wondered if you'd got one for about fifty pounds.

**Mr Verity:** Oh no, I'm afraid not, sir. Our cheapest bed is eight hundred pounds, sir.

**Husband & Wife:** Eight hundred pounds?

**Mr Lambert:** Excuse me, sir, but before I go, I ought to have told you that Mr Verity does tend to exaggerate. Every figure he gives you will be ten times too high.

**Husband:** I see.

**Mr Lambert:** Otherwise he's perfectly all right.

**Husband:** I see. Er... your cheapest double bed then is eighty pounds?

**Mr Verity:** Eight hundred pounds, yes, sir.

**Husband:** I see. And how wide is it?

**Mr Verity:** It's sixty feet wide.

**Husband:** Yes...

**Wife:** (*whispers*) Sixty feet!

**Husband:** (*whispers*) Six foot wide, you see.

**Wife:** (*whispers*) Oh.

**Husband:** ...and the length?

**Mr Verity:** The length is ... er ... just a moment. Mr Lambert, what is the length of the Comfidown Majorette?

**Mr Lambert:** Ah. Two foot long.

**Husband:** Two foot long?

**Mr Verity:** Yes, remembering of course that you have to multiply everything Mr Lambert says by three. It's nothing he can help, you understand. Otherwise he's perfectly all right.

**Husband:** I see, I'm sorry.

**Mr Verity:** But it does mean that when he says a bed is two foot long, it is in fact sixty foot long, all right?

**Husband:** Yes, I see.

**Mr Verity:** That's without the mattress, of course.

**Husband:** How much is that?

**Mr Verity:** Er, Mr Lambert will be able to tell you that. Lambert! Could you show these twenty good people the dog kennels, please?

**Husband:** Dog kennels? No, no, the mattresses!

**Mr Verity:** I'm sorry, you have to say 'dog kennel' to Mr Lambert, because if you say 'mattress' he puts a bucket\* over his head. I should have explained. Otherwise he's perfectly all right.

**Husband:** Oh. Ah. I see. Er, excuse me, could you show us the dog kennels, please, hm?

**Mr Lambert:** Dog kennels?

**Husband:** Yes, we want to look at the dog kennels, hm.

**Mr Lambert:** Ah yes, well that's the pets' department, second floor.

**Husband:** No, no, no, we want to see the DOG KENNELS.

**Lambert:** *(irritated)* Yes, second floor.

**Husband:** No, we don't want to see dog kennels, it's just that Mr Verity said that...

**Mr Lambert:** Oh dear, what's he been telling you now?

**Husband:** Well, he said we should say 'dog kennels' instead of saying 'mattresses'.

*(Lambert puts bucket on his head)* **Husband:** Oh dear. Hello? Hello? Hello?

**Mr Verity:** *(approaching)* Did you say 'mattress'?

**Husband:** Well, yes, er...

**Mr Lambert:** *(muffled)* I'm not coming out!

**Mr Verity:** I did \*ask\* you not to say 'mattress', didn't I?

**Husband:** But I mean, er...

**Mr Lambert:** *(muffled)* I'm not!

**Husband:** Oh.

**Mr Verity:** Now I've got to get him to the fish tank and sing.

**Husband:** Oh.

**Mr Verity:** *(sings)* And did those feet, in ancient time...

**Manager:** *(walking up, hearing the singing)* Oh dear, did somebody say mattress to Mr Lambert?

**Husband:** Yes, I did.

*(Manager gives nasty look at Husband)*

**Mr Verity:** *(still singing)* ...walk upon England's mountains green... *(Manager joins in)* ...and was the Holy Lamb of God...

*(Lambert removes bucket; Verity and Assistant immediately stop singing; Manager leaves.)*

**Mr Verity:** He should be all right now, but don't...you know...\*don't\*!

**Husband:** No, no. *(to Lambert)* Excuse me, could we see the dog kennels please?

**Lambert:** *(irritated)* Yes, pets department, second floor.

**Husband:** No, no, no. Those dog kennels, like that. You see?

**Mr Lambert:** Mattresses?

**Husband:** *(relieved)* Yes.

**Mr Lambert:** But if you want a mattress, why not say 'mattress'?

**Husband:** *(nervously)* Ha ha, I mean...

**Mr Lambert:** I mean, it's a little confusing for me when you say 'dog kennel' if you want a mattress. Why not just say 'mattress'?

**Husband:** But you put a bucket over your head last time we said 'mattress'.

*(Lambert puts the bucket over his head again)*

**Mr Verity:** *(running on the scene again)* Oh dear! *(stands in box and sings)* And did those feet...

**Manager:** *(to Husband)* We \*did\* ask!

*(Manager & Mr Verity sing together)* ...in ancient times, walk upon England's mountains green...

*(singing continues throughout the next few lines of dialogue)*

**Assistant:** *(running in)* Did somebody say 'mattress' to Mr Lambert?

*(Manager points angrily towards the Husband and Wife)*

**Mr Verity:** \*Twice\*!

**Assistant:** *(shouting throughout the store)* Hey, everybody! Somebody said 'mattress' to Mr Lambert -- \*twice\*! *(joins in the singing)*

*(Organ music swells and they carry on singing)*

**Mr Verity:** It's not working, we need more!

*(The entire Mormon Tabernacle Choir begins to sing in the background. Sounds of water splashing; eventually Lambert removes the bucket again and they stop singing)*

**Mr Lambert:** I'm sorry, can I help you?

**Wife:** *(brightly)* We want a mattress!

*(Lambert puts the bucket over his head again. Verity, husband and assistants all groan and glare accusingly at wife)*

**Wife:** But it's my only line!!!

**Note:** In the television version it was a paper bag, on the record it was a bucket (better sound effects?)



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# Hermits

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 8

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The cast:

**FIRST HERMIT**  
Michael Palin

**SECOND HERMIT**

Eric Idle



# **THIRD HERMIT**

Graham Chapman

**FOURTH HERMIT**

John Cleese

**FIFTH HERMIT**  
Terry Jones

COLONEL

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to two hermits on a hillside.)*

**First Hermit:** Hello, are you a hermit by any chance?

**Second Hermit:** Yes that's right. Are you a hermit?

**First Hermit:** Yes, I certainly am.

**Second Hermit:** Well I never. What are you getting away from?

**First Hermit:** Oh you 'know, the usual - people, chat, gossip, you know.

**Second Hermit:** Oh I certainly do - it was the same with me. I mean there comes a time when you realize there's no good frittering your life away in idleness and trivial chit-chat. Where's your cave?

**First Hermit:** Oh, up the goat track, first on the left.

**Second Hermit:** Oh they're very nice up there aren't they?

**First Hermit:** Yes they are, I've got a beauty.

**Second Hermit:** A bit draughty though, aren't they?

**First Hermit:** No, we've had ours insulated.

**Second Hermit:** Oh yes.

**First Hermit:** Yes, I used birds' nests, moss and oak leaves round the outside.

**Second Hermit:** Oh, sounds marvellous.

**First Hermit:** Oh it's a treat, it really is, 'cos otherwise those stone caves can be so grim.

**Second Hermit:** Yes they really can be, can't they? They really can.

**First Hermit:** Oh yes.

*(Third hermit passes by.)*

**Third Hermit:** Morning Frank.

**Second Hermit:** Morning Norman. Talking of moss, er you know Mr Robinson?

**First Hermit:** With the, er, green loin cloth?

**Second Hermit:** Er no, that's Mr Seagrave. Mr Robinson's the hermit who lodges with Mr Seagrave.

**First Hermit:** Oh I see, yes.

**Second Hermit:** Yes well he's put me onto wattles.

**First Hermit:** Really?

**Second Hermit:** Yes. Swears by them. Yes.

*(Fourth hermit passes)*

**Fourth Hermit:** Morning Frank.

**Second Hermit:** Morning Lionel. Well he says that moss tends to fall off the cave walls during cold weather. You know you might get a really bad spell and half the moss drops off the cave wall, leaving you cold.

**First Hermit:** Oh well, Mr Robinson's cave's never been exactly nirvana has it?

**Second Hermit:** Well, quite, that's what I mean. Anyway, Mr Rogers, he's the, er, hermit...

**First Hermit:** ... on the end.

**Second Hermit:** . . . up at the top, yes. Well he tried wattles and he came out in a rash.

**First Hermit:** Really?

**Second Hermit:** Yes, and there's me with half a wall wattled, I mean what'll I do?

**First Hermit:** Well why don't you try birds' nests like I've done? Or else, dead bracken.

**Fifth Hermit:** *(calling from a distance)* Frank!

**Second Hermit:** Yes Han.

**Fifth Hermit:** Can I borrow your goat?

**Second Hermit:** Er, yes that'll be all right. Oh leave me a pint for breakfast will you? ... *(to first hermit)* You see, you know that is the trouble with living half way up a cliff - you feel so cut off. You know it takes me two hours every morning to get out onto the moors, collect my berries, chastise myself, and two hours back in the evening.

**First Hermit:** Still there's one thing about being a hermit, at least you meet people.

**Second Hermit:** Oh yes, I wouldn't go back to public relations.

**First Hermit:** Oh well, bye for now Frank, must toddle.

**Colonel:** Right, you two hermits, stop that sketch. I think it's silly.

**Second Hermit** What?

**Colonel:** It's silly.

**Second Hermit** What do you mean, you can't stop it - it's on film.

**Colonel:** That doesn't make any difference to the viewer at home, does it? Come on, get out. Out. Come on out, all of you. Get off, go on, all of you. Go on, move, move. Go on, get out. Come on, get out, move, move.

*(He shoos them and the film crew off the hillside.)*

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# Dead Parrot

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 8

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 8](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'. It was also performed on their Albums - 'Monty Python's Flying Circus', 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (UK version), 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (US version), 'Monty Python's The Final Ripoff' 'The Ultimate Monty Python Ripoff' and 'Lust for Glory'.. They also performed this sketch on their live albums 'Monty Python live at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane' and 'Monty Python live at City Center'.

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## The cast:

**MR. PRALINE**

John Cleese

# SHOP OWNER

Michael Palin

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## The sketch:

*A customer enters a pet shop.*

**Mr. Praline:** 'Ello, I wish to register a complaint.

*(The owner does not respond.)*

**Mr. Praline:** 'Ello, Miss?

**Owner:** What do you mean "miss"?

**Mr. Praline:** {pause} I'm sorry, I have a cold. I wish to make a complaint!

**Owner:** We're closin' for lunch.

**Mr. Praline:** Never mind that, my lad. I wish to complain about this parrot what I purchased not half an hour ago from this very boutique.

**Owner:** Oh yes, the, uh, the Norwegian Blue...What's,uh...What's wrong with it?

**Mr. Praline:** I'll tell you what's wrong with it, my lad. 'E's dead, that's what's wrong with it!

**Owner:** No, no, 'e's uh,...he's resting.

**Mr. Praline:** Look, matey, I know a dead parrot when I see one, and I'm looking at one right now.

**Owner:** No no he's not dead, he's, he's restin'! Remarkable bird, the Norwegian Blue, idn'tit, ay? Beautiful plumage!

**Mr. Praline:** The plumage don't enter into it. It's stone dead.

**Owner:** Nononono, no, no! 'E's resting!

**Mr. Praline:** All right then, if he's restin', I'll wake him up! *(shouting at the cage)* 'Ello, Mister Polly Parrot! I've got a lovely fresh cuttle fish for you if you show...

*(owner hits the cage)*

**Owner:** There, he moved!

**Mr. Praline:** No, he didn't, that was you hitting the cage!

**Owner:** I never!!



**Mr. Praline:** Yes, you did!

**Owner:** I never, never did anything...

**Mr. Praline:** *(yelling and hitting the cage repeatedly)* 'ELLO POLLY!!!! Testing! Testing! Testing! Testing! This is your nine o'clock alarm call!

*(Takes parrot out of the cage and thumps its head on the counter. Throws it up in the air and watches it plummet to the floor.)*

**Mr. Praline:** Now that's what I call a dead parrot.

**Owner:** No, no.....No, 'e's stunned!

**Mr. Praline:** STUNNED?!?

**Owner:** Yeah! You stunned him, just as he was wakin' up! Norwegian Blues stun easily, major.

**Mr. Praline:** Um...now look...now look, mate, I've definitely 'ad enough of this. That parrot is definitely deceased, and when I purchased it not 'alf an hour ago, you assured me that its total lack of movement was due to it bein' tired and shagged out following a prolonged squawk.

**Owner:** Well, he's...he's, ah...probably pining for the fjords.

**Mr. Praline:** PININ' for the FJORDS?!?!?!? What kind of talk is that?, look, why did he fall flat on his back the moment I got 'im home?

**Owner:** The Norwegian Blue prefers keepin' on it's back! Remarkable bird, id'nit, squire? Lovely plumage!

**Mr. Praline:** Look, I took the liberty of examining that parrot when I got it home, and I discovered the only reason that it had been sitting on its perch in the first place was that it had been NAILED there.

*(pause)*

**Owner:** Well, o'course it was nailed there! If I hadn't nailed that bird down, it would have nuzzled up to those bars, bent 'em apart with its beak, and VOOM! Feeweeweewe!

**Mr. Praline:** "VOOM"?!? Mate, this bird wouldn't "voom" if you put four million volts through it! 'E's bleedin' demised!

**Owner:** No no! 'E's pining!

**Mr. Praline:** 'E's not pinin'! 'E's passed on! This parrot is no more! He has ceased to be! 'E's expired and gone to meet 'is maker! 'E's a stiff! Bereft of life, 'e rests in peace! If you hadn't nailed 'im to the perch 'e'd be pushing up the daisies! 'Is metabolic processes are now 'istory! 'E's off the twig! 'E's kicked the bucket, 'e's shuffled off 'is mortal coil, run down the curtain and joined the bleedin' choir invisible!! THIS IS AN EX-PARROT!!

*(pause)*

**Owner:** Well, I'd better replace it, then. *(he takes a quick peek behind the counter)* Sorry squire, I've had a look 'round the back of the shop, and uh, we're right out of parrots.

**Mr. Praline:** I see. I see, I get the picture.

**Owner:** {pause} I got a slug.

*(pause)*

**Mr. Praline:** (sweet as sugar) Pray, does it talk?

**Owner:** Nnnnot really.

**Mr. Praline:** WELL IT'S HARDLY A BLOODY REPLACEMENT, IS IT?!?!?!?!?

**Owner:** Look, if you go to my brother's pet shop in Bolton, he'll replace the parrot for you.

**Mr. Praline:** Bolton, eh? Very well.

*(The customer leaves.)*

*(The customer enters the same pet shop. The owner is putting on a false moustache.)*

**Mr. Praline:** This is Bolton, is it?

**Owner:** *(with a fake mustache)* No, it's Ipswich.

**Mr. Praline:** *(looking at the camera)* That's inter-city rail for you.

*(Mr Praine goes to the train station. He addresses a man standing behind a desk marked "Complaints".)*

**Mr. Praline:** I wish to complain, British-Railways Person.

**Attendant:** I DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS JOB, YOU KNOW!!!

**Mr. Praline:** I beg your pardon...?

**Attendant:** I'm a qualified brain surgeon! I only do this job because I like being my own boss!

**Mr. Praline:** Excuse me, this is irrelevant, isn't it?

**Attendant:** Yeah, well it's not easy to pad these python files out to 150 lines, you know.

**Mr. Praline:** Well, I wish to complain. I got on the Bolton train and found myself deposited here in Ipswich.

**Attendant:** No, this is Bolton.

**Mr. Praline:** *(to the camera)* The pet shop man's brother was lying!!

**Attendant:** Can't blame British Rail for that.

**Mr. Praline:** In that case, I shall return to the pet shop!

*He does.*

**Mr. Praline:** I understand this IS Bolton.

**Owner:** *(still with the fake mustache)* Yes?

**Mr. Praline:** You told me it was Ipswich!

**Owner:** ...It was a pun.

**Mr. Praline:** *(pause)* A PUN?!?

**Owner:** No, no...not a pun...What's that thing that spells the same backwards as forwards?

**Mr. Praline:** *(Long pause)* A palindrome...?

**Owner:** Yeah, that's it!

**Mr. Praline:** It's not a palindrome! The palindrome of "Bolton" would be "Notlob"!! It don't work!!

**Owner:** Well, what do you want?

**Mr. Praline:** I'm not prepared to pursue my line of inquiry any longer as I think this is getting too silly!

**Sergeant-Major:** Quite agree, quite agree, too silly, far too silly... *(takes customer by the arm)* Come on, you, you've got to go do another sketch now! Come on... *(he walks off stage left, followed by the director and cameramen, leaving the owner alone on the set)* **Owner:** *(to the audience)* Well! I never wanted to do this in the first place. I wanted to be... A [LUMBERJACK](#)! *(he takes off his white lab coat to reveal a checkered shirt and suspenders under it)* Floating down the mighty rivers of British Columbia! With my best girl by my side! etc. etc. etc.

\*\*\*\*\* Alternative Ending: \*\*\*\*\*

**Mr. Praline:** Pray, does it talk?

**Owner:** Nnnnot really.

**Mr. Praline:** WELL IT'S HARDLY A BLOODY REPLACEMENT, IS IT?!?!?!?!?

**Owner:** N-no, I guess not. *(gets ashamed, looks at his feet)*

**Mr. Praline:** Well.

*(pause)*

**Owner:** (quietly) D'you.... d'you want to come back to my place?

**Mr. Praline:** (looks around) Yeah, all right, sure.

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# The Flasher

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 8

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The cast:

**ANNOUNCER**  
Eric Idle

**FLASHER**  
Terry Jones

# COLONEL

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

*(We see an announcer eating a yoghurt.)*

**Announcer:** *(seeing camera)* Oh ... er ... oh ... urn! Oh!...er... *(shuffles paper)* I'm sorry ... and now frontal nudity.

*(Cut to tracking or hand-held shot down street, keeping up with extremely shabby man in long overcoat. His back is to camera. He passes two pepperpots and a girl. As he passes each one he opens his coat wide. They react with shocked horror. He does this three times, after the third time he turns to camera and opens his coat wide. He has a big sign hanging round his neck, covering his chest. It says 'boo '.)* *(Cut back to announcer eating .Foghun. The colonel comes in and nudges him.)*

**Announcer:** Oh, oh I'm sorry. I thought the film was longer. *(shuffling papers)* Ah. Now Notlob, er, [Bolton](#).

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# Hell's Grannies

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 8

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 8](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'

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## The cast:

**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

**FIRST YOUNG MAN**

Michael Palin

**SECOND YOUNG MAN**

Terry Jones

# **THIRD YOUNG MAN**

John Cleese

**FOURTH YOUNG MAN**  
Graham Chapman

**POLICEMAN**  
Graham Chapman

**CINEMA MANAGER**

Terry Jones



**WIFE**

Rita Davies

**COLONEL**

Graham Chapman

# MAN IN DIRTY RAINCOAT

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(Sketch opens with a pan across Bolton. Voice of reporter.)*

**Voice Over:** This is a frightened city. Over these houses, over these streets hangs a pall of fear. Fear of a new kind of violence which is terrorizing the city. Yes, gangs of old ladies attacking defenceless fit young men.

*(Film of old ladies beating up two young men; then several grannies walking aggressively along street, pushing passers-by aside.)*

**First Young Man:** Well they come up to you, like, and push you - shove you off the pavement, like. There's usually four or five of them.

**Second Young Man:** Yeah, this used to be a nice neighbourhood before the old ladies started moving in. Nowadays some of us daren't even go down to the shops. '

**Third Young Man:** Well Mr Johnson's son Kevin, he don't go out any more. He comes back from wrestling and locks himself in his room.

*(Film of grannies harassing an attractive girl.)*

**Voice Over:** What are they in it for, these old hoodlums, these layabouts in lace?

**First Granny:** *(voice over)* Well it's something to do isn't it?

**Second Granny:** *(voice over)* It's good fun.

**Third Granny:** *(voice over)* It's like you know, well, innit, eh?

**Voice Over:** Favourite targets for the old ladies are telephone kiosks.

*(Film of grannies carrying off a telephone kiosk; then painting slogans on a wall.)*

**Policeman:** *(coming up to them)* Well come on, come on, off with you. Clear out, come on get out of it. *(they clear off, he turns to camera)* We have a lot of trouble with these oldies. Pension day's the worst - they go mad. As soon as they get their hands on their money they blow it all on milk, bread, tea, tin of meat for the cat.

*(Cut to cinema.)*

**Cinema Manager:** Yes, well of course they come here for the two o'clock matinee, all the old bags out in there, especially if it's something like 'The Sound of Music'. We get seats ripped up, hearing aids broken, all that sort of thing.

*(A policeman hustles two grannies out of the cinema. Cut to reporter walking along street.)*

**Reporter:** The whole problem of these senile delinquents lies in their complete rejection of the values of contemporary society. They've seen their children grow up and become accountants, stockbrokers and even sociologists, and they begin to wonder if it is all really...*(disappears downwards rapidly)* arggh!

*( Shot of two grannies replacing manhole cover. Cut to young couple.)*

**Fourth Young Man:** Oh well we sometimes feel we're to blame in some way for what our gran's become. I mean she used to be happy here until she, she started on the crochet.

**Reporter:** *(off-screen)* Crochet?

**Fourth Young Man:** Yeah. Now she can't do without it. Twenty balls of wool a day, sometimes. If she can't get the wool she gets violent. What can we do about it?

*(Film of grannies on motorbikes roaring down streets and through a shop. One has 'Hell's Grannies' on her jacket.)*

**Voice Over:** But this is not just an old ladies' town. There are other equally dangerous gangs - such as the baby snatchers.

*(Film of five men in baby outfits carrying off a young man from outside a shop. Cut to distraught wife.)*

**Wife:** I just left my husband out here while I went in to do some shopping and I came back and he was gone. He was only forty-seven.

**Voice Over:** And on the road too, vicious gangs of keep left signs.

*(Film: two keep-left signs attack a vicar.)*

**Colonel:** *(coming up and stopping them)* Right, fight, stop it. This film's got silly. Started off with a nice little idea about grannies attacking young men, but now it's got silly. This man's hair is too long for a vicar too. These signs are pretty badly made. Right, now for a complete change of mood.

*(Cut to man in dirty raincoat.)*

**Man In Dirty Raincoat:** I've heard of unisex but I've never had it.



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# Llamas

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 9

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The cast:

**SPANISH GUITARIST**

Eric Idle

**SPANISH DANCER**

Terry Jones

**SPANISH LADY**

Graham Chapman



**The sketch:**

*(On screen we see a caption: 'THE LLAMA')*

*(A Spanish guitarist and a dancer in traditional Spanish costume, followed by a caption on the screen : 'LIVE FROM GOLDERS GREEN'. Man enters and walks up to a life-size photo of a llama. He delivers the following lecture in Spanish, with help from the guitarist and dancer, and superimposed subtitles.)* **Man:** *(but in Spanish with subtitles in English)* The llama is a quadruped which lives in big rivers like the Amazon. It has two ears, a heart, a forehead, and a beak for eating honey. But it is provided with fins for swimming.

**Guitarist & Dancer:** Llamas are larger than frogs.

**Man:** Llamas are dangerous, so if you see one where people are swimming, you shout:

**Guitarist & Dancer:** Look out, there are llamas!

*(A Spanish Lady dressed in a Spanish frock, enters on a moped she blows up a paper bag and bursts it. They bow. Cut to exterior Ada's Snack Bar (a small cafe). Hand-held camera moves round the back to where an announcer is seated at desk with an old-fashioned BBC microphone.)*

**Announcer:** And now for something completely different - [a man with a tape recorder up his nose.](#)

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# A Man With a Tape Recorder Up His Nose

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 9

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 9](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'

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## The sketch:

**Announcer:** And now for something completely different - a man with a tape recorder up his nose

*We see Michael in a dinner suit on a small stage, with potted plants, etc. He ostentatiously inserts a finger up one nostril. We hear the Marseillaise. He removes his finger and the music stops. He puts his finger up the other nostril, and we hear rewinding noises. Once again he puts his finger up the first nostril and we hear the Marseillaise again. He bows. Shot of film of an old fashioned audience of women clapping.*

**Announcer:** And now a film about a man with a tape recorder up his brother's nose.

*Cut to Michael on the same stage, this time with Graham Chapman. Michael puts his finger up Graham's nostril and we hear the Marseillaise. He removes his finger and puts it up Graham's other nostril. We hear the sound of a tape rewinding.*

**Announcer:** And now in stereo

*Michael simultaneously puts a finger up hi own nostril and a finger on the other hand, up Graham's nostril. We now here two recordings of the Marseillaise together, but slightly out of sync.*

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# Kilimanjaro Expedition (Double Vision)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 9

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 9](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'

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## The cast:

**SIR GEORGE HEAD**

John Cleese

**BOB**

Eric Idle

**The sketch:**

*(Scene: Large study with maps and photographs on the wall and a large desk at which sits Sir George Head.)*

**Sir:** Next please.

*(Bob walks into the room and up to the desk.)*

**Sir:** *(looking up)* One at a time please.

**Bob:** There is only me, sir.

**Sir:** *(putting a hand over one eye)* So there is. Take a . . .

**Bob:** Seat?

**Sir:** Seat! Take a seat. So! *(looking over to Bob's right)* You want to join my mountaineering expedition do you? *(keeps looking off to right)*

**Bob:** *(rather uncertain)* Me, sir?

**Sir:** Yes.

**Bob:** Yes, I'd very much like to, sir.

**Sir:** Jolly good, jolly good. *(he ticks the sheet and then looks straight at Bob)* And how about you?

**Bob:** There is only me, sir.

**Sir:** *(putting hand over eye and looking both at Bob and to Bob's right)* Well bang goes his application then. *(he tears up form)* Now let me fill you in. I'm leading this expedition and we're going to climb both peaks of Mount Kilimanjaro.

**Bob:** I thought there was only one peak, sir.

**Sir:** *(getting up, putting one hand over one eye again and going to large map of Africa on wall and peering at it at point-blank range)* Well, that'll save a bit of time. Well done. Now the object of this expedition is to see if we can find any traces of last year's expedition.

**Bob:** Last year's expedition?

**Sir:** Yes, my brother was leading that, they were going to build a bridge between the two peaks, *(looks at map with one hand over eye)* My idea I'm afraid. Now, I ought to tell you that I have practically everyone I need for this expedition ... so what special qualifications do you have?

**Bob:** Well, sir...

**Sir:** Yes, you first.

**Bob:** There is only me, sir.

**Sir:** *(to Bob's right)* I wasn't talking to you. *(to Bob)* Carry on.

**Bob:** Well I'm a fully qualified mountaineer.

**Sir:** Mountaineer? Mountaineer *(looks it up in the dictionary)* where the devil are they, mound, mount... mountain... a mountaineer: 'two men skilled in climbing mountains'. Jolly good, well you're in. Congratulations, both of you. Well, er, what are your names?

**Bob:** Arthur Wilson.

**Sir:** Arthur Wilson, right well look, I'll call you *(to Bob)* Arthur Wilson one, and you *(to Bob's right)* Arthur Wilson two, just to avoid confusion.

**Bob:** Are you actually leading this expedition sir?

**Sir:** Yes, we are leading this expedition to Africa.

**Bob:** And what routes will you both be taking?

**Sir:** Good questions... shall I? Well we'll be leaving on January 22nd and taking the following routes. *(goes over to large map, clearly labelled Surrey)* The A23s through Purleys down on the main roads near Purbrights avoiding Leatherheads and then taking the A231s entering Rottingdeans from the North. From Rottingdeans we go through Africa to Nairobi. We take the South road out of Nairobi for about twelve miles and then ask.

**Bob:** Does anyone speak Swahili, sir?

**Sir:** Oh, yes I think most of them do down there.

**Bob:** Does anyone in our party speak Swahili sir?

**Sir:** Oh, well Matron's got a smattering.

**Bob:** Apart from the two Matrons ...

**Sir:** Good God, I'd forgotten about her.

**Bob:** Apart from them, who else is coming on the expedition, sir?

**Sir:** Well we've got the Arthur Brown twins, two botanists called Machin, the William Johnston brothers ...

**Bob:** Two of them?

**Sir:** No four of them, a pair of identical twins ... and a couple of the Ken Spinoza quads - the other two pulled out. And of course you two.

**Bob:** And none of these are mountaineers?

**Sir:** Well you two are, and we've got a brace of guides called Jimmy Blenkinsop... because Kilimanjaro is a pretty tricky climb you know, most of it's up until you reach the very, very top, and then it tends to slope away rather sharply. But Jimmy's put his heads together and worked out a way up. *(opens door)* Jimmy? *(Jimmy walks in wearing full climbing gear)* I don't believe you've met. Jimmy Blenkinsop - Arthur Wilson, Arthur Wilson -Jimmy Blenkinsop... Arthur Wilson two -James Blenkinsop one, James Blenkinsop one - Arthur Wilson two. Carry on Jimmies.

**Jintmy:** *(to Bob, reassuring him)* Don't worry about the er ... *(puts hand over eye)* We'll get him up somehow. *(Jimmy proceeds to walk round the room clambering over every single piece of available furniture. He doesn't stop talking. Causing a complete wreckage, he clambers over the desk, onto a bookcase and round the room knocking furniture over, meanwhile he is saying..)* Now the approach to Kilimanjaro is quite simply over the foothills, and then we go on after that to ... ohh... to set a base camp, somewhere in the region of the bottom of the glacier when...*(Jimmy staggers out healong through the door. There are loud crashing noises)* **Sir:** He'll be leading the first assault.

**Bob:** Well I'm afraid I shan't be coming on your expedition sir, as I've absolutely no confidence in anyone involved in it.

*(Bob gets up and walks out slamming the door.)*

**Sir:** Oh dear. *(pause - look over at other? Bob)* Well how about you?

**Bob:** *(sitting in chair at other angle of desk)* Well I'm game, sir.

*(Cut back to two sirs, double image, split screen.)*

**Sir:** So are we.



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# Homicidal Barber

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did this sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 9](#), it was also performed on their Album - Monty Python's Flying Circus'.

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## The cast:

**BARBER**

Michael Palin

# CUSTOMER

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(An animated sequence that leads us to a suburban hairdressing salon. A customer comes in. The barber is standing in a white coat washing his hands at a basin.)*

**Customer:** Morning.

**Barber:** *(flinching slightly)* Ah ... good morning sir, good morning. I'll be with you in a minute.

*(Customer sits in barber's chair. Barber carries on washing. He seems to be over-thoroughly washing and re-washing his hands and lower arms. Barber turns and smiles humourlessly, at customer. At last he has finished washing. He dries his hands thoroughly, turns and come over to the customer. There are very obvious blood stains on his coat and his lapel is torn off One stain could be the mark of a bloodstained hand which has slipped down the length of it. He picks up a sheet and shakes it out. Sound of iron and heavy objects falling on the floor. He throws it around the customer. As he knots the sheet at the back he and is about to pull it tight and strangle the customer. His face sweats, a wild look in his eyes. Then with a supreme effort he controls himself. Customer smiles reassuringly at him.)* **Barber:** How... how would you like it, sir?

**Customer:** Just short back and sides please.

**Barber:** How do you do that?

**Customer:** Well it's just... ordinary short back and sides...

**Barber:** It's not a ... razor cut? *(suddenly)* Razor, razor, cut, cut, blood, spurt, artery, murder... *(controlling himself)* Oh thank God, thank God. *(sigh of relief)* It's just a scissors...

**Customer:** Yes... *(laughs, thinking the barber must be having a little joke)*

**Barber:** You wouldn't rather just have it combed, would you sir?

**Customer:** I beg your pardon?

**Barber:** You wouldn't rather forget all about it?

**Customer:** No, no, no, I want it cut.

*(At the word Cut barber winces.)*

**Barber:** Cut, cut, cut, blood, spurt, artery, murder, Hitchcock, Psycho... right sir ... well ... *(swallows hard)* I'll just get everything ready. In the meanwhile perhaps you could fill in one of these.

*(He hands him a bit of paper; the barber goes to a cupboard and opens it.)*

**Customer:** All right, fine, yes.

*(On the inside of the door there is a large medical chart headed: 'Main Arteries'. His shaking hand traces the arteries and he looks occasionally back at the customer.)*

**Customer:** Excuse me, er...

**Barber:** What?

**Customer:** Where it says: 'next of kin' shall I put 'mother'?

**Barber:** Yes, yes ... yes.

**Customer:** Right there we are. *(hands form to barber)*

**Barber:** Thank you.

*(He gets scissors and comb ready and comes up behind the customer and spreads his arms out, opening and shutting scissors as barbers do before cutting.)*

**Barber:** Right!

*(He can't bring himself to start cutting; after one or two attempts he goes to the cupboard again, gets a whisky bottle out and takes a hard swig. He comes up behind the customer again.)*

**Barber:** Ha, ha, ha ... there, I've finished.

**Customer:** What?

**Barber:** I've finished cutting... cutting... cutting your hair. It's all done,

**Customer:** You haven't started cutting it!

**Barber:** I have! I did it very quickly... your honour... sir,.. sir...

**Customer:** *(getting rather testy)* Look here old fellow, I know when a chap's cut my hair and when he hasn't. So will you please stop fooling around and get on with it.

*(The barber bends down to the floor and drags out a tape recorder which he places behind the barber's chair, talking as he does so.)*

**Barber:** Yes, yes, I will, I'm going to cut your hair, sir. I'm going to start cutting your hair, sir, start cutting now!

*(He switches on tape recorder and then he himself cowers down against the wall as far from the chair as he can get, trembling.)*

**Tape Recorder:** Nice day, sir,

**Customer:** Yes, flowers could do with a drop of rain though, eh?

**Tape Recorder:** *(snip, snip)* Did you see the match last night, sir?

**Customer:** Yes. Good game. I thought.

**Tape Recorder:** *(snip, snip, snip; sound of electric razor starting up)* I thought Hurst played well sir.

**Customer:** *(straining to hear)* I beg your pardon?

**Tape Recorder:** *(razor stops)* I thought Hurst played well.

**Customer:** Oh yes ... yes ... he was the only one who did though.

**Tape Recorder:** Call you put your head down a little, sir.

**Customer:** Sorry, sorry. *(his head is bowed)*

**Tape Recorder:** I prefer to watch Palace nowadays. *(electric razor starts up again)* Oh! Sorry! Was that your ear?

**Customer:** No no ... I didn't feel a thing.

*(The customer rises out from his seat, taking the sheet off himself and looking in the mirror and delving into pocket. He turns round for the first time and sees the cowering barber)*

. **Customer:** Look, what's going on?

**Tape Recorder:** Yes, it's a nice spot, isn't it.

**Customer:** Look, I came here for a haircut!

**Barber:** *(pathetically)* It looks very nice sir.

**Customer:** *(angrily)* It's exactly the same as when I first came in.

**Tape Recorder:** Right, that's the lot then.

**Barber:** All right ... I confess I haven't cut your hair ... I hate cutting hair. I have this terrible un-uncontrollable fear whenever I see hair. When I was a kid I used to hate the sight of hair being cut. My mother said I was a fool. She said the only cure for it was to become a barber. So I spent five ghastly years at the Hairdressers' Training Centre at Totnes. Can you imagine what it's like cutting the same head for five years? I didn't want to be a barber anyway. I wanted to be a lumberjack. Leaping from tree to tree as they float down the mighty rivers of British Columbia . . . *(he is gradually straightening up with a visionary gleam in his eyes)* The giant redwood, the larch, the fir, the mighty scots pine. *(he tears off his barber's jacket, to reveal tartan shirt and lumberjack trousers underneath; as he speaks the lights dim behind him and a choir of Mounties is heard, faintly in the distance)* The smell of fresh-cut timber! The crash of mighty trees! *(moves to stand in front of back-drop of Canadian mountains and forests)* With my best girlie by my side ... *(a frail adoring blonde, the heroine of many a mountains film, or perhaps the rebel maid, rushes to his side and*

*looks adoringly into his eyes) We'd sing ... sing ... sing.*

*(The choir is loud by now and music as well.)*

**Barber:** *(singing)* [I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK...](#)

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# Lumberjack Song

*From the TV Series and featured on various albums*

*Composers: Terry Jones, Michael Palin, & Fred Tomlinson*

*Authors: Terry Jones & Michael Palin*

*Arranger: Fred Tomlinson*

*Lead Singer: Michael Palin*

## **BARBER:**

I'm a lumberjack, and I'm okay.  
I sleep all night and I work all day.

## **MOUNTIES:**

He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

## **BARBER:**

I cut down trees. I eat my lunch.  
I go to the lavatory.  
On Wednesdays I go shoppin'  
And have buttered scones for tea.

## **MOUNTIES:**

He cuts down trees. He eats his lunch.  
He goes to the lavatory.  
On Wednesdays he goes shoppin'  
And has buttered scones for tea.  
He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

## **BARBER:**

I cut down trees. I skip and jump.  
I like to press wild flowers.  
I put on women's clothing  
And hang around in bars.

## **MOUNTIES:**

He cuts down trees. He skips and jumps.  
He likes to press wild flowers.  
He puts on women's clothing  
And hangs around in bars?!  
He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.

He sleeps all night and he works all day.

**BARBER:**

I cut down trees. I wear high heels,  
Suspendies, and a bra.  
I wish I'd been a girlie,  
Just like my dear Papa.

**MOUNTIES:**

He cuts down trees. He wears high heels,  
Suspendies, and a bra?!  
[talking]

What's this? Wants to be a girlie?! Oh, My!  
And I thought you were so rugged!  
Poofter!  
[singing]  
He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.  
He's a lumberjack, and he's okaaaaay.  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.



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# Gumby Crooner / The Refreshment room at Bletchley

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 9](#)

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## The cast:

**R.J. GUMBY**

Graham Chapman

**COMPÈRE**

Eric Idle

**KEN BUDDHA**  
Terry Jones

**BARBER**

Michael Palin

# CUSTOMER

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(Cut back to Canadian backdrop. In front, a man with a knotted handkerchief on his head, a woolly pullover, and braces. Superimposed caption on the screen ' PROF. R. J. GUMBY')*

**Gumby:** Well I think TV's killed real entertainment. In the old days we used to make our own fun. At Christmas parties I used to strike myself on the head repeatedly with blunt instruments while crooning. *(sings)* 'Only make believe, I love you, *(hits himself on head with bricks)* Only make believe that you love me, *(hits himself)* Others find peace of mind...'

*(Cut to a swish nightclub. Compare enters.)*

**Compare:** Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the refreshment room here at Bletchley. *(applause)* My name is Kenny Lust and I'm your compere for tonight. You know, once in a while it is my pleasure, and my privilege, to welcome here at the refreshment room, some of the truly great international artists of our time. *(applause)* And tonight we have one such artist. *(grovelling)* Ladies and gentlemen, someone whom I've always personally admired, perhaps more deeply, more strongly, more abjectly than ever before. *(applause)* A man, well more than a man, a god *(applause)*, a great god, whose personality is so totally and utterly wonderful my feeble words of welcome sound wretchedly and pathetically inadequate. *(by now on his knees)* Someone whose boots I would gladly lick clean until holes wore through my tongue, a man who is so totally and utterly wonderful, that I would rather be sealed in a pit of my own filth, than dare tread on the same Stage with him. Ladies and gentlemen the incomparably superior human being, Harry Fink.

**Voice Off:** He can't come!

**Compare:** Never mind, it's not all it's cracked up to be. Ladies and gentlemen, we give you Ken Buddha and his inflatable knees.

*(Cut to Ken in evening dress; his knees go 'bang'.)*

**Compare:** Ken Buddha, a smile, two bangs and a religion. Now ladies and gentlemen, for your further entertainment, Brian Islam and Brucie.

*(Two animated men dance to jug band music When they finish we cut back to the barber and customer, from the [Homicidal Barber Sketch](#))*

**Barber:** So anyway, I became a barber.

**Customer:** *(sympathetically)* Poor chap.

**Barber:** Yes, pity really, I always preferred the outdoor life. Hunting, shooting, fishing. Getting out there with a gun, slaughtering a few of God's creatures - that was the life. Charging about the moorland, blasting their heads off.

(Sketch moves in to the [Hunting Film Sketch](#))

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# Hunting Film

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 9

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## The sketch:

*(A large country house. A number of sportin' gentlemen dressed in huntin' tweed and carrying shotguns come out, casually firing the guns at random. They climb into a land-rover and drive off. Cut to huntin' country. A line of beaters moves towards the camera; as they do so several young couples leap up out of the undergrowth and run away. Shots of hunters stalking their prey and shooting. One of them breaks his gun into two pieces. Another fires into the air. An egg lands on his head. Cut to two duellists (with pistols) and a referee standing between them. They fire; the referee falls dead. A huntin'gentleman fires into the air, falls over backwards; a young couple get up from close behind him and run away. Another huntin' gentleman is arguing defensively with a pilot who has just landed by parachute. A hunter fires into some bushes; a Red Indian pops up and runs away in alarm. They all return to the house, legs and arms variously in plaster or bandaged. Two of them carry a pole between them from which is slung a very small bird. The picture of the outside of the house freezes and we pull back to reveal that it is a photo on a stand, by which stands the knight in armour, expectantly flexing his raw chicken. The floor manager comes up to him.)* **Floor Manager:** I'm sorry, we don't need you this week.

*(Knight looks dejected, droops and slinks off, still holding chicken. He walks past a hen house from wherein we hear a voice.)*

**Voice:** And now for something completely different.

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# Visitors from Coventry

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 12

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did this sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 12](#), it was also performed on their Album - Monty Python's Flying Circus'.

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## The cast:

**VICTOR**

Graham Chapman





**ARTHUR**  
Eric Idle

**BRIAN**

John Cleese

**AUDREY**

Terry Jones

**MR. FREIGHT**

Terry Gilliam

**MR. COOK**

Michael Palin

---

## **The sketch:**

*(Scene opens to a sitting room. Low sexy lighting - ha ha - soft sexy music. On the sofa are Victor and Iris just beginning to make passes at each other.)*

**Victor:** Would you mind terribly if I hold your hand?

**Iris:** Oh no, no, not at all.

**Victor:** Oh Iris, you're so very beautiful.

**Iris:** Oh, do you really mean that?

**Victor:** I do, I do, I do. I think... I'm beginning to fall in love with you.

**Iris:** Oh Victor.

**Victor:** It's silly isn't it?

**Iris:** No, no, not at all dear sweet Victor.

**Victor:** No I didn't mean that. Only just us being so close together for so many months in the soft-toy department and yet never daring to...

**Iris:** Oh, oh Victor.

**Victor:** Oh Iris. *(they move closer to kiss; just before their lips meet the doorbell goes)* Who can that be?

**Iris:** Oh, well you try and get rid of them.

**Victor:** Yes I will, I will.

*(Victor opens the front door. Arthur Name is standing outside the door.)*

**Arthur:** Hello!

**Victor:** Hello.

**Arthur:** Remember me?

**Victor:** No I'm...

**Arthur:** In the pub. The tall thin one with the moustache, remember? About three years ago?

**Victor:** No, I don't I'm afraid.

**Arthur:** Oh, blimey, it's dark in here, *(switches light on)* that's better. Only you said we must have a drink together sometime, so I thought I'd take you up on it as the film society meeting was cancelled this evening.

**Victor:** Look, to be frank, it is a little awkward this evening.

**Arthur:** *(stepping in; to Iris)* Hello, I'm Arthur. Arthur Name. Name by name but not by nature. I always say that, don't I Vicky boy?

**Victor:** Really...

**Arthur:** *(to Victor)* Is that your wife?

**Victor:** Er, no, actually.

**Arthur:** Oh, I get the picture. Eh? Well don't worry about me Vicky boy, I know all about one-night stands.

**Victor:** I beg your pardon?

**Arthur:** Mind if I change the record? *(takes the record off)*

**Victor:** Look, look, we put that on.

**Arthur:** Here's a good one, I heard it in a pub. What's brown, what's brown and sounds like a bell?

**Victor:** I beg your pardon?

**Arthur:** What's brown and sounds like a bell? Dung! Ha, ha, ha, that's a good one. I like that one, I won't keep you long. *(the gramophone plays the 'Washington Post March' very loud)* That's better, now don't worry about me. I'll wait here till you've finished.

*(The doorbell goes again.)*

**Victor:** Who the hell...

**Arthur:** I'll get it. It'll be friends of mine. I took the liberty of inviting them along.

**Victor:** Look, we were hoping to have a quiet evening on our own.

**Arthur:** Oh, they won't mind. They're very broad-minded. Hello!

*(He opens the door; Mr and Mrs Equator walk in and go straight up to Victor.)*

**Brian:** Good evening. My name is Equator, Brian Equator. Like round the middle of the Earth, only with an L. *(wheezing laugh)* This is my wife Audrey, she smells a bit but she has a heart of gold.

**Audrey:** Hello, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha...

**Victor:** There must have been some kind of misunderstanding, because this is not the...

**Brian:** Who's that then?

**Victor:** What?

**Brian:** Who's the bird?

**Victor:** I'm...

**Brian:** You got a nice pair there haven't you love. *(puts hand on Iris's boobs and gives a wet kiss; Iris screams)* Shut up you silly bitch, it was only a bit of fun.

**Victor:** Now look here ...

**Brian:** Big gin please.

**Arthur:** I'll get it.

**Victor:** *(going after Arthur)* Look, leave those drinks alone.

**Audrey:** And three tins of beans for me please.

**Brian:** I told you to lay off the beans, you whore!

**Audrey:** I only want three cans.

**Brian:** Button your lip you rat-bag. *(laughs uproariously)*

**Audrey:** *(joins in)* Ha, ha, ha, ha...

**Brian:** It was rather witty, wasn't it? Where's my gin?

*(The doorbell goes.)*

**Victor:** Who the hell's that?

**Brian:** Oh, I took the liberty of inviting an old friend along, as his wife has just passed away, and he's somewhat distraught poor chap. I hope you don't mind.

**Arthur:** *(opening door)* Come on in.

*(In walks Mr Freight in underpants, sequins, eye make-up, white wellies, and necklace.)*

**Mr Freight:** Oh? My God, what a simply ghastly place.

**Brian:** Not too good is it? A pint of crème de menthe for my friend. Well how are you, you great poof? *(sits down)* Bit lumpy ...ah, no wonder, I was sitting on the cat. *(throws it into fire)*

**Iris:** Aaaagh! Boo boo hooo.

**Mr Freight:** I've asked along a simply gorgeous little man I picked up outside the Odeon.

**Brian:** Is he sexy?

*(In walks Mr Cook with a goat. Freight kisses him.)*

**Mr Cook:** I had to bring the goat, he's not well. I only hope he don't go on the carpet.

**Brian:** *(to Iris)* Come on then love, drop 'em.

**Iris:** Aaaaaaagh! *(runs out)*

**Brian:** Blimey, she don't go much do she.

*(He sits in chair which collapses.)*

**Audrey:** Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ooooooh! I've wet 'em

**Mr Cook:** The goat's just done a bundle.

*(A group of singers run on, dressed as Welsh miners. All talk at once.)*

**Victor:** Look, get out all of you. Go on. Get out! Get t~ul!

**Brian:** I beg your pardon?

**Victor:** I'm turning you all out. I'm not having my house filled with filthy perverts, now look, I'm giving you just hall' a minute then I'm going to call the police, so get out.

**Brian:** I don't much like the tone of your voice. *(shoots him)* Right let's have a ding dong...

**All:** *(singing)* Ding dong merrily on high, in Heaven the bells are ringing etc...

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# Walk-on part in sketch / Bank Robber (Lingerie Shop) / Trailer / Arthur Tree

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 10

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 10](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'.

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## The cast:



**ROBBER**

John Cleese

**ASSISTANT**  
Eric Idle

**MAN**

Michael Palin

**WIFE**

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(Lingerie shop set. Assistant standing waiting behind counter. At the side the robber also stands waiting. They hum to themselves and waste time, looking at wristwatches, this takes about fifteen seconds. Cut to a letter on BBC stationery. The camera pulls back to show a grotty little man reading the letter and sitting at a breakfast table in a small kitchen. His wif is busying herself in wifelike activities.)* **Man:** Ooh. Ooh.

**Wife:** Oh, what is it dear?

**Man:** It's from the BBC. They want to know if I want to be in a sketch on telly.

**Wife:** Oooh. That's nice.

**Man:** What? It's acting innit?

**Wife:** Yes.

**Man:** Well I'm a plumber. I can't act.

**Wife:** Oh, you never know till you try. Look at Mrs Brando's son next door. He was mending the fridge when they came and asked him to be the Wild One. What do they want you to do?

**Man:** Well, they just want me to stand at a counter, and when the sketch starts I go out.

**Wife:** Oh, that sounds nice. It's what they call a walk-on.

**Man:** Walk-on? That's a walk-off, that's what this is.

*(Cut to lingerie shop; assistant and robber still hanging around waiting. A few seconds of this. Floor manager walks on.)*

**Robber:** *(quietly)* Well, where is he, George?

**Floor Manager:** I don't know, he should have been here hours ago.

**Robber:** He bloody should have been.

*(Cut back to grotty kitchen.)*

**Wife:** Well what else does it say?

**Man:** It just says 'We would like you to be in a sketch. You are standing at a counter. When the sketch starts you go off. Yours faithfully, Lord Hill.'

**Wife:** Oh well, you'd better be off then.

**Man:** Yeah, well, what about the cat?

**Wife:** Oh I'll look after the cat. Goodness me, Mrs Newman's eldest never worried about the cat when he went off to do 'The Sweet Bird of Youth'.

**Man:** All right then, all right. Bye. Bye dear.

**Wife:** Bye bye, and mind you don't get seduced.

*(Man leaves, wife stands for a moment, then...)*

**Wife:** Oh, it'll make a change from plumbing. Dad! Franks got a television part.

*(She turns on the TV set. On the TV comes the picture of the assistant and tile robber and floor manager waiting in the lingerie shop. After a second or two a man is brought in and introduced to floor manager, who positions him and cues him. The man walks out.)* **Wife:** You missed him.

*(Cut back to shop, the robber walks in and points gun at the assistant.)*

**Robber:** Good morning, I am a bank robber. Er, please don't panic, just hand over all your money.

**Assistant:** *(politely)* This is a lingerie shop, sir.

**Robber:** Fine, fine, fine. *(slightly nonplussed)* Adopt, adapt and improve. Motto of the round table. Well, um ... what have you got?

**Assistant:** *(still politely)* Er, we've got corsets, stockings, suspender belts, tights, bras, slips, petticoats, knickers, socks and garters, sir.

**Robber:** Fine, fine, fine, fine. No large piles of money in sales?

**Assistant:** No, sir.

**Robber:** No deposit accounts?

**Assistant:** No sir.

**Robber:** No piles of cash in easy to carry bags?

**Assistant:** None at all sir.

**Robber:** No luncheon vouchers?

**Assistant:** No, sir.

**Robber:** Fine, fine. Well, um... adopt, adapt and improve. Just a pair of knickers then please.

*Cut to effeminate announcer sitting at continuity desk. Any resemblance to Mel Oxley should be accidental. His name is David Unction.*

## **Uinction**

Well that was a bit of fun wasn't it. Ha, ha, ha. And a special good evening to *you*. Not just an ordinary good evening like you get from all the other announcers, but a special good evening from *me (holds up card saying 'David Unction')* to *you*. Well, what have we got next? This *is* fun isn't it. Look, I'm sorry if I'm interrupting anything that any of you may be doing at home, but I want you to think of me as an old queen. *Friend*, ha, ha, ha. Well, let's see what we've got next. In a few moments 'It's A Tree' and in the chair as usual is Arthur Tree, and starring in the show will be a host of star guests as his star guests. And then at 9.30 we've got another rollocking half hour of laughter-packed squalor with 'Yes it's the Sewage Farm Attendants'. And this week Dan falls into a vat of human dung with hilarious consequences. Ha, ha, ha. But now it's the glittering world of show business with Arthur Tree...

*Music.*

## **CAPTION: 'IT'S A TREE'**

*Stock film. Quick cuts. Plane arriving at night. Showbiz lights. Film premières. Audience applauding. Cut to studio: a tree sitting in a middle chair in David Frost type interview set. Zoom in on tree. It has a mouth which moves.*

## **Tree**

Hello. Hello people, and welcome to 'It's a Tree'. We have some really exiting guests for you this evening. A fabulous spruce, back from a tour of Holland, three gum trees making their first appearance in this country, scots pine and the conifers, and Elm Tree Bole - there you go, can't be bad - an exiting new American plank, a rainforest and a bucket of sawdust giving their views on teenage violence, and an unusual guest for this programme, a piece of laminated plastic.

*Shot of piece of laminated plastic with mouth.*

## **Plastic**

Hi there!

## **Tree**

But first, will you please, please welcome - a block of wood.

*Shot of large block four feet cube, with a mouth, on the chair next to Tree.  
Shot of a forest with the sound of applause over.*

## **Tree**

Well, er, thanks Tree. I've got to pay the rent.

*They both laugh. Shot of forest laughing.*

## **Tree**

Ha, ha, ha, ha, super. Well, what have you been doing, Block?

## **Block**

Well I've just been starring in several major multi-million dollar international films, and, during breaks on the set, I've been designing a Cathedral, doing wonderful unpublicized work for charity, er, finishing my history of the world, of course, pulling the birds, er, photographing royalty on the loo, averting World War Three - can't be bad - and, er learning to read.

## **Tree**

The full Renaissance bit, really...super, super. Well I've got to stop you there Block I'm afraid, because we've got someone who's been doing cabaret in the New Forest. From America, will you welcome please a Chippendale writing desk.

ANIMATION: *a Chippendale desk.*

## **Chip**

Thank you Mr Tree. And I'd like to do a few impressions of some of my favourite Englishmen. First off. Long John Silver. *(suitable animation)* Arrrgh, Jim boy. Arrrrgh. And now Edward Heath. Hello sailor. Now a short scene from a play by Harold Splinter. *(a huge hammer smashes it)* Animated compère:

## **Compère**

Wasn't that just great, ladies and gentlemen, wait a minute we've got something else I just know you're going to love. *(fanfares)* Yes sir, coming right up - the Vocational Guidance Counsellor Sketch. *(more fanfares)*

Continues with [Vocational Guidance Counsellor \(chartered accountant\)](#)

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# Vocational Guidance counselor

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 10

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 10](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'.

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## The cast:



**counselor**

John Cleese

**ANCHOVY**

Michael Palin

**VOICE OVER**  
Terry Jones

**VIKING**

Terry Jones

# UNCTION

David Uction

---

## The sketch:

*(As the sketch open Voices can be heard singing Vocational guidance counselor ... vocational guidance counselor ... vocational guidance counselor ... etc. Office set. Man sitting at desk. Mr Anchovy is standing waiting. The counselor looks at his watch then starts the sketch.)* **counselor:** Ah Mr Anchovy. Do sit down.

**Anchovy:** Thank you. Take the weight off the feet, eh?

**counselor::** Yes, yes.

**Anchovy:** Lovely weather for the time of year, I must say.

**counselor:** Enough of this gay banter. And now Mr Anchovy, you asked us to advise you which job in life you were best suited for.

**Anchovy:** That is correct, yes.

**counselor:** Well I now have the results here of the interviews and the aptitude tests that you took last week, and from them we've built up a pretty clear picture of the sort of person that you are. And I think I can say, without fear of contradiction, that the ideal job for you is chartered accountancy.

**Anchovy:** But I am a chartered accountant.

**counselor:** Jolly good. Well back to the office with you then.

**Anchovy:** No! No! No! You don't understand. I've been a chartered accountant for the last twenty years. I want a new job. Something exciting that will let me live.

**counselor:** Well chartered accountancy is rather exciting isn't it?

**Anchovy:** Exciting? No it's not. It's dull. Dull. Dull. My God it's dull, it's so desperately dull and tedious and stuffy and boring and des-per-ate-ly DULL.

**counselor:** Well, er, yes Mr Anchovy, but you see your report here says that you are an extremely dull person. You see, our experts describe you as an appallingly dull fellow, unimaginative, timid, lacking in initiative, spineless, easily dominated, no sense of humour, tedious company and irrepressibly drab and awful. And w/hereas in most professions these would be considerable drawbacks, in chartered accountancy they are a positive boon.

**Anchovy:** But don't you see, I came here to find a new job, a new life, a new meaning to my existence. Can't you help me?

**counselor:** Well, do you have any idea of what you want to do?

**Anchovy:** Yes, yes I have.

**counselor:** What?

**Anchovy:** (boldly) Lion taming.

**counselor:** Well yes. Yes. Of course, it's a bit of a jump isn't it? I mean, er, chartered accountancy to lion taming in one go. You don't think it might be better if you worked your way towards lion taming, say, via banking'...

**Anchovy:** No, no, no, no. No. I don't want to wait. At nine o'clock tomorrow I want to be in there, taming.

**counselor:** Fine, fine. But do you, do you have any qualifications?

**Anchovy:** Yes, I've got a hat.

**counselor:** A hat?

**Anchovy:** 'Yes, a hat. A lion taming hat. A hat with 'lion tamer' on it. I got it at Harrods. And it lights up saying 'lion tamer' in great big neon letters, so that you can tame them after dark when they're less stroppy.

**counselor:** I see, I see.

**Anchovy:** And you can switch it off during the day time, and claim reasonable wear and tear as allowable professional expenses under paragraph 335C...

**counselor:** Yes, yes, yes, I do follow, Mr Anchovy, but you see the snag is... if I now call Mr Chipperfield and say to him, 'look here, I've got a forty-five-year-old chartered accountant with me who wants to become a lion tamer', his first question is not going to be 'does he have his own hat?' He's going to ask what sort of experience you've had with lions.

**Anchovy:** Well I ... I've seen them at the zoo.

**counselor:** Good, good, good.

**Anchovy:** Lively brown furry things with short stumpy legs and great long noses. I don't know what all the fuss is about, I could tame one of those. They look pretty tame to start with.

**counselor:** And these, er, these lions ... how high are they?

**Anchovy:** (*indicating a height of one foot*) Well they're about so high, you know. They don't frighten me at all.

**counselor:** Really. And do these lions eat ants?

**Anchovy:** Yes, that's right.

**counselor:** Er, well, Mr Anchovy ... I'm afraid what you've got hold of there is an anteater.

**Anchovy:** A what?

**counselor:** An anteater. Not a lion. You see a lion is a huge savage beast, about five feet high, ten feet long, weighing about four hundred pounds, running forty miles per hour, with masses of sharp pointed teeth and nasty long razor-sharp claws that can rip your belly open before you can say 'Eric Robinson', and they look like this.

*(The counselor produces large picture of a lion and shows to Mr Anchovy who screams and passes out.)*

**counselor:** Time enough I think for a piece of wood.

*(CAPTION: 'THE LARCH')*

**Voice Over:** The larch.

*(Cut back to office: Mr Anchovy sits up with a start.)*

**counselor:** Now, shall I call Mr Chipperfield?

**Anchovy:** Er, no, no, no. I think your idea of making the transition to lion taming via easy stages, say via insurance...

**counselor:** Or banking.

**Anchovy:** Or banking, yes, yes, banking that's a man's life, isn't it? Banking, travel, excitement, adventure, thrills, decisions affecting people's lives.

**counselor:** Jolly good, well, er, shall I put you in touch with a bank?

**Anchovy:** Yes.

**counselor:** Fine.

**Anchovy:** Er... no, no, no. Look, er, it's a big decision, I'd like a couple of weeks to think about it... er... you know, don't want to jump into it too quickly. Maybe three weeks. I could let you know definitely then, I just don't want to make this definite decision. I'm er... *(continues muttering nervously to himself)* **counselor:** *(turning to camera)* Well this is just one of the all too many cases on our books of chartered accountancy. The only way that we can fight this terrible debilitating social disease, is by informing the general public of its consequences, by showing young people that it's just not worth it. So, so please... give generously... to this address:

The League for Fighting Chartered Accountancy,  
55 Lincoln House, Basil Street,  
London, SW3.

*(Cut back to David Unction reading 'Physique' magazine. He puts it into brown paper bag.)*

**Unction:** Oh, well that was fun wasn't it?

*(Cut to helmeted Viking.)*

**Viking:** No it wasn't, you fairy.

*(Cut back to Unction.)*

**Unction:** (sarcastically) Oh, hello sailor,

*(Cut to Viking.)*

**Viking:** Here, you wouldn't have got on one of our voyages - they were all dead butch.

*(Cut to Unction.)*

**Unction:** (camply) Oh that's not what I've heard.

Continues with [The first man to jump the Channel](#)

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# The First Man to Jump the Channel / Tunnelling from Godalming to Java

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 10

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle



**RON**

Terry Jones

**MR. VERCOTTI**

Michael Palin

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## **The sketch:**

*(Cut to the sea. Pan to show Ron Obvious running along beach.)*

**Voice Over:** There is an epic quality about the sea which has throughout history stirred the hearts and minds of Englishmen of all nations. Sir Francis Drake, Captain Webb, Nelson of Trafalgar and Scott of the Antarctic - all rose to the challenge of the mighty ocean. And today another Englishman may add his name to the golden roll of history: Mr Ron Obvious of Neaps End. For today, Ron Obvious hopes to be the first man to jump the Channel.

*(Ron runs up to group of cheering supporters. An interviewer addresses him.)*

**Interviewer:** Ron, now let's just get this quite clear - you're intending to jump across the English Channel?

**Ron:** Oh yes, that is correct, yes.

**Interviewer:** And, er, just how far is that?

**Ron:** Oh, well it's twenty-six miles from here to Calais.

**Interviewer:** Er, that's to the beach at Calais?

**Ron:** Well, no, no, provided I get a good lift off and maybe a gust of breeze over the French coast, I shall be jumping into the centre of Calais itself.

*(Brief shot of group of Frenchmen with banner.' 'Fin de Cross-Channel jump '.)*

**Interviewer:** Ron are you using any special techniques to jump this great distance?

**Ron:** Oh no, no. I shall be using an ordinary two-footed jump, er, straight up in the air and across the Channel.

**Interviewer:** I see. Er, Ron, what is the furthest distance that you've jumped, er, so far?

**Ron:** Er, oh, eleven foot six inches at Motspur Park on July 22nd. Er, but I have done nearly twelve feet unofficially.

*(Ron breaks off to make training-type movements.)*

**Interviewer:** I see. Er, Ron, Ron, Ron, aren't you worried Ron, aren't you worried jumping twenty-six miles across the sea?

**Ron:** Oh, well no, no, no, no. It is in fact easier to jump over sea than over dry land.

**Interviewer:** Well how is that?

**Ron:** Er, well my manager explained it to me. You see if you're five miles out over the English Channel, with nothing but sea underneath you, er, there is a very great impetus to say in the air.

**Interviewer:** I see. Well, er, thank you very much Ron and the very best of luck.

**Ron:** Thank you. Thank you.

**Interviewer:** *(to camera)* The man behind Ron's cross-Channel jump is his manager Mr Luigi Vercotti. *(turns to speak to Vercotti, who has a Mafia suit and dark glasses)* Mr Vercotti, er Mr Vercotti ... Mr Vercotti...

**Mr Vercotti:** What? *(mumbles protestations of innocence)* I don't know what you're talking about.

**Interviewer:** Er, no, we're from the BBC, Mr Vercotti.

**Mr Vercotti:** Who?

**Interviewer:** The BBC.

**Mr Vercotti:** Oh, oh. I see. I thought, I thought you were the er . . . I like the police a lot, I've got a lot of time for them.

**Interviewer:** Mr, er, Mr Vercotti, what is your chief task as Ron's manager?

**Mr Vercotti:** Well my main task is, er, to fix a sponsor for the big jump.

**Interviewer:** And who is the sponsor?

**Mr Vercotti:** The Chippenham Brick Company. Ah, they, er, pay all the bills, er, in return for which Ron will be carrying half a hundredweight of their bricks.

*(We see a passport officer checking Ron's passport.)*

**Interviewer:** I see. Well, er, it looks as if Ron is ready now. He's got the bricks. He's had his passport checked and he's all set to go. And he's off on the first ever cross-Channel jump. *(Ron runs down the beach and jumps; he lands about four feet into the water)* Will Ron be trying the cross-Channel jump again soon?

**Mr Vercotti:** No. No. I'm taking him off the jumps, Er, because I've got something lined up for Ron next week that I think is very much more up his street.

**Interviewer:** Er, what's that?

**Mr Vercotti:** Er, Ron is going to eat Chichester Cathedral.

*(Cut to Chichester Cathedral. Ron walks up to it, cleaning his teeth.)*

**Interviewer:** Well, there he goes, Ron Obvious of Neaps End, in an attempt which could make him the first man ever to eat an entire Anglican Cathedral.

*(Ron takes a hefty bite at a buttress, screams and clutches his mouth. Cut to countryside: a map, and a banner saying 'Tunnelling to Java '. Interviewer and Vercotti walk up to map.)*

**Mr Vercotti:** Well, er, I think, David, this is something which Ron and myself are really keen on. Ron is going to tunnel from Godaiming here to Java here. *(indicates inaccurately on map)*

**Interviewer:** Java.

**Mr Vercotti:** Yeah, er, I, I personally think this is going to make Ron a household name overnight.

**Interviewer:** And how far has he got?

**Mr Vercotti:** Er, weB, he's quite far now, Dave, well on the way. Well on the way, yeah.

**Interviewer:** Well where is he exactly?

**Mr Vercotti:** Yeah.

**Interviewer:** Where?

**Mr Vercotti:** Oh, er, well, er, you know, it's difficult to say exactly. He's er, you know, in the area of er, Ron, how far have you got?

**Ron:** *(emerging from hole)* Oh about two foot six Mr Vercotti.

**Mr Vercotti:** Yeah well keep digging lad, keep digging.

**Ron:** Mr Vercotti are you sure there isn't a spade?

*(Cut to interviewer and Vercotti by railway track)*

**Interviewer:** Er, Mr Vercc,tti, what do you say to people who accuse you of exploiting Ron for your own purposes?

**Mr Vercotti:** Well, it's totally untrue, David. Ever since I left Sicily I've been trying to do the best for Ron. I know what Ron wants to do, I believe in him and I'm just trying to create the opportunities for Ron to do the kind of things he wants to do.

**Interviewer:** And what's he going to do today?

**Mr Vercotti:** He's going to split a railway carriage with his nose. *(screams off)*

*(Cut to a hillside; Vercotti, interviewer, and in the background a banner: 'Running to Mercury'.)*

**Mr Vercotti:** The only difficult bit for Ron is getting out of the Earth's atmosphere. Er, once he's in

orbit he'll be able to run straight to Mercury.

*(A heavily bandaged Ron leaps off starting platform: freeze frame. Scream. Cut to a tombstone: 'Ron Obvious 1941- 1969 - very talented', Pull back to show Vercotti.)*

**Mr Vercotti:** I am now extremely hopeful that Ron will break the world record for remaining underground. He's a wonderful boy this, he's got this really enormous talent, this really huge talent.

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# Pet Conversions

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 10

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 10](#), it was also featured on their album - 'The Monty Python Matching Tie and Handkerchief'.

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## The cast:



**MAN**

John Cleese

**SHOPKEEPER**

Michael Palin

**The sketch:**

*(Caption: A PET SHOP SOMEWHERE NEAR MELTON MOWBRAY)*

**Man:** Good morning, I'd like to buy a cat.

**Shopkeeper:** Certainly sir. I've got a lovely terrier. *(indicates a box on the counter)*

**Man:** no, I want a cat really.

**Shopkeeper:** *(taking box off counter and then putting it back on counter as if it is a different box)*  
Oh yeah, how about that?

**Man:** *(looking in box)* No, that's the terrier.

**Shopkeeper:** Well, it's as near as dammit.

**Man:** Well what do you mean? I want a cat.

**Shopkeeper:** Listen, tell you what. I'll file its legs down a bit, take its snout out, stick a few wires through its cheeks. There you are, a lovely pussy cat.

**Man:** Its not a proper cat.

**Shopkeeper:** What do you mean?

**Man:** Well it wouldn't meow.

**Shopkeeper:** Well it would howl a bit.

**Man:** No, no, no, no. Er, have you got a parrot?

**Shopkeeper:** No, It's afraid not actually guv, we're fresh out of parrots. I'll tell you what though ... I'll lop its back legs off, make good, strip the fur, stick a couple of wings on and staple on a beak of your own choice. *(taking small box and rattling it)* No problem. Lovely parrot.

**Man:** how long would that take?

**Shopkeeper:** Oh, let me see ... er, stripping the fur off, no legs ... *(calling)* Harry ... can you do a parrot job on this terrier straight away?

**Harry (off screen):** No, I'm still putting a tuck in the Airedale, and then I got the frogs to let out.

**Shopkeeper:** Friday?

**Man:** No I need it for tomorrow. It's a present.

**Shopkeeper:** Oh dear, it's a long job. You see parrot conversion ... Tell you what though, for free, terriers make lovely fish. I mean I could do that for you straight away. Legs off, fins on, stick a little pipe through the back of its neck so it can breathe, bit of gold paint, make good ...

**Man:** You'd need a very big tank.

**Shopkeeper:** It's a great conversation piece.

**Man:** Yes, all right, all right ... but, er, only if I can watch.

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# Gorilla Librarian

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 10

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The cast:

**VICAR**

Terry Jones

**CHAIRMAN**

Graham Chapman

# GORILLA

Eric Idle

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to interview room in town hall: a tweedy colonel type chairman; next to him a vicar and a lady with a pince- nez. The chairman is holding up the picture of Caesar. As the camera pulls out he rather obviously throws it away.)*

**Vicar:** Here what was that picture?

**Chairman:** Ssh! Next! *(a gorilla enters)* Good morning - Mr Phipps?

**Gorilla:** (Eric) That's right, yes.

**Chairman:** Er, do take a seat.

**Gorilla:** Right sir. *(sits)*

**Chairman:** Now could you tell us roughly why you want to become a librarian?

**Gorilla:** Er, well, I've had a certain amount of experience running a library at school.

**Chairman:** Yes, yes. What sort of experience?

**Gorilla:** Er, well for a time I ran the Upper Science Library.

**Chairman:** Yes, yes. Now Mr Phipps, you do realize that the post of librarian carries with it certain very important responsibilities. I mean, there's the selection of books, the record library, and the art gallery. Now it seems to me that your greatest disadvantage is your lack of professional experience ... coupled with the fact that, urn, being a gorilla, you would tend to frighten people.

**Vicar:** *(aside)* Isn't he a gorilla?

**Chairman:** Yes he is.

**Vicar:** Well why didn't it say on his form that he's a gorilla?

**Chairman:** Well, you see applicants are not required to fill in their species.

**Vicar:** What was that picture?

**Chairman:** Sh! ... Mr Phipps, what is your attitude toward censorship in a public library?

**Gorilla:** How do you mean, sir?

**Vicar:** Well I mean for instance, would you for instance stock 'Last Exit to Brooklyn'... or ... 'Groupie'?



**Gorilla:** Yes, I think so.

**Vicar:** Good.

**Chairman:** Yes, well, that seems to me to be very sensible Mr Phipps. I can't pretend that this library hasn't had its difficulties ... Mr Robertson, your predecessor, an excellent librarian, savaged three people last week and had to be destroyed.

**Gorilla:** I'm sorry sir.

**Chairman:** Oh, no, don't be sorry. You see, I don't believe that libraries should be drab places where people sit in silence, and that's been the main reason for our policy of employing wild animals as librarians.

**Vicar:** And also, they're much more permissive. Pumas keep Hank Janson on open shelves...

**Chairman:** Yes. Yes. Yes. *(a maniacal look in his eyes)* Yes, yes Mr Phipps. I love seeing the customers when they come in to complain about some book being damaged, and ask to see the chief librarian and then ... you should see their faces when the proud beast leaps from his tiny office, snatches the book from their hands and sinks his fangs into their soft er ... *(collects himself)* Mr Phipps ... Kong! You can be our next librarian - you're proud majestic and fierce enough ... will you do it?

**Gorilla:** I ... don't think I can sir.

**Vicar:** Why not?

**Gorilla:** I.. I'm not really a gorilla...

**Vicar:** Eh?

**Gorilla:** I'm a librarian in a skin ...

**Chairman:** Why this deception?

**Gorilla:** Well, they said it was the best way to get the job.

**Chairman:** Get out, Mr Librarian Phipps, seeing as you're not a gorilla, but only dressed up as one, trying to deceive us in order to further your career ... *(gorilla leaves)* Next. *(a dog comes in)* Ah. Mr Pattinson ... Sit!

*(Cut to angry letters.)*



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# Letters to 'Daily Mirror'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 10

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The cast:

**FIRST VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

**SECOND VOICE OVER**

John Cleese

**THIRD VOICE OVER**  
Graham Chapman

**FOURTH VOICE OVER**

Michael Palin

## FIFTH VOICE OVER

Terry Jones

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### The sketch:

*(Cut to angry letters.)*

**Voice Over 1:** *(reads)* Dear Mirror View, I would like to be paid five guineas for saying something stupid about a television show. Yours sincerely, Mrs Sybil Agro.

**Voice Over 2:** Dear David Jacobs, East Grinstead, Friday. Why should I have to pay sixty-four guineas each year for my television licence when I can buy one for six. Yours sincerely, Captain R. H. Pretty. PS Support Rhodesia, cut motor taxes, save the Argylls, running-in please pass.

**Voice Over 3:** Dear Old Codgers, some friends of mine and I have formed a consortium, and working with sophisticated drilling equipment, we have discovered extensive nickel deposits off Western Scodand. The Cincinnatti Mining Company.

**Voices Over 1:** Good for you, ma'am.

**Voice Over 4:** Dear Old Codgers, I am President of the United States of America, Yours truly, R. M. Nixon.

**Voices Over 2:** Phew! Bet that's a job and a half, ma'am.

**Voice Over 5:** Dear Sir, I am over three thousand years old and would like to see any scene with two people in bed.

**Voices Over 3:** Bet that's a link ma'am.

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# Strangers in the night

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 10

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**The cast:**



**MAURICE**  
Eric Idle

**VERA**

Terry Jones

**HUSBAND**

Michael Palin

**BIGGLES**

Graham Chapman

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to bedroom of a middle-aged, middle-class wealthy couple. It is dark. They are both lying fast asleep on their backs. The husband is a colonel type with a moustache to boot. She has her hair in curlers and face cream on. Someone climbs in through the window and pads across to the wife. He is a dapper little Frenchman in a beret and a continental nylon mac, carrying a french loaf. He kisses her on the forehead. She wakes.)* **Maurice:** Vera ... Vera ... darling! Wake up my little lemon. Come to my arms.

**Vera:** Maurice! What are you doing here?

**Maurice:** I could not keep away from you. I must have you all the time.

**Vera:** Oh this is most inconvenient.

**Maurice:** Don't talk to me about convenience, love consumes my naughty mind, I'm delirious with desire.

*(He kisses her hand repeatedly. The husband wakes up with a start and sits bolt upright and looks straight ahead.)*

**Husband:** What's that, Vera?

**Vera:** Oh noticing, dear. Just a trick of the light.

**Husband:** Righto *(he goes straight to sleep again)*

**Vera:** Phew! That was close.

**Maurice:** Now then my little banana, my little fruit salad, I can wait for you no longer. You must be mine utterly ...

**Vera:** Oh, Maurice!

*(Suddenly beside them appears a young public-school man in a check suit with a pipe.)*

**Roger:** Vera! How dare you!

**Vera:** Roger!

**Roger:** What's the meaning of this?

**Vera:** Oh I can explain everything, my darling!

**Roger:** Who is this?

**Vera:** This is Maurice Zatapathique ... Roger Thompson ... Roger Thompsnn ... Maurice Zatapathique.

**Maurice:** How do you do.

**Roger:** How do you do ... *(kneeling)* How could you do this to me, Vera ... after all we've been through? Dammit, I love you.

**Maurice:** Vera! Don't you understand, it's me that loves you.

*(The husband wakes up again.)*

**Husband:** What's happening, Vera?

**Vera:** Oh, nothing dear. Just a twig brushing against the window.

**Husband:** Righto. *(he goes back to sleep)*

**Roger:** Come to me Vera!

**Vera:** Oh ... not now, Roger.

**Maurice:** Vera, my little hedgehog! Don't turn me away!

**Vera:** Oh it cannot be, Maurice.

*(Enter Biggles. He wears flying boots, jacket and helmet us for First World War. He meats a notice round his neck: 'Biggles'.)*

**Biggles:** Hands off, you filthy bally froggie! *(kneels by the bed)*

**Vera:** Oh Ken, Ken Biggles!

**Biggles:** Yes, Algy's here as well.

**Vera:** Algy Braithwaite?

*(Into the light comes Algy. Team streaming down his face. He wears a notice round his neck which reads: Algy's here as well'.)*

**Algy:** That's right... Vera ... *(he chokes back the tears)* Oh God you know we both still bally love you.

**Vera:** Oh Biggles! Algy. Oh, but how wonderful!

*((She starts to cry. Husband wakes up again.))*

**Husband:** What's happening, Vera?

**Vera:** Oh, er, nothing dear. It's just the toilet filling up.

**Husband:** Righto. (*he goes fast asleep again*)

(*By this stage all the men have pulled up chairs in a circle around Vera's side of the bed. They are all chatting amongst themselves. Biggles is holding her hand. Maurice has produced a bottle of vin ordinaire. At this moment four Mexican musicians appear on the husband's side of the bed. The leader of the band nudges the husband, who wakes.*) **Mexican:** (*reading from a scruffy bit of paper*) Scusey... you tell me where is ... Mrs Vera Jackson ... please.

**Husband:** Yes ... right and right again.

**Mexican:** Muchas gracias...

**Husband:** Righto.

(*He immediately goes back to sleep again. The Mexicans all troop round the bed and enter the group. The leader conducts them and they start up a little conga . . . once they 've started he turns and comes over to Vera with a naughty glint in his eye. They play a guitar, a trumpet and maracas.*) **Mexican:** Oh Vera ... you remember Acapulco in the Springtime ...

**Vera:** Oh. The Herman Rodrigues Four!

(*Suddenly the husband wakes up.*)

**Husband:** >Vera! (*there is immediate silence*) I distinctly heard a Mexican rhythm combo.

**Vera:** Oh no, dear... it was just the electric blanket switching off.

**Husband:** Hm. Well I'm going for a tinkle.

(*He gets out of bed and disappears into the gloom.*)

**Vera:** Oh no you can't do that. Here, we haven't finished the sketch yet!

**Algy:** Dash it all, there's only another bally page.

**Roger:** I say. There's no one to react to.

**Maurice:** Don't talk to the camera.

**Roger:** Oh sorry.

(*Enter a huge man dressed as an Aztec god (viz: Christopher Plummer in 'Royal Hunt of the Sun'). He stretches arms open wide and is about to speak when owing to lack of money he is cut short by Vera.*)

**Vera:** Here it's no good you coming in ... He's gone and left the sketch.

**Biggles:** Yes, he went for a tinkle.

*(Cut to close-up of husband and a dolly bird with a lavatory chain hanging between them. She is about to pull the chain when he stops her.)*

**Husband:** Sh! I think my wife is beginning to suspect something...

*(Cut to animation of various strange and wonderful creatures saying to the effect:)*

**Hartebeeste:** I thought that ending was a bit predictable.

**Crocodile:** *(eating it)* Yes indeed there was a certain lack of originality.

**Ostrich:** *(eating the crocodile)* Anyway it's not necessarily a good thing just to be different.

**A Lady:** *(emerging from hatch in ostrich)* No, quite, there is equal humour in the conventional.

**Pig:** *(eating ostrich)* But on the other hand, is it what the public wants? I mean with the new permissiveness, not to mention the balance of payments. It's an undeniable fact that...

**Coelocanth:** *(eating the pig)* I agree with that completely.

**Rodent:** That's it... let's get out of this show before it's too late...

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# Letter (lavatorial humour)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 11

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The cast:

**MAN**

Michael Palin

**FIRST VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

# **SECOND VOICE OVER**

Eric Idle

## THIRD VOICE OVER

Michael Plain

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### The sketch:

*(Caption on Screen : 'THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA GOES TO THE BATHROOM'.  
Cut to bathroom door, outside. Man knocks on door.)*

**Man:** Have you finished in there yet?

*(From inside comes a burst of the Tchaikovsky piano concerto. He tuts. Cut to letter and voice over.)*

**First Voice Over:** Dear Sir, I object strongly to the obvious lavatorial turn this show has already taken. Why do we never hear about the good things in Britain, like Mary Bignall's wonderful jump in 1964? Yours etc., Ken Voyeur.

*(Stock film of Mary Bignall's winning jump at the Rome Olympics. Letter and voice over.)*

**Second Voice Over:** Dear Sir, I object strongly to the obvious athletic turn this show has now taken. Why can't we hear more about the human body? There is nothing embarrassing or nasty about the human body except for the intestines and bits of the bottom.

*(We see another letter and another voice over.)*

**Third Voice Over:** Dear Sir, I object strongly to the letters on your programme. They are clearly not written by the general public and are merely included for a cheap laugh. Yours sincerely etc., William Knickers.

*(Stock film of the whole of an orchestra finishing an orchestral item. When they finish playing we hear the sound of flushing.)*

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# Interruptions

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 11

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The cast:

**CANNING**

Graham Chapman

**FIRST UNDERTAKER**

Eric Idle



## SECOND UNDERTAKER

Terry Jones

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### The sketch:

*(ANIMATION: a beautiful and not zany introduction, perhaps with photos of famous historical characters, finishing with the words: 'The World of History '. Cut to man at desk. Caption on screen: 'PROFESSOR R. J. CANNING')*

**Canning:** 1348. The Black Death, typhus, cholera, consumption, bubonic plague.

*(Cut to five undertakers sitting on a coffin in a country road.)*

**First Undertaker:** Ah, those were the days...

*(Back to Canning at his desk.)*

**Canning:** Now I'm... I'm... Now I'm not prepared to go on with this, unless these interruptions cease. All right? Right. The devastating effect of these, em...

*(Cut to film of hearses racing. Crashing out of shot. Sign: 'Accident Black Spot', and the undertakers picnicking.)*

**Canning:** *(he is packing up his papers and putting on his mac as he walks away from desk, camera pans with him)* No, don't follow me and ... *(camera zooms in)* And don't zoom in on me, no I'm off, I'm off. That's it. That's all. I'm off.

*(He walks out of shot. Empty frame. A short pause. An undertaker comes into frame.)*

**Second Undertaker:** *(to camera)* Are you nervy, irritable, depressed, tired of life. *(winks)* Keep it up.

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# Agatha Christie Sketch

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 11](#)

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**The cast:**

**INSPECTOR TIGER**  
John Cleese

**COLONEL PICKERING**  
Graham Chapman

**LADY VELLOPER**  
Carol Cleveland

**CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT LOOKOUT**

Eric Idle

**ASSISTANT CHIEF CONSTABLE THERESAMANBEHINDYER**

Terry Jones

**CONSTABLE**  
Michael Palin



**SECOND UNDERTAKER**

Terry Jones

## VOICE OVER

Graham Chapman

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### The sketch:

*(Sketch opens with a scene of a drawing room of large English country house. Sitting around are various standard Agatha Christie type characters, Colonel Pickering, Lady Amanda Velloper, Kirt, Anona Winn. They drink tea, read etc. Outside there is thunder. Inspector Tiger enters the room.)* **Inspector Tiger:** This house is surrounded. I'm afraid I must not ask anyone to leave the room. No, I must ask nobody ... no, I must ask everybody to... I must not ask anyone to leave the room. No one must be asked by me to leave the room. No, no one must ask the room to leave. I ... I ... ask the room shall by someone be left. Not. Ask nobody the room somebody leave shall I. Shall I leave the room? Everyone must leave the room... as it is... with them in it. Phew. Understand?

**Colonel Pickering:** You don't want anybody to leave the room.

**Inspector Tiger:** *(clicking fingers to indicate Colond Pickering has hit the nail on the head)* Now, alduce me to introlow myslef. I'm sorry. Alself me to myduce introlow myslef. Introme -to-lose mlow alself. Alme to you introsel myself mylowduce. Excuse me a moment. *(bangs himself on the side of the head)* Allow me to introduce myself. I'm afraid I must ask that no one leave the room. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Inspector Tiger.

**All:** Tiger?

**Inspector Tiger:** *(jumping)* Where? Where? What? Ah. Me Tiger. You Jane. Grrr. Beg your pardon, allow me to introduce myself I'm afraid I must ask that no one leave the room.

**Lady Velloper:** Why not?

**Inspector Tiger:** Elementary. Since the body was found in this room, and no one has left it. Therefore ... the murderer must be somebody in this room.

**Colonel Pickering:** What body?

**Inspector Tiger:** Somebody. In this room. Must the murderer be. The murderer of the body is somebody in this room, which nobody must leave... leave the body in the room not to be left by anybody. Nobody leaves anybody or the body with somebody. Everybody who is anybody shall leave the body in the room body. Take the tablets Tiger. Anybody *(as he searches for the tablets)* with a body but not the body is nobody. Nobody leaves the body in the ... *(he takes the tablet)* Albody me introbody albodyduce.

*(At this moment a surgeon enters with two nurses and starts to operate on his head with sawing noises. Caption on the screen: 'THE SAME DRAWING ROOM. ONE LOBOTOMY LATER'. The surgeon is packing up. Inspector Tiger's head is bandaged.)*

**Surgeon:** Now for Sir Gerald.

**Inspector:** That's better, now I'm Inspector Tiger and I must ask that nobody leave the room. *(he gives thumbs up to the surgeon who is at door)* Now someone has committed a murder here, and that murderer is someone in this room. The question is ... who?

**Colonel Pickering:** Look, there hasn't been a murder.

**Inspector Tiger:** No murder.

**All:** No.

**Inspector Tiger:** Oh. I don't like it. It's too simple, too clear cut. I'd better wait. *(he sin on sofa)* No, too simple, too clear cut.

*(The lights go out. There is a scream followed by a shot. The light goes up. Inspector Tiger is dead. He has a bullet hole in his forehead, an arrow through his neck and there is a bottle marked poison on his lap.)*

**Colonel Picketing:** By jove, he was right.

*(Chief Superintendent Lookout enters, with constable.)*

**Lookout:** This house is surrounded. I must ask that no one leave the room. I'm Chief Superintendent Lookout.

**Lady Velloper:** Look out?

**Lookout:** *(jumping)* What, where, oh, me, Lookout. Lookout of the Yard.

**Lady Velloper:** Why, what would we see?

**Lookout:** I'm sorry?

**Lady Velloper:** What would we see if we look out of the yard?

**Lookout:** . .. I'm afraid I don't follow that at all. Ah ha. The body. So the murderer must be somebody in this room. Unless he had very long arms. Say thirty or forty feet. I think we can discount that one. Ha, ha, ha, *(he starts really laughing)* Lookout of the Yard. Very good. Right. Now, we'll reconstruct the crime. I'll sit down here. Constable, you turn off the lights. *(lights go out, we hear Lookout's voice)* Good. Now then, there was a scream *(scream)* then just before the lights went up there was a shot.

*(There is a shot. The lights go up and Chief Superintendent Lookout is sitting dead, bullet hole, arrow and all. In walks Assistant Chief Constable Theresamanbehindyer.)*

**Theresamanbehindyer:** All right... all right, the house is surrounded and nobody leave the room and all the rest of it. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Assistant Chief Constable Theresamanbehindyer.

**All:** Theresamanbehindyer?

**Theresamanbehindyer:** Ah, you're not going to catch me with an old one like that. Right let's reconstruct the crime. Constable you be Inspector Tiger.

**Constable:** Right, sir. Nobody leave the room ask shall - somebody I leave nobody in the room body shall, take the tablets Tigerbody. Alself me to my duce intro low left body in the roomself.

**Theresamanbehindyer:** Very good. Just sit down there. Right now we'll pretend the lights have gone out. Constable, you scream. *(constable screams)* Somebody shoots you *(pulls gun and shoots constable through head)* and the door opens...

*(The door flies open. Enter policeman.)*

**Fire:** Nobody move! I'm Chief Constable Fire.

**All:** Fire! Where?

*(He jumps. Immediately cut to undertaker as [before](#).)*

**Second Undertaker:** We're interrupting this sketch but we'll be bringing you back the moment anything interesting happens. Meanwhile here are some friends of mine.

*(Film of four undertakers carrying a coffin. They surreptitiously tip the body out of the coffin and go skipping lightly up the road. Letter and voice over.)*

**Voice Over:** Dear Sir, I'm sorry this letter is late, it should have come at the beginning of the programme. Yours, Ivor Bigbottle, *(age two)*.

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# Literary Football Discussion / Undertakers Film

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 11

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**The cast:**

**INTERVIEWER**  
Eric Idle

**JIMMY BUZZARD**

John Cleese

**SECOND UNDERTAKER**

Terry Jones



## The sketch:

*(Two chairs in interview set. Smart interviewer and footballer (who is not over bright) in blazer.)*

**Interviewer:** From the plastic arts we turn to football. Last night in the Stadium of Light, Jarrow, we witnessed the resuscitation of a great footballing tradition, when Jarrow United came of age, in a European sense, with an almost Proustian display of modern existentialist football. Vimally annihilating by midfield moral argument the now surely obsolescent catennachio defensive philosophy of Signor Alberto Fanffino. Bologna indeed were a side intellectually out argued by a Jarrow team thrusting and bursting with aggressive Kantian positivism and outstanding in this fine Jarrow team was my man of the match, the arch-thinker, free scheming, scarcely ever to be curbed, midfield coguoscento, Jimmy Buzzard.

**Buzzard:** Good evening Brian.

**Interviewer:** Jimmy, at least one aging football commentator was gladdened last night by the sight of an English footballer breaking free of the limpid tentacles of packed Mediterranean defence.

**Buzzard:** Good evening Brian.

**Interviewer:** Were you surprised at the way the Italian ceded midfield dominance so early on in the game?

**Buzzard:** Well Brian... I'm opening a boutique.

**Interviewer:** This is of course symptomatic of a new breed of footballer as it is indeed symptomatic of your whole genre of player, is it not?

**Buzzard:** Good evening Brian.

**Interviewer:** What I'm getting at, Jimmy, is you seem to have discovered a new concept with a mode in which you dissected the Italian defence, last night.

**Buzzard:** *(pauses for thought)* I hit the ball first time and there it was in the back of the net. *(smiles and looks round)*

**Interviewer:** Do you think Jarrow will adopt a more defensive posture for the first leg of the next tie in Turkey?

**Buzzard:** *(confidently)* I hit the ball first time and there it was in the back of the net.

**Interviewer:** Yes, yes - but have you any plans for dealing with the free-scoring Turkish forwards?

**Buzzard:** Well Bfian... I'm opening a boutique.

*(Cut to undertaker.)*

**Second Undertaker:** And now let's take a look at the state of play in the detective sketch.

*(Cut to drawing room. There is an enormous pile of dead policemen from the [Agatha Christie Sketch](#) on and around the sofa.)*

**Constable:** Alself me to intro low mybody...

*(Inspector shoots him in the head. Caption on Screen: 'CONSTABLES 13 SUPERINTENDENTS 9')*

*(Cut to four undertakers carrying a coffin up a hill. One of them falters and drops. The others lower the coffin to the ground, take out a fresh undertaker, put the fallen one in the coffin, and proceed.)*



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# Interesting People

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 11

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did this sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 11](#), it was also performed on their Album - Monty Python's Flying Circus'.

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## The cast:

**COMPÈRE**

Michael Palin

**BAYAN**

Terry Jones

**WALTERS**

Eric Idle

**DOVE**

John Cleese

**MANIAC**

Terry Jones

# BUZZARD

John Cleese



## The sketch:

**Compère:** Hello, good evening, and welcome to yet another edition of 'Interesting People'. And my first interesting person tonight is the highly interesting Mr Howard Stools from Kendal in Westmorland.

*(He puts a matchbox on desk in front of him. He presses a button on the desk and we hear applause. Releases button; applause stops abruptly. He opens the box a little and speaks into it.)*

**Compère:** Good evening Mr Stools.

**Voice:** *(from inside box)* Hello, David.

**Compère:** Mr Stools, what makes you particularly interesting?

**Voice:** Well, I'm only half an inch long.

**Compère:** Well that's extremely interesting, thank you for coming along on the show tonight Mr Stools.

**Mr Stools:** I thought you'd think that was interesting David, in fact...

**Compère:** *(shuts matchbox; applause)* Mr Alan Stools from Kendal in Westmorland .. · half an inch long. *(applause)* Our next guest tonight has come all the way from Egypt, he's just flown into London today, he's Mr All Bayan, he's with us in the studio tonight and he's stark raving mad.

*(Applause. Cut to Ali Bayan who looks at camera in a very mad way. Applause.)*

**Compère:** Mr All Bayan, stark raving mad. Now it's time for our music spot and we turn the spotlight tonight on the Rachel Toovey Bicycle Choir, *(applause)* with their fantastic arrangement of 'Men of Harlech' for bicycle bells only.

*(Cut to six men in oilskins and sou 'westers. They sing 'Men of Harlech ', and at the end of each line mournfully ring bells. Applause at end.)*

**Compère:** The Rachel Toovey Bicycle Choir. Really interesting. Remember, if you're interesting and want to appear on this programme, write your name and address and your telephone number and send it to this address: *(reads caption)* The BBC, c/o E. F. Lutt, x8 Rupee Buildings, West 12. *(applause)* Thank you, thank you. Now here's an interesting person. Apart from being a full-time stapling machine, he can also give a cat influenza.

*(Cut to a smart dressed man who coughs capious into a cat basket. We hear a meow and a feline sneeze. Cut back to Compère.)*



**Compère:** Well, you can't get much more interesting than that, or can you? With me now is Mr Thomas Walters of West Hartlepool who is totally invisible. Good evening, Mr Walters. *(turns to empty chair)*

**Walters:** *(off-screen)* Over here, Hughie.

Compère turns to find a boringly dressed man sitting by him.

**Compère:** Mr Walters, are you sure you're invisible?

**Walters:** Oh yes, most certainly.

**Compère:** Well, Mr Walters, what's it like being invisible?

**Walters:** *(slowly and boringly)* Well, for a start, at the office where I work I can be sitting at my desk all day and the others totally ignore me. At home, even though we are in the same room, my wife does not speak to me for hours, people pass me by in the street without a glance in my direction, and I can walk into a room without...

**Compère:** Well, whilst we've got interesting people, we met Mr Oliver Cavendish who...

**Walters:** *(droning on)* ... Even now you yourself, you do hardly notice me...

**Compère:** Mr Oliver Cavendish of Leicester, who claims to be able to recite the entire Bible in one second, whilst being struck on the head with a large axe. Ha, ha, wow. We've since discovered that he was a fraud, yes a fraud, he did not in fact recite the entire Bible he merely recited the first two words, 'In the...' before his death.

*(Cut to film montage of sporting clips.)*

**Compère:** *(voice over)* Now it's time for 'Interesting Sport', and this week it's all-in cricket, live from the Municipal Baths, Croydon.

*(Boxing ring; two fully kitted out cricketers, who as the bell goes, approach each other and start hitting each other with cricket bats. Applause.)*

**Compère:** With me now is Mr Ken Dove, twice voted the most interesting man in Dotking. Ken, I believe you're interested in shouting.

**Dove:** *(shouting)* Yes, I'm interested in shouting all right, by jove you certainly hit the nail on the head with that particular observation of yours then.

**Compère:** What does your wife think of this?

**Wife:** *(voice off, full-blooded)* I agree with him.

**Dove:** Shut up!

**Walters:** ... At parties for instance people never come up to me, I just sit there and everybody

totally...

*(Man holding cat enters.)*

**Compère:** That is Tiddles, I believe?

**Man:** Yes, this is, this is Tiddles.

**Compère:** Yes, and what does she do?

**Man:** She flies across the studio and lands in a bucket of water.

**Compère:** By herself?

**Man:** No, I fling her,

**Compère:** Well that's extremely interesting, Ladies and gentlemen - Mr Don Savage and Tiddles.

*(Man whirls the cat round and round He lets go and it flies across studio. A hollow splash and a meow. Quick shot of a real cat sitting in a bucket.)*

**Dove:** *(shouting)* I'm more interesting than a wet pussycat.

**Walters:** ... for hour after hour... *(we see only his empty chair)*

**Compère:** Yes, great, well now for the first time on television 'Interesting People' brings you a man who claims he can send bricks to sleep by hypnosis. Mr Keith Maniac from Guatemala.

*(Maniac is sitting by compère. He wears a top hat and an opera cloak.)*

**Maniac:** Good evening.

**Compère:** Keith, you claim you can send bricks to sleep.

**Maniac:** Yes, that is correct, I can...

**Compère:** Entirely by hypnosis.

**Maniac:** Yes ... I use no artificial means, whatsoever. *(leans and picks matchbox off desk to light pipe, opens it and strikes match)*

**Voice:** *(from matchbox)* Aaagh!

**Dove:** You've injured Mr Stools!

**Maniac:** *(picks up other box and lights pipe)* I simply stare at the brick and it goes to sleep.

**Compère:** Well, we have a brick here, Keith. *(indicates brick on desk)* Perhaps you can send it to sleep for us...

**Maniac:** Oh ... Ah, well, I am afraid that is already asleep.

**Compère:** How do you know?

**Maniac:** Well, it's not moving ....

**Compère:** Oh, I see - have we got a moving brick? Yes, we've got a moving brick, Keith, it's coming over now.

*(We see a man in a white coat preparing to throw brick. He throws it gently. It lands on the desk in front of Keith. Keith stares at it as it falls.)*

**Maniac:** There we are, fast asleep.

**Compère:** Very good, very good indeed.

**Maniac:** All done with the eyes.

**Compère:** Yes, Mr Keith Maniac from Guatemala.

**Dove:** *(distressed - to matchbox)* Mr Stools - speak to me, Howard.

*(Quick cut back to all-in cricket.)*

**Compère:** Mr Keith Maniac of Guatemala... and now four tired undertakers.

*(Cut to film of four undertakers struggling up a hill carrying a coffin. One staggers and drops. The others lower the coffin, pick him up, and place him inside. Raising the coffin again they stagger off up the hill. Another undertaker collapses; the remaining two place him in the coffin. Exhaustedly they pick up the coffin, but have only gone two or three paces when one of them collapses. The remaining one drags him into the coffin, pushing him in with some difficulty, and forces the lid shut. He debates with himself for a moment on how to pick up the coffin, then disgustedly throws away his hat and climbs into the coffin, shutting the lid behind him. The coffin moves off by itself.)* **Voice Over:** We interrupt this very quickly to take you back to the Jimmy Buzzard interview, where we understand something exciting's just happened.

*(Cut back to the interview studio; Jimmy Buzzard is sitting on the floor.)*

**Buzzard:** I've fallen off my chair, Brian.

*(Cut to a graveyard. The coffin, still moving of its own volition, enters the graveyard. A vicar walks up and motions gravediggers (who we cannot see) to get out of the grave. Out of the grave climb two gravediggers. . . then two more... then two more... yet another two... two miners ... two uniformed men... a police dog with handler... and finally an Australian surfboarder. The coffin makes its way into the grave. Then a wonderful piece of animation by the amazing animator Terry Gilliam, wonderboy. Consisting of a very fast collage of extremely sexy stills of half-dressed and naked girls.)*

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# Eighteenth Century Social Legislation / The Battle of Trafalgar

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 11](#)

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**The cast:**

**GIRL**

Carol Cleveland

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**PROFESSOR**  
Michael Palin



MAN

Terry Jones

**CANNING**

Graham Chapman

**FIRST GUMBY**

Michael Palin

**SECOND GUMBY**  
Eric Idle

# **THIRD GUMBY**

Graham Chapman

## FOURTH GUMBY

John Cleese

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### The sketch:

*(Sketch starts with music, after eight seconds of which a caption appears on the screen: 'THE WORLD OF HISTORY' followed by another caption: 'SOCIAL LEGISLATION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY')*

*(Cut to fantastically alluring boudoir: a plush four poster bed with silk drapes, silk sheets, a fur pillow etc. We look down on it from above. Stretched out on the bed is a girl oozing with sex... a real professional... black net stocking, suspenders, bra and panties or what have you. She moves as if in the throes of orgasm as she mimes to a very masculine voice off to a superimposed caption on the screen: 'J. P. TAYLOR') Voice Over: (very masculine voice to which girl mimes) Good evening. Tonight I want to examine the whole question of eighteenth-century social legislation - its relevance to the hierarchical structure of post-Renaissance society, and its impact on the future of parochial organization in an expanding agrarian economy. But first a bit of fun.*

*(Cut to film of eight-second striptease. Cut immediately back to the same set.)*

**Voice Over:** To put England's social legislation in a European context is Professor Gert Van Der Whoops of the Rijksmuseum in the Hague.

*(Cut to another bed, equally seductive. A little bespectacled professor is lying on it being caressed and undressed by an amorous siren.)*

**Professor:** *(German accent)* In Holland in the early part of the fifteenth century there were three things important to social legislation. One ... rise of merchant classes ... two, urbanization of craft guilds... three, declining moral values in age of increasing social betterment. But first, a bit of fun ... *(grabs girl)* *(A curtain and potted palms. Sound effects: angel choirs. A man in dinner jacket with angel's wings on is lowered from above. As he touches the ground the angel choirs fade out. He gets a crumpled piece of paper out of his pocket.)*

**Man:** And now Professor R.J. Canning.

*(He holds up the paper and puts it away. The angel choirs start again and he slowly rises up and out of frame. Cut to Professor Canning in straight presentation-type set with BP screen behind him. Followed by a caption on the screen: 'PROFESSOR R. J. CANNING AGAIN') Canning:* The cat sat on the mat. And now the Battle of Trafalgar... *(on the screen behind him a contemporary picture of the Battle of Trafalgar flashes up)* Tonight we examine popular views of this great battle. Was the Battle of Trafalgar fought in the Atlantic off southern Spain? Or was it fought on dry land near Cudworth in Yorkshire? Here is one man who thinks it was...

*Cut to a man - a Gumby - with gum boots on, rolled up trousers, knotted handkerchief etc., looking very thick and standing in the middle of a field.)*

**Canning:** *(voice over)* And here is his friend.

*(Camera pans lightly losing Gumby but revealing identically dressed thick man standing next to him. The camera pans back to original Gumby. This is followed by a caption on the screen: 'PROFESSOR R. J. GUMBY')*

**Canning:** *(voice over)* What makes you think the Battle of Trafalgar was fought near Cudworth?  
*(There is a long pause.)*

**First Gumby:** Because ... Drake ... was ... too ... clever for... the German ... fleet.

**Canning:** *(voice over)* I beg your pardon?

**Gumby:** ... Oh I've forgotten what I said now.

**Canning:** *(voice over)* Mr Gumby's remarkable views have sparked off a wave of controversy amongst his fellow historians.

*(Cut to identical Gumby figure in book lined study. He stands followed by a caption on the screen: 'F. H. GUMBY. REGIUS PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AT HIS MOTHER'S')*

**Second Gumby:** Well I fink ... we ... should ... reappraise ... our concept of the ... Battle of Trafalgar.

*(Cut to another Gumby, this time outside a university. A superimposed caption flashes on screen: 'PROF. L. R. GUMBY')*

**Third Gumby:** Well... well... I agree with everything Mr Gumby says.

*(Cut to yet another Gumby. This time standing in a pig-sty with some pigs. We seen another caption : 'PROF. ENID GUMBY')*

**Fourth Gumby:** Well, I think cement is more interesting than people think.

*(Original sexy girl in seductive boudoir as she mimes to masculine voice over while a superimposed caption appears on the screen as before: 'A. J. P. TAYLOR')*

**Voice Over:** One subject... four different views ... *(brandishing an egg-whisk)* twelve and six... in a plain wrapper.



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# Batley Townswomans Guild presents the Battle of Pearl Harbour / Undertakers Film

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 11](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'.

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## The cast:



**CANNING**

Graham Chapman

## **The sketch:**

**Canning:** The stuff of history is indeed woven in the woof. Pearl Harbour. There are pages in history's book which are written on the grand scale. Events so momentous that they dwarf man and time alike. And such is the Battle of Pearl Harbour, re-enacted for us now by the women of Barley Townswomen's Guild.

*(Cut to a muddy comer of afield. Miss Rita Fairbanks stands talking straight to camera. Behind her lurk fiive more pepperpots.)*

**Canning:** *(voice over)* Miss Rita Fairbanks - you organized this reconstruction of the Battle of Pearl Harbour - why?

**Rita:** Well we've always been extremely interested in modern drama ... we were of course the first Townswomen's Guild to perform 'Camp On Blood Island', and last year we did our extremely popular re-enactment of 'Nazi War Atrocities'. So this year we thought we would like to do something in a lighter vein...

**Canning:** So you chose the Battle of Pearl Harbour?

**Rita:** Yes, that's right, we did.

**Canning:** Well I can see you're all ready to go. So I'll just wish you good luck in your latest venture.

**Rita:** Thank you very much, young man.

*(She retreats, and joins the other ladies who meanwhile separate into two opposing sides facing each other.)*

**Canning:** *(reverential voice over)* Ladies and gentlemen, the World of History is. proud to present the premiere of the Batley Townswomen's Guild's re-enactment of 'The Battle of Pearl Harbour'.

*(A whistle blows and the two sides set about each other with handbags etc., speeded up 50% just to give it a bit of edge. Cut to Canning in studio.)*

**Canning:** The Battle of Pearl Harbour. Incidentally, I'm sorry if I got a little bit shirty earlier on in the programme, when I kept getting interrupted by all these films and things that kept coming in, but I.,.

*(Cut to vicar in a graveyard He sprinkles dirt and gets mud thrown in his face. Vicar shoots a gun. Cut to undertakers leaving graveyard. They get into a hearse. As they leave it and drive off we see the other side is painted with psychedelic flowers. Cut to Canning.)* **Canning:** So I said if it happened again I'd get very angry and talk to Lord Hill and...

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# People Falling from Buildings

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 12

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 12](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'.

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## The cast:

**FIRST MAN**  
Eric Idle

**SECOND MAN**  
John Cleese

## VOICE OVER

Graham Chapman

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### The sketch:

*(Two people seated opposite each other at a desk. Between them there is a large window. It appears that they are quite high up in a large office building. Every so often a body falls past the window. They are both working busily. After a pause a body drops past the window. First Man talks. Second Man hasn't noticed.)* **First Man:** Hey, did you see that?

**Second Man:** Uhm?

**First Man:** Did you see somebody go past the window?

**Second Man:** What?

**First Man:** Somebody just went past the window. That way. *(indicates down)*

**Second Man:** *(flatly)* Oh. Oh.

*(Second Man returns to his work. First Man looks for a little. As he starts to work again another body goes hunling past the window.)*

**First Man:** Another one.

**Second Man:** Huh?

**First Man:** Another one just went past downwards.

**Second Man:** What?

**First Man:** Two people have just fallen out of that window to their almost certain death.

**Second Man:** Fine, fine. Fine.

**First Man:** Look! Two people *(another falls)* three people have just fallen past that window.

**Second Man:** Must be a board meeting.

**First Man:** Oh yeah. *(another falls past)* Hey. That was Wilkins of finance.

**Second Man:** Oh, no, that was Robertson.

**First Man:** Wilkins.

**Second Man:** Robertson.

**First Man:** Wilkins.

**Second Man:** Robertson.

*(Another falls.)*

**First Man:** That was Wilkins.

**Second Man:** That was Wilkins. He was a good, good, er, golfer, Wilkins.

**First Man:** Very good golfer. Very good golfer. Rotten at finance. It'll be Parkinson next.

**Second Man:** Bet you it won't.

**First Man:** How much.

**Second Man:** What?

**First Man:** How much do you bet it won't? Fiver?

**Second Man:** All right.

**First Man:** Done.

**Second Man:** You're on.

**First Man:** Fine. *(shakes; they look at the window)* Come on Parky.

**Second Man:** Don't do it Parky.

**First Man:** Come on Parky. Jump Parky. Jump.

**Second Man:** Come on now be sensible Parky.

*(Cut to letter.)*

**Voice Over:** Dear Sir, I am writing to complain about that sketch about people failing out of a high building. I have worked all my life in such a building and have never once.

*(Cut to film of man falling out of window. Cut back to set. First Man has hands in the air jubilantly.)*

**First Man:** Parkinson!

**Second Man:** Johnson!

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# 'Spectrum' - talking about things

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 12

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**The cast:**

**PRESENTER**  
Michael Palin

**HARDACRE**

Graham Chapman

**PROFESSOR**  
John Cleese

# CRICKETER

Eric Idle

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## The sketch:

*(Superimposed caption on screen: 'SPECTRUM')*

**Presenter:** Good evening. Tonight 'Spectrum' looks at one of the major problems in the world today - that old vexed question of what is going on. Is there still time to confront it, let alone solve it, or is it too late? What are the figures, what are the facts, what do people mean when they talk about things? Alexander Hardacre of the Economic Affairs Bureau.

*(Cut to equally intense pundit in front of a graph with three different coloured columns with percentages at the top. He talks with great authority)*

**Hardacre:** In this graph, this column represents 23% of the population. This column represents 28% of the population, and this column represents 43% of the population.

*(Cut back to presenter.)*

**Presenter:** Telling figures indeed, but what do they mean to you, what do they mean to me, what do they mean to the average man in the street? With me now is Professor Tiddles of Leeds University...

*(Pull out to reveal bearded professor sitting next to presenter.)*

**Presenter:** ... Professor, you've spent many years researching into things, what do you think?

**Professor:** I think it's too early to tell.

*(Cut to presenter, he talks even faster now.)*

**Presenter:** 'Too early to tell' ... too early to say... it means the same thing. The word 'say' is the same as the word 'tell'. They're not spelt the same, but they mean the same. It's an identical situation, we have with 'ship' and 'boat' *(holds up signs saying 'ship' and 'boat')* but not the same as we have with 'bow' and 'bough' *(holds up signs)*, they're spelt differently, mean different things but sound the same. *(he holds up signs saying 'so there')* But the real question remains. What is the solution, if any, to this problem? What can we do? What am I saying? Why am I sitting in this chair? Why am I on this programme? And what am I going to say next? Here to answer this is a professional cricketer.

*(Cut to cricketer.)*

**Cricketer:** (ERIC) I can say nothing at this point.

*(Cut back to presenter.)*

**Presenter:** Well, you were wrong... Professor?

*(Pull out to reveal professor still next to him.)*

**Professor:** Hello.

*(Cut to close-up of presenter.)*

**Presenter:** Hello. So... where do we stand? Where do we stand? Where do we sit? Where do we come? Where do we go? What do we do? What do we say? What do we eat? What do we drink? What do we think? What do we do?

*(Mix to stock film of London-Brighton train journey in two minutes. After a few seconds the train goes into a tunnel. Blackness. Loud crash. Cut to signalbox as before.)*

**Signalman:** *(calling out of window)* Sorry!

*(He goes back to wrestling with bear.)*



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# Visitors / Mr. Hitler / The North Minehead By-election

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 12

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did this sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 12](#), it was also performed on their Album - Monty Python's Flying Circus'.

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## The cast:



**LANDLADY**

Terry Jones

**MR. JOHNSON**

Eric Idle

**PHILLIPS**

Terry Gilham

**HITLER**

John Cleese

VON RIBBENTROP

Graham Chapman

**HIMMLER**

Michael Palin

**YOKEL**

Terry Jones

**WOMAN**

Eric Idle

# UPPERCLASS

John Cleese



**GUMBY**

Michael Palin

# CONSERVATIVE

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

*Knock. Door opens.*

**Landlady:** Hello, Mr and Mrs Johnson? **Mr Johnson:** Yes, that's right. Yes.

**Landlady:** Oh, come on in. Excuse me not shaking hands, I've just been putting a bit of lard on the cat's boils. *(Door closes)*

**Johnson:** Thank you.

**Landlady:** Oh, you must be tired. It's a long way from Coventry, isn't it?

**Johnson:** Well, we usually reckon on five and a half hours and it took us six hours and 53 minutes, with the 25 minute stop at Frampton Cottrell to stretch our legs; and we had to wait half an hour to get onto the M5 at Droitwich.

**Landlady:** Really?

**Johnson:** Then there was a three mile queue just before Bridgewater on the A38. We usually come round on the B3339, you see, just before Bridgewater.

**Landlady:** Yeah. Really?

**Johnson:** We decided to risk it 'cause they always say they're going to widen it there. Yes, well just by the intersection there where the A372 joins up. There's plenty of room to widen it there, there's only grass verges. They could get another six feet, knock down that hospital. Then we took the coast road through Williton - we got all the Taunton traffic on the A358 from Crowcombe and Stogumber.

**Landlady:** Well you must be dying for a cup of tea.

**Johnson:** Well, wouldn't say no, long as it's warm and wet.

**Landlady:** Well come on in the lounge, I'm just going to serve afternoon tea.

**Johnson:** Very nice.

**Landlady:** Come on in, Mr and Mrs Johnson and meet Mr and Mrs Phillips.

**Mr Phillips:** Good afternoon.

**Johnson:** Good afternoon.

**Landlady:** It's their third time here; we can't keep you away, can we? And over there is Mr Hitler.

*(In the corner are three German generals in full Nazi uniform, poring over a map.)*

**Hitler:** Ach. Ha! Gut time, er, gut afternoon.

**Landlady:** Oho, planning a little excursion, eh, Mr Hitler?

**Hitler:** Ja, ja, ve haff a little... *(to Himmler)* was ist Abweise bewegen?

**Himmler:** Hiking.

**Hitler:** Ah yes, ve make a little \*hike\* for Bideford.

**Johnson:** Ah yes. Well, you'll want the A39. Oh, no, you've got the wrong map there. This is Stalingrad. You want the Ilfracombe and Barnstaple section.

**Hitler:** Ah! Stalingrad! Ha ha ha, Heinri...Reginald, you have the wrong map here you silly old leg-before-vicket English person.

**Himmler:** I'm sorry mein Fuhrer, mein (cough) mein Dickie old chum.

**Landlady:** Oh, lucky Mr Johnson pointed that out. You wouldn't have had much fun in Stalingrad, would you? Ha ha. *(stony silence)* I said, you wouldn't have had much fun in Stalingrad, would you?

**Hitler:** Not much fun in Stalingrad, no.

**Landlady:** Oh I'm sorry. I didn't introduce you. This is Von. Von Ribbentrop.

**Johnson:** Oh, not Von Ribbentrop, eh?

**Ribbentrop:** Nein! Nein! Oh. Ha ha. Different other chap. I in Somerset am being born. Von Ribbentrop is born Gotterdammerstrasse 46, Dusseldorf Vest 8.....so they say!

**Landlady:** And this is the quiet one, Heinrich Himmler.

**Himmler:** Pleased to meet you, squire. I also am not of Minehead being born but I in your Peterborough Lincolnshire was given birth to. But am staying in Peterborough Lincolnshire house all time during vor, due to jolly old running sores, and vos unable to go in the streets or to go visit football matches or go to Nuremburg. Ha ha. Am retired vindow cleaner and pacifist, without doing war crimes. Oh...and am glad England vin Worl'd Cup. Bobby Charlton. Martin Peters. And eating I am lots of chips and fish and hole in the toads and Dundee cakes on Piccadilly Line, don't you know old chap, vot! And I vos head of Gestapo for ten years.*(Hitler elbows him in the ribs)* Ah! Five years! *(Hitler elbows him again, harder)* Nein! No! Oh. NOT head of Gestapo AT ALL! I was not, I make joke! *(laughs)* **Landlady:** Oh, Mr Himmler. You do have us on! *(Telephone rings)* Oh excuse me. I'd better get that.

**Johnson:** How long are you down here for, Mr Hitler, just the fortnight?

**Hitler:** Vot you ask that for, are you a spy? Get on against the wall, Britischer Pig, you are going to die!

**Himmler:** Take it easy, Dickie old chum!

**Ribbentrop:** He's a bit on edge, Mr Johnson, he hasn't slept since 1945.

**Hitler:** Shut your cake-hole, you Nazi!

**Ribbentrop:** Cool it, Fuhrer cat!

**Himmler:** Ha ha, the fun we have!

**Johnson:** Haven't I seen you on the television?

**Hitler, Vibbentrop, & Himmler:** *(hastily)* Nicht. Nein. No.

**Johnson:** Simon Dee show, or was it Frosty?

**Hitler, Vibbentrop, & Himmler:** Nein. No.

**Landlady:** Telephone, Mr Hitler. It's Mr McGoering from the Bell and Compasses. He says he's found a place where you can hire bombers by the hour...?

**Hitler:** If he opens his big mouth again, it's Lapschig time!

**Himmler:** Shut up! Ha ha, hire bombers! He's a joker, that Scottish person.

**Ribbentrop:** Good old Norman!

**Landlady:** *(to Johnson)* He's on the phone the whole time now.

**Johnson:** In business, is he?

**Himmler:** Soon, baby!

**Landlady:** Of course it's his big day Thursday. They've been planning it for months.

**Johnson:** What's happening Thursday then?

**Landlady:** Well it's the North Minehead bye-election. Mr Hitler's standing as the National Bocialist. He's got wonderful plans for Minehead!

**Johnson:** Like what?

**Landlady:** Well, for a start he wants to annex Poland.

**Johnson:** North Minehead's Conservative, isn't it?

**Landlady:** Well, yes, he gets a lot of people at his rallies.

*(Short scene cut: huge crowds outside going "Sieg Heil. Sieg Heil. Sieg Heil.")*

**Hitler:** I am not a racist, but...and dis is a big but...the National Bocialist party says that das  
(*stream of German*).

**Himmler:** Mr Hitler (*Hitler slaps him*) ...Hitler says historically Taunton is a part of Minehead already!

**Hitler:** Und der Minehead ist nicht die letze (stream of German)...in die Welt!

**Crowd:** Sieg Heil.

(*Cut to interviews on the street:* )

**Yokel:** Oi don't loike the sound of these 'ere Boncentration Bamps.

**Woman:** Well, I gave him my baby to kiss, and he bit it in the head!

**Upper class:** Well, I think he'd do a lot of good to the Stock Exchange.

**Gumby:** I THINK HE'S GOT BEAUTIFUL LEGS!

**Conservative:** (*droning*) Well... well... as the Conservative candidate I just drone on and on and on and on without letting anyone else get a word in edgeways, until I start to froth at the mouth and fall over backwards. Ooo-aaahhh. (*THUD*)



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# Police Station (Silly Voices)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 12

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**The cast:**

**FIRST SERGEANT**

John Cleese

MAN

Terry Jones



**SECOND SERGEANT**  
Graham Chapman

**The sketch:**

*(Sketch opens in a police station.)*

**First Sergeant:** *(behind station counter into camera)* Goodnight.

*(Camera pulls back to show a man standing in front of the counter.)*

**Man:** Good evening, I wish to report a burglary.

**First Sergeant:** Speak up please, sir.

**Man:** I wish to report a burglary.

**First Sergeant:** I can't hear you, sir.

**Man:** *(bellowing)* I wish to report a burglary!

**First Sergeant:** That's a little bit too loud. Can you say it just a little less loud than that?

**Man:** *(a little louder than normal)* I wish to report a burglary.

**First Sergeant:** No... I'm still not getting anything... Er, could you try it in a higher register?

**Man:** What do you mean in a higher register?

**First Sergeant:** What?

**Man:** *(in a high-pitched voice)* I wish to report a burglary.

**First Sergeant:** Ah! That's it, hang on a moment. *(gets out pencil and paper)* Now a little bit louder.

**Man:** *(louder and more.. high pitched)* I wish to report a burglary.

**First Sergeant:** Report a what?

**Man:** *(by now a ridiculously high-pitched squeak)* Burglary!

**First Sergeant:** That's the exact frequency... now keep it there.

*(Another sergeant enters and goes round to back of counter.)*

**Second Sergeant:** *(in high-pitched voice)* Hello, sarge!

**First Sergeant:** *(in very deep voice)* Evening Charlie.

*(The second sergeant is taking his coat off, and the first one begins to pack up his papers. The man carries on with his tale of woe, but still in a high-pitched shriek.)*

**Man:** I was sitting at home with a friend of mine from Camber Sands, when we heard a noise in the bedroom. We went to investigate and found £5,000 stolen.

**First Sergeant:** WeB, I'm afraid I'm going off duty now sir. Er, could you tell

**First Sergeant:** Foster ....

*(He leaves counter first Sergeant Foster comes forward with a helpful smile)*

**Man:** *(continues in high-pitched shriek)* I was sitting at home with a friend of mine.

**Second Sergeant:** Excuse me sir, but, eri why the funny voice?

**Man:** *(normal voice)* Oh, terribly sorry. I'd just got used to talking like that to the other sergeant.

**Second Sergeant:** I'm terribly sorry... I can't hear you, sir, could you try speaking in a lower register?

**Man:** What! Oh *(in a very deep voice)* I wish to report the loss of £5,000.

**Second Sergeant:** £5,000.? That's serious, you'd better speak to the detective inspector.

*(At that moment, via the miracle of cueing, the detective inspector comes out of his office.)*

**Inspector:** *(in very slow deep voice)* What's the trouble, sergeant?

**Second Sergeant:** *(speaking at fantastic speed)* Well-this-gentleman-sir-has- just-come-in-to-report-that-he-was-sitting-at-home-with-a-friend-when -he -heard -a-noise -in-the-backroom- went-round -to - investigate-and-found-that-£5,000-in-savings-had-been-stolen.

**Inspector:** *(deep voice)* I see. *(turns to man and addresses him in normal voice)* Where do you live sir?

**Man:** *(normal voice)* 121, Halliwell Road, Dulwich, SE21

*(The detective inspector has been straining to hear but has failed. The second sergeant comes in helpfully)*

**Second Sergeant:** *(fast)* 121, Halliwell-Road-Dulwich-SE21

**Inspector:** *(squeak)* Another Halliwell Road job eh, sergeant?

**First Sergeant:** *(fast)* Yes-I-can't-believe-it-I-thought-the-bloke-who'd- done -that-was-put-inside - last-year.

**Second Sergeant:** *(squeak)* Yes, in Parkhurst.

**First Sergeant:** *(deep)* Well it must have been somebody else.

**Inspector:** *(very deep)* Thank you, sergeant. *(normal voice to man)* We'll get things moving right away, sir. *(he picks up phone and dials, at the same time he shrieks in high voice to the tint sergeant)* You take over here, sergeant *(very deep voice to the second sergeant)* Alert all squad cars in the area. *(ridiculous sing-song voice into phone)* Ha-allo Dar-ling, I'm afra-ID I sh-A-ll BE L-ate H-O-me this evening.

*(Meanwhile the second sergeant has a radio-controlled microphone and is singing down it in fine operatic tenor.)*

**Second Sergeant:** *(singing)* Calling all squad cars in the area...

*(Cut to vox pops.)*

**Lovely Girl:** *(in deep male voice, dubbed on)* I think that's in very bad taste.

**Pig:** *(meows)*

**Giraffe:** *(barks)*

**President Nixon:** *(superimposed sheep bleating)*

**Upperclass Twit:** Some people do talk in the most extraordinary way.



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# Upper Class Twit of the Year

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 12

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 12](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'.

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## The sketch:

*Scene: Sporting Field, in particular a running track. Five competitors run onto the pitch.*

**Commentator (John Cleese):** Good afternoon and welcome to Hurlingham Park. You join us just as the competitors are running out onto the field on this lovely winter's afternoon here, with the going firmunderfoot and very litde sign of rain. Well it certainly looks as though we're in for a splendid afternoon's sport in this the I27th Upperclass Twit of the Year Show. Well the competitors will be off' in a moment so let me just identify for you. *(camera zooms in on the competitors)* Vivian Smith-Smythe-Smith has an O-level in chemo-hygiene. Simon-Zinc-Trumpet-Harris, married to a very attractive table lamp. Nigel Incubator-Jones, his best friend is a tree, and in his spare time he's a stockbroker. Gervaise Brook-Hampster is in the Guards, and his father uses him as a wastepaper basket. And finally Oliver St John-Mollusc, Harrow and the Guards, thought by many to be this year's outstanding twit. Now they're moving up to the starting line, there's a jolly good crowd here today. Now they're under starter's orders ... and they're off *(the starter fires the gun, but nobody moves)* Ah no, they're not. No they didn't realize they were supposed to start. Never mind, we'll soon sort that out, the judge is explaining it to them now. I think Nigel and Gervaise have got the idea. All set to go. *(starter fires gun again and the twits move offer in different directions)* Oh, and they're off and it's a fast start this year. Oliver St John-Mollusc running a bit wide there and now they're coming into their first test, the straight line. *(All the Twits run erratically along five white lines)* They've got to walk along this straight line without failing over and Oliver's over at the back there, er, Simon's coming through quite fast on theoutside, I think Simon and Nigel, both of them coming through very fast. There's Nigel there. No. Three, I'm sorry, and on theoutside there's Gervaise coming through just out of shot and now, the position... *(the twits approach a line of matchboxes piled three high)* Simon and Vivian at the front coming to the matchbox jump.. three layers of matchboxes to clear... and Simon's over and Vivian's over beautifully, oh and the jump of a lifetime - if only his father could understand. Here's Nigel ... and now Gervaise is over he's, er, Nigel is over, and it's Gervaise, Gervaise is going to jump it, is it, no he's jumped the wrong way, there.he goes, Nigel's over, beautifully. Now it's only Oliver. Oliver ... and Gervaise... oh bad luck. And now it's Kicking the Beggar. *(the twits are kicking a beggar with a tray)* Simon's there and he's putting the boot in, and not terribly hard, but he's going down and Simon can move on. Now Vivian's there. Vivian is there and waiting for a chance. Here tie comes, oh a piledriver, a real piledriver, and now Simon's on No. 1, Vivian a, Nigel 3, Gervaise on 4 and Oliver bringing up the rear. Ah there's Oliver *(Oliver is still trying to jump the matchboxes)*, there's Oliver now, he's at the back. I think he's having a little trouble with his old brain injury, he's going to have a go, no, no, bad luck, he's up, he

doesn't know when he's beaten, this boy, lie doesn't know when he's winning either. He doesn't have any sort of sensory apparatus. Oh there's Gervaise (*He is still kicking the beggar*) and he's putting the boot in there and he's got the beggar down and the steward's giving him a little bit of advice, yes, he can move on now, he can move on to the Hunt Photograph. He's off, Gervaise is there and Oliver's still at the back having trouble with the matchboxes. (*the twits approach a table with two attractive girls and a photographer*) Now here's the Hunt Ball Photograph and the first here's Simon, he's going to enjoy a joke with Lady Arabella Plunkett. She hopes to go into films, and Vivian's through there and, er, Nigel's there enjoying a joke with Lady Sarah Pencil Farthing Vivian Streamroller Adams Pie Biscuit Aftershave Gore Stringbottom Smith. (*shot of twit in a sports car reversing into cut-out of old woman*) And there's, there's Simon now in the sports car, he's reversed into the old woman, he's caught her absolutely beautifully. Now he's going to accelerate forward there to wake up the neighbour. There's Vivian I think, no Vivian's lost his keys, no there's Vivian, he's got the old woman, slowly but surely right in the midriff, and here he is. Here he is to wake up the neighbour now. (*a man in bed in the middle of the pitch. The twit slams car door repeatedly*) Simon right in the lead, comfortably in the lead, but he can't get this neighbour woken up. He's slamming away there as best he can. He's getting absolutely no reaction at all. There, he's woken him up and Simon's through. Here comes Vivian, Vivian to slam the door, and there we are back at the Hunt Ball, I think that's Gervaise there, that's Gervaise going through there, and here, here comes Oliver, brave Oliver. Is he going to make it to the table, no I don't think he is, yes he is, (*twit falls over the table*) he did it, ohh. And the crowd are rising to him there, and there I can see, who is that there, yes that's Nigel, Nigel has woken the neighbour - my God this is exciting. Nigel's got very excited and he's going through and here comes Gervaise. Gervaise, oh no this is, er, out in the front there is Simon who is supposed to insult the waiter and he's forgotten. (*Simon runs past a waiter standing with a tray*) And Oliver has run himself over, (*Oliver lying in front of car*) what a great twit! And now here comes Vivian, Vivian to insult the waiter, and he is heaping abuse on him, and he is humiliating him, there and he's gone into the lead. Simon's not with him, no Vivian's in front of him at the bar. (*the twits each have several goes at getting under a bar of wood five feet off the ground*) Simon's got to get under this bar and this is extremely difficult as it requires absolutely expert co-ordination between mind and body. No Vivian isn't there. Here we go again and Simon's fallen backwards. Here's Nigel, he's tripped, Nigel has tripped, and he's under and Simon fails again, er, here is Gervaise, and Simon is through by accident. Here's Gervaise to be the last one over, there we are, here's Nigel right at the head of the field, (*the twits approach five rabbits staked out on the ground; they fire at them with shotguns*) and now he's going to shoot the rabbit, and these rabbits have been tied to the ground, and they're going to be a bit frisky, and this is only a one-day event. And they're blazing away there. They're not getting quite the results that they might, Gervaise is in there trying to bash it to death with the butt of his rifle, and I think Nigel's in there with his bare hands, but they're not getting the results that they might, but it is a little bit misty today and they must be shooting from a range of at least one foot. But they've had a couple of hits there I think, yes, they've had a couple of hits, and the whole field is up again and here they are. (*they approach a line of shopwindow dummies each wearing only a bra*) They're coming up to the debts, Gervaise first, Vivian second, Simon third. And now they've got to take the bras off from the front, this is really difficult, this is really the most, the most difficult part of the entire competition, and they're having a bit of trouble in there I think, they're really trying now and the crowd is getting excited, and I think some of the twits are getting rather excited too. (*the twits are wreaking havoc on the dummies*) Vivian is there, Vivian is coming through, Simon's in second place, and, no there's Oliver, he's not necessarily out of it. There goes Nigel, no he's lost something, and Gervaise running through to this final obstacle. (*they approach a table with five revolvers laid out on it*) Now all they have to do here to win the title is

to shoot themselves. Simon has a shot. Bad luck, he misses. Nigel misses. Now there's Gervaise, and Gervaise has shot himself- Gervaise is Upperclass Twit of the Year. There's Nigel, he's shot Simon by mistake, Simon is back up and there's Nigel, Nigel's shot himself: Nigel is third in this fine and most exciting Upperclass Twit of the Year Show I've ever seen. Nigel's clubbed himself into fourth place. *(three coffins on stand with medals)* And so the final result:

The Upperclass Twit of the Year - Gervaise Brook-Hampster.

Runner up - Vivian Smith-Smythe-Smith

Third - Nigel Incubator-Jones

Well there'll certainly be some car door slamming in the streets of Kensington tonight.

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# Ken Shabby

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 12](#)

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**The cast:**



**FATHER**

Graham Chapman

**KEN SHABBY**

Michael Palin



## VOICE OVER

John Cleese

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### The sketch:

*(Sketch open with a still a of beautiful country home. 'Hearts of Oak' type music. The camera tracks into the house and mixes to: close-up of distinguished, noble father and gay, innocent beautiful daughter - a delicately beautiful English rose.)*

**Father:** Now I understand that you want to marry my daughter?

*(Pull out to reveal that he is addressing a ghastly thing in a grubby, smelly, brown mackintosh wearing, shambles, who is unshaven with a continuous hacking cough and an obscene leer. He sits on the sofa in this beautiful elegant lounge.)*

**Shabby:** *(sniffing and coughing)* That's right ... yeah... yeah...

**Father:** Yes, you realize of course that Rosaround is still rather young?

**Rosamund:** Daddy you make me feel like a child. *(she gazes at Shabby fondly)*

**Shabby:** *(lasciviously)* Oh yeah ... you know... get 'em when they're young eh... eh! OOOOH! Know what I mean eh, oooh! *(makes obscene gesture involving elbow)*

**Father:** Well I'm sure you know what I mean, Mr ... er... Mr... er .. er?

**Shabby:** Shabby... Ken Shabby...

**Father:** Mr Shabby... I just want to make sure that you'll be able to look after my daughter...

**Shabby:** Oh yeah, yeah. I'll be able to look after 'er all fight sport, eh, know what I mean, eh emggh!

**Father:** And, er, what job do you do?

**Shabby:** I clean out public lavatories.

**Father:** Is there promotion involved?

**Shabby:** Oh yeah, yeah. *(produces handkerchief and clean throat horribly into it)* After five years they give me a brush ... eurggha eurggh ... I'm sorry squire, I've gobbed on your carpet...

**Father:** And, ah, where are you going to live?

**Shabby:** Well round at my gran's... she trains polecats, but most of them have suffocated so there should be a bit of spare room in the attic, eh. Know what I mean. Oooh!

**Father:** And when do you expect to get married?

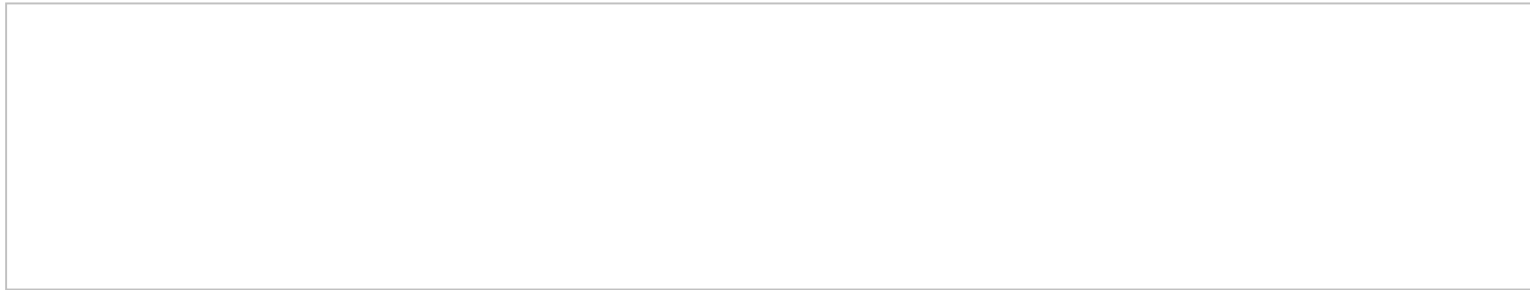
**Shabby:** Oh, fight away sport. Right away... you know... I haven't had it for weeks...

**Father:** Well look I'll phone the bishop and see if we can get the Abbey...

**Shabby:** Oh, diarrhoea. *(coughing fit)*

*(Cut to strange photo caption sequence to be worked out with Terry 'the sap' Gilliam)*

**Voice Over:** The story so far: Rosamund's father has become ensnared by Mr Shabby's extraordinary personal magnetism. Bob and Janet have eaten Mr Farquar's goldfish during an Oxfam lunch, and Mrs Elsmore's marriage is threatened by Doug's insistence that he is on a different level of consciousness. Louise's hernia has been confirmed, and Jim, Bob's brother, has run over the editor of the 'Lancet' on his way to see Jenny, a freelance Pagoda designer. On the other side of the continent Napoleon still broods over the smouldering remains of a city he had crossed half the earth to conquer...



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# How far can a Minister fall?

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 12

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**MINISTER**

Graham Chapman



MAN

Eric Idle

**FIRST ROBERT**  
Terry Jones

**SECOND ROBERT**

Eric Idle

**THIRD ROBERT**  
John Cleese

# PRESENTER

Michael Palin

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## The sketch:

*(A girl in bra and pants goes over to television and switches it on.)*

**Voice Over:** ... whilst Mary, Roger's half-sister, settles down to watch television...

*(On the screen comes the start of a Party Political Broadcast, complete with caption: 'A PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST ON BEHALF OF THE WOOD PARTY')*

**Voice Over:** There now follows a Party Political Broadcast on behalf of the Wood Party.

*(Cut to a traditional grey-suited man at desk looking straight into camera. Superimposed caption: 'THE RT. HON. LAMBERT WARBECK')*

**Minister:** Good evening. We in the Wood Party feel very strongly that the present weak drafting of the Local Government Bill leaves a lot to be desired, and we intend to fight.

*(He thumps on the desk and he falls through the floor. As he falls he emits a long scream, fading away slowly. Another man comes and looks down into the pit.)*

**Man:** Hello Hellllllllllooooooooooooo! *(to camera)* Er I, I'm afraid the minister's fallen through the Earth's crust. Er... excuse me a moment. *(goes and looks at Pit)* Hellooooo.

**Minister:** *(unseen, a long way down)* Hellooooooo.

**Man:.** Are you all fight minister?

**Minister:** I appear to have landed on this kind of ledge thing.

**Man:** Shall we lower down one of the BBC ropes?

**Minister:** If you'd be so kind.

**Man:** What length of BBC rope will we be likely to need?

**Minister:** I should use the longest BBC rope. That would be a good idea I would imagine.

**Man:** Okey doke chief. Er, Tex get the longest BBC rope, and bring it here pronto.

**Minister:** *(still a long way down)* In the meantime, since I am on all channels, perhaps I'd better carry on with this broadcast by shouting about our housing plans from down here as best I can. Could someone throw me down a script. *(man drops the script down and Tex appears with enormous cod of rope)* The script would appear to have landed on a different ledge somewhat out of my grasp, don't you know.

**Man:** Er, well perhaps when the rope reaches you minister you could kind of swing over to the ledge and grab it.

**Minister:** Good idea.

*(Cut to minister swinging on rope. Caption on screen: 'THE RT. HON. LAMBERT WARBECK')*

**Minister:** Well I'm going to carry on, if I can read the script. He swings over to a ledge opposite with a script on it. As he gets near he peers and starts reading.

**Minister:** Good evening. We in the Wood Party *(he swings away and then back)* feel very strongly about *(swings away and back)* the present weak drafting of the Local Government Bill and no, no - it's no good, it's not working.., I think I'll have to try and make a grab for it. Ah. There we are. *(He swings over and grabs the script with one hand; he tries to turn to camera and continues)* Good evening. We in the Wood Party feel very strongly about the present *(he makes a vigorous gesture and in so doing lets go of rope and slips so that he is now hanging upside down)* ugh, ugh. Oh dear. Hello!

**Man:** *(out of vision)* Hello.

**Minister:** Look, look, I must look a bit of a chump hanging upside down like this.

**Man:** *(out of vision)* Don't worry minister. *(cut to man looking off-camera)* I think love if we turn the picture upside down we should help the minister, then.

*Cut to minister. The picture is now the other way up. The minister now appears to be the right way up)*

**Minister:** Oh good. Look, er, I'm sorry about this, but there seem to be a few gremlins about... I think I'd better start from the beginning. Er, good evening, we in the Wood Party feel very strongly about, oh ... *(he drops script)* Bloody heck. Oh, oh dear, er terribly sorry about this, about saying bloody heck on all channels, but, er...

**Man:** *(out of vision)* There's another script on the way down minister.

**Minister:** Oh good, good. Well ... er... er... um... Good evening. Er ... well... er... how are you? Er... Oh yes look, I don't want you to think of the Wood Party as a load of old men that like hanging around on ropes only I ... er ... oh ... oh.

*(Meanwhile a man, the right way up, has been lowered down to the minister. As the picture is reversed, he appears to be moving straight up towards him. The minister sees him.)*

**Minister:** Ah. Thank you. *(taking script; the man on the rope starts to climb back up)* Good evening, we in the Wood Party feel very strongly about the present weak drafting... *(man falls past with a scream)* Look. I think we'd better call it a day.

*(Cut to two men at a desk in a discussion set.)*

**First Robert:** Is this the furthest distance that a minister has fallen? Robert.

*(Cut to Robert.)*

**Second Robert:** Well surprisingly not. The Canadian Minister for External Affairs fell nearly seven miles during a Liberal Conference in Ottawa about six years ago, and then quite recently the Kenyan Minister for Agric. and Fish fell nearly twelve miles during a Nairobi debate in Parliament, although this hasn't been ratified yet.

**First Robert:** Er, how far did the Filipino cabinet fall last March?

**Second Robert:** Er, well they fell nearly thirty-nine miles but it's not really so remarkable as that was due to their combined weight, of course. Robert.

**First Robert:** Thank you, Robert. Well now what's your reaction to all this, Robert?

*(Cut to third Robert who is staring intently into camera. He is wearing a fright wig and has a left eyebrow four inches above his right one.)*

**Third Robert:** Well, well Robert the main thing is that it's terribly exciting. You see the minister is quite dearly lodged between rocks we know terribly little of. Terribly little. Of course the main thing is we're getting colour pictures of an extraordinarily high quality. The important thing is, the really exciting thing is the minister will *(as he gets more excited he starts to emit smoke)* be bringing back samples of the Earth's core which will give us a tremendous, really tremendous, tremendous, tremendous clue about the origins of the Earth and what God himself is made of. *(he bursts into fire and someone has to throw a buckets of water over him)* Oh, oh I needed that.

*(Cut back to first Robert.)*

**First Robert:** Thank you Robert. Well that seems to be about all we have time for tonight. Unless anyone has anything else to say. Has anyone anything else to say?

*(Various 'noes' plus one 'bloody fairy' and more noes, from a very rapid montage of all the possible characters in this week's show saying 'no'. The last one we come to is the Spectrum presenter. He says more than no.)*

**Presenter:** What do we mean by no, what do we mean by yes, what do we mean by no, no, no. Tonight Spectrum looks at the whole question of what is no.

*(The sixteen-ton weight falls on him.)*



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# Intermissions / Restaurant (abuse/cannibalism)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 13](#)

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**The cast:**



**VOICE OVER**  
Terry Jones

**SHE**

Eric Idle



**HEADMASTER**

Graham Chapman

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to large animated sign saying: 'Intermission'.)*

**Voice Over:** There will now be a short intermission.

*(After this seven seconds of slightly speeded up Mantovani. Two animated cars race in and crash. Cut to animated opening credits. Cut to the same sign saying: 'Intermission')*

**Voice Over:** There will now be a medium-sized intermission. Same music, same speed, slightly longer.

*(Short animation, then cut to restaurant vestibule. He and she are already there, entering. She is nattering. The waiter is waiting.)*

**She:** Oo I don't like this, Bob I don't like that. Oh I don't think much to all this. Oh fancy using that wallpaper. Fancy using mustard. Oo is that a proper one? Oo it's not real. Oh I don't think it's a proper restaurant unless they give you finger bowls. Oo I don't like him. I'm going to have a baby in a few years.

**He:** Er, please excuse my wife. She may appear to be rather nasty but underneath she has a heart of formica. *(the waiter grimaces)* I'm sorry about that.

**Waiter:** That's all right sir, we get all sorts of lines in here. The head waiter will be along to abuse you in a few moments, and now if you'll excuse me I have to go and commit suicide.

**He:** Oh I'm sorry.

**Waiter:** It's all right. It's not because of anything serious.

*(He exits. Shot off-screen and scream.)*

**She:** Quite frankly I'm against people who commit suicide, I don't like that sort of person at all. I'm plain people and I'm proud of it, my mother's the salt of the earth, and I don't take the pill 'cos it's nasty.

*(The head waiter comes in.)*

**He:** Please excuse my wife, she may not be very beautiful, and she may have no money, and she may be a little talentless, boring and dull, but on the other hand ... *(long pause)* ... sorry I can't think of anything.

**Head Waiter:** Fine. I'm the head waiter. This is a vegetarian restaurant only, we serve no animal flesh of any kind. We're not only proud of that, we're smug about it. So if you were to come in here asking me to rip open a small defenceless chicken, so you could chew its skin and eat its intestines,

then I'm afraid I'd have to ask you to leave.

**He:** No, no, no, no.

**Head Waiter:** Likewise if you were to ask us to slice the sides of a cow and serve it with small pieces of its liver ... *(small tic developing, getting carried away)* or indeed drain the life blood from a pig before cutting off one of its legs... or carve the living giblets from a sheep and serve them with the fresh brains, bowels, guts and spleen of a small rabbit... WE WOULDN'T DO IT. *(reaction)* Not for food anyway.

**She:** Quite frankly I'm against people who give vent to their loquacity by extraneous bombastic circumlocution. *(they both look at her; pause)* Oh I don't like that.

**He:** Sometimes Shirley I think you're almost human.

**Head Waiter:** *(thinking)* Do you know I still wet my bed.

**He:** Once I married someone who was beautiful, and young, and gay, and free. Whatever happened to her?

**She:** You divorced her and married me.

**Head Waiter:** I met my second wife at a second-wife-swapping party. Trust me to arrive late.

*(Enter headmaster.)*

**Headmaster:** Always were late weren't you Thompson?

**Head Waiter:** Hello Headmaster. What are you doing here?

**Headmaster:** Fine, fine, fine, thank you. Fine, thank you. No more sherry for me don't you know. Warner House beat Badger House for the Second Cuppa, remarkable. We had to put most of the second form to sleep. No padre. Bad business. They were beginning to play with themselves. Still... You haven't seen my wife anywhere have you?

**Head Waiter:** No.

**Headmaster:** Oh thank God for that, *(exits)*

**She:** Oh I don't like him. Do you know what I mean. Do you know what I mean. I mean do you know what I mean. Do you know what I mean. Do you know what I mean. I mean do you know what I mean. All men are the same.

*(Enter prologue, long white Greek robes, long white beard, holding a large staff)*

**Prologue:** Imagine not that these four walls contain the Mighty Owl of Thebes. For, gentles all, beauty sits most closely to them it can construe...

**Head Waiter:** No it doesn't.

**Prologue:** Sorry. *(he exits)*

**Head Waiter:** Fine. Would you care for a glass of blood? Oh what a giveaway.

**She:** No, we'd like to see the menu please. I don't think it's a proper restaurant unless you have a proper menu, and anyway I might be pregnant.

**He:** Perhaps you'd care for a drink? ,

**She:** Ever since you've married me, Douglas, you've treated me like an albatross.

*(A waiter enters pushing a large seroing dish with a semi-naked Hopkins sitting unconcernedly in it.)*

**Hopkins:** Evening.

**He:** Good evening.

**Hopkins:** I hope you're going to enjoy me this evening. I'm the special. Try me with some rice.

**He:** I beg your pardon?

**Hopkins:** A Hopkins au gratin a la chef.

**He:** Ah, oh how do you... *(makes to shake hands)*

**Hopkins:** *(skittishly)* Don't play with your food.

**She:** *(examining him)* I don't like that. There's dust on here. I don't think it's a proper meal without a pudding. My husband's an architect.

**Hopkins:** Oh, one word of warning, sir, a little tip. *(lowering voice)* Don't have any of the vicar over there. *(cut to vicar sitting thin and unhappy in a pot)* He's been here two weeks and nobody's touched him. 'Nuff said?

**He:** Yes thank you.

**Hopkins:** Well I must get on or I'll 'spoil. Janet - to the kitchen.

**Waiter:** There's a dead bishop in the lobby, sir.

**Head Waiter:** I don't know who keeps bringing them in here.

**She:** Oh I don't like that. I think it's silly. It's not a proper sketch without a proper punch line. I mean I don't know much about anything, I'm stupid. I'm muggins. Nobody cares what I think. I'm always the one that has to do everything. Nobody cares about me. Well I'm going to have a lot of bloody babies and they can bloody well care about me. Makes you sick half this television. They never stop talking, he'll be the ruination of her, rhythm method.

*(Cut to animated sign saying 'Intermission '.)*

**Voice Over:** There will now be a whopping great intermission, during which small ice creams in very large boxes will be sold. Another way we can drive people away from the cinema is by showing you [advertisements](#).

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# Advertisements

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 13](#)

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**The cast:**

## VOICE OVER

Eric Idle

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### The sketch:

*(Shots of various cars with young ladies posing on them.)*

**Voice Over:** Do you like this? Or how about this? Or perhaps you prefer this latest model? Then why not come to us. We supply only the very best models. *(a card saying 'Soho Motors 2nd floor on a board with advertisement cards for 'Rita' etc.; cut to a restaurant)* After the show why not visit the La Gondola Restaurant. Just two minutes from this performance. The manager Mr Luigi Vercotti will be pleased to welcome you and introduce you to a wide variety of famous Sicilian delicacies. *(as Vercotti poses for the camera policemen bundle his staff and several half-dressed girls through and out of the restaurant)* Here you can relax in comfort in friendly surroundings. Or if you wish, you may drink and dance till midnight. At the La Gondola Restaurant you can sample all the spicy pleasures of the Mediterranean. The head waiter will be pleased to show you his specialities. Or why not ask the cook for something really hot? *(the police remove a chef carrying an 8mm projector and film)* Yes, for an evening you will never forget - it's the La Gondola Restaurant, Chelsea, Parkhurst, Dartmoor and the Scrubs. *(the police remove Mr Vercotti)* *('Pearls for Swine' closing title.)*

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# Albatross!

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 13](#), it was also performed live in the Movie - Live at the Hollywood Bowl. Other versions of the sketch were also featured on their Albums 'Monty Python's Flying Circus', 'Monty Python live at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane', 'Monty Python live at City Center' and on 'The Ultimate Monty Python Rippoff'.

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## The cast:

**MAN**

John Cleese

**CUSTOMER**  
Terry Jones

**FIRST VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

## SECOND VOICE OVER

Terry Gillam

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### The sketch:

*(Cut to corner of cinema. A man in an ice-cream girl's uniform is standing in a spotlight with an ice-cream tray with an albatross on it.)*

**Man:** Albatross! Albatross! Albatross!

*(A customer approaches him.)*

**Customer:** Two choc-ices please.

**Man:** I haven't got choc-ices. I only got the albatross. Albatross!

**Customer:** What flavour is it?

**Man:** It's a bird, innit. It's a bloody sea bird . . . it's not any bloody flavour. Albatross!

**Customer:** Do you get wafers with it?

**Man:** Course you don't get bloody wafers with it. Albatross!

**Customer:** How much is it?

**Man:** Ninepence.

**Customer:** I'll have two please.

**Man:** Gannet on a stick.

*(The camera zooms past back onto the screen. On screen appears another 'Intermission' sign.)*

**First Voice Over:** There will now be a very short...

*(The intermission sign explodes.)*

*We now see a series on animated captions:*

*'NOW SHOWING AT OTHER DANK CINEMAS'*

*'AT THE PORTNOY CINEMA PICCADILLY'*

*'WINNER OF THE GOLDEN PALM, TORREMOLINOS'*

*'RAINWEAR THROUGH THE AGES'*

*'COMING SOON'*

*'AT THE JODRELL CINEMA, COCKFOSTERS'*

**Second Voice Over:** The management regrets that it will not be showing a feature film this evening

as it eats into the profits'

*(Cut to the Queen on horseback; first few bars of National Anthem. Cut to Customer sitting in cinema seat clutching albatross.)*

**Customer:** Well that's quite enough of that. And now a policeman near Rottingdeans ... Albatross!

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# Come back to my place

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 13](#)

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**The cast:**

**MAN**

Michael Palin

# INSPECTOR

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*Cut to a policeman standing in a street man comes up to him.)*

**Man:** Inspector, inspector.

**Inspector:** Uh huh.

**Man:** I'm terribly sorry but I was sitting on a park bench over there, took my coat off for a minute and then I found my wallet had been stolen and £15 taken from it.

**Inspector:** Well did you er, did you see anyone take it, anyone hanging around or...

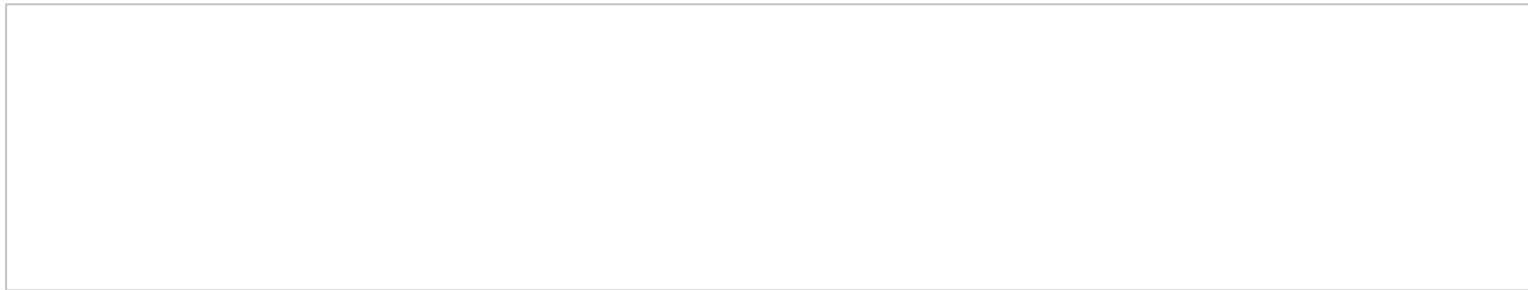
**Man:** No no, there was no one there at all. That's the trouble.

**Inspector:** Well there's not very much we can do about that, sir.

**Man:** Do you want to come back to my place?

**Inspector:** ... Yeah all right.

*(Women's Institute applauding.)*



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# Me Doctor

**As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 13**  
**Also performed on the album - Monty Python's Flying Circus**

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did this sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 13](#), it was also performed on their Album - Monty Python's Flying Circus'.

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## The cast:

**DOCTOR**

Eric Idle

**MR. BERTSHAW**

Terry Jones

**NURSE**

John Cleese

**SISTER**

Carol Cleveland

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**The sketch:**

*(Mr. Bertenshaw and his sick wife arrive at a hospital.)*

**Doctor:** Mr. Bertenshaw?

**Mr. Bertshaw:** Me, Doctor.

**Doctor:** No, me doctor, you Mr. Bertenshaw.

**Mr. Bertshaw:** My wife, doctor...

**Doctor:** No, your wife patient.

**Sister:** Come with me, please.

**Mr. Bertshaw:** Me, Sister?

**Doctor:** No, she Sister, me doctor, you Mr. Bertenshaw.

**Nurse:** Dr. Walters?

**Doctor:** Me, nurse...You Mr. Bertenshaw, she Sister, you doctor.

**Sister:** No, doctor.

**Doctor:** No Doctor call ambulance, keep warm.

**Nurse:** Drink, doctor?

**Doctor:** Drink doctor, eat Sister, cook Mr. Bertenshaw, nurse me!

**Nurse:** You, doctor?

**Doctor:** ME doctor!! You Mr. Bertenshaw. She Sister!

**Mr. Bertshaw:** But my wife, nurse...

**Doctor:** Your wife not nurse. She nurse, your wife patient. Be patient, she nurse your wife. Me doctor, you tent, you tree, you Tarzan, me Jane, you Trent, you Trillo...me doctor!

**Sergeant-Major:** Stop this, stop this. What a silly way to carry on. What do you want?

**Customer:** I wish to register a complaint.

**Sergeant-Major:** Well, this is a hospital. You want the pet shop.



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# Historical Impersonations

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 13

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The cast:

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**WIGGAN**

Michael Palin



**CAESAR**  
Eric Idle

**GUMBY**

Michael Palin

## The sketch:

*(Cut to historical impersonation sketch. Big zoom in to linkman. Glittery linkman set, showbizzy music and applause.)*

**Voice Over:** Yes, it's Historical Impersonations. When you in the present can make those in the past stars of the future. And here is your host for tonight - Wally Wiggin.

*(Caption on screen : 'HISTORICAL IMPERSONATIONS' Fade applause and music.)*

**Wiggin:** Hello, good evening and welcome to Historical Impersonations. And we kick off tonight with Cardinal Richelieu and his impersonation of Petula Clark.

*(Cut to Cardinal Richelieu, he mimes to the phrase from the record.)*

**Richclieu:** 'Don't sleep in the subway darling and don't stand in the pouring rain'.

*(Vast applause.)*

**Wiggin:** Cardinal Richelieu - sixteen stone of pure man. And now your favourite Roman Emperor Julius Caesar as Eddie Waring.

*(Cut to Caesar, cloud effects behind.)*

**Caesar:** *(in Waring voice)* Tota gallia divisa est in tres partes Wigan, Hunslett and Hull Kingston Rovers.

*(Cut back to Wiggin.)*

**Wiggin:** Well done indeed, Julius Caesar, a smile, a conquest and a dagger up your strap. Our next challenger comes all the way from the Crimea. It's the very lovely Florence Nightingale as Brian London.

*(Florence Nightingale stands them with a lamp, simpering femininet. A boxing bell goes, slight pause, then she is hit on the side of the cheek with a boxing glove, and fallls straight on her back. Cut back to Wiggin)*

**Wiggin:** And now for our most ambitious attempt tonight - all the way from Moscow in the USS of R - Ivan the Terrible as a sales assistant in Freeman, Hardy and Willis.

*(In a shoe department. Three people are sitting in chain, only the middle one is a dummy. Ivan the Terrible comes in and splits the man in the middle in half with an immense two-handed sword: the model splits in two.)*

**Wiggin:** And now W. G. Grace as a music box.

*(Animation: Still picture of W. G. Grace. Slowly his head starts to revolve as a musical box plays Swiss-type music. Cut back to Wiggin.)*

**Wiggin:** And now it's France's turn. One of their top statesmen, Napoleon as the R101 disaster.

*(Cut to a sky background Napoleon comes into frame horizontally, moving along a wire very slowly. In each hand he has a small propeller. A sign hangs below his belly saying R101. Marseillaise plays. As he passes out or shot there is an explosion.)*

**Wiggin:** And now it's request time.

*(Cut to Gumby.)*

**Gumby:** I would like to see John the Baptist's impersonation of Graham Hill.

*(A head on a platter is pulled by a string across the floor. We hear brm, brm, brm, noises. The head of John the Baptist has a Graham Hill moustache, obviously stuck on. Women's Institute applaud.)*

**Wiggin:** And now a short intermission during which Marcel Marceau will impersonate a man walking against the wind.

*(Marcel Marceau walks against the wind.)*

**Wiggin:** And now Marcel will mime a man being struck about the head by a sixteen-ton weight.

*(Cut to him starting the mime. He doesn't get very far as a sixteen-ton wright is dropped on his head. Cut to Wembley crowd cheering.)*



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# Quiz programme - 'Wishes'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 13](#)

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**The cast:**

**INTERVIEWER**  
John Cleese



**MICHAEL**

Michael Palin

**TREVOR**

Graham Chapman



**The sketch:**

*(Cut to interviewer and two small boys.)*

**Interviewer:** *(gently)* What's your name?

**Eric:** Eric.

**Interviewer:** Would you like to have a sixteen-ton weight dropped on top of you, Eric?

**Eric:** Don't know.

*(Brief stock shot of theatre audience applauding.)*

**Interviewer:** How about you?

**Michael:** I want to have.

**Interviewer:** What do you want to have?

**Michael:** I want to have... I want to have Racquel Welch dropped on top of me.

**Interviewer:** Dropped on top of you.

**Michael:** Oh yes, not climbing.

**Eric:** She's got a big bottom.

*(Applause stock shot. Cut to interviewer and two city gents on their knees).*

**Interviewer:** And what's your name?

**Trevor:** Trevor Atkinson.

**Interviewer:** And how old are you, Trevor?

**Trevor:** I'm forty-two.

*(Applause stock shot.)*

**Interviewer:** *(to other city gent)* Are you a friend of Trevor's?

**City Gent:** Yes, we're all colleagues from the Empire and General Insurance Company.

**Interviewer:** And what do you do?

**City Gent:** Well I deal mainly with mortgage protection policies, but I also do certain types of life assurance.

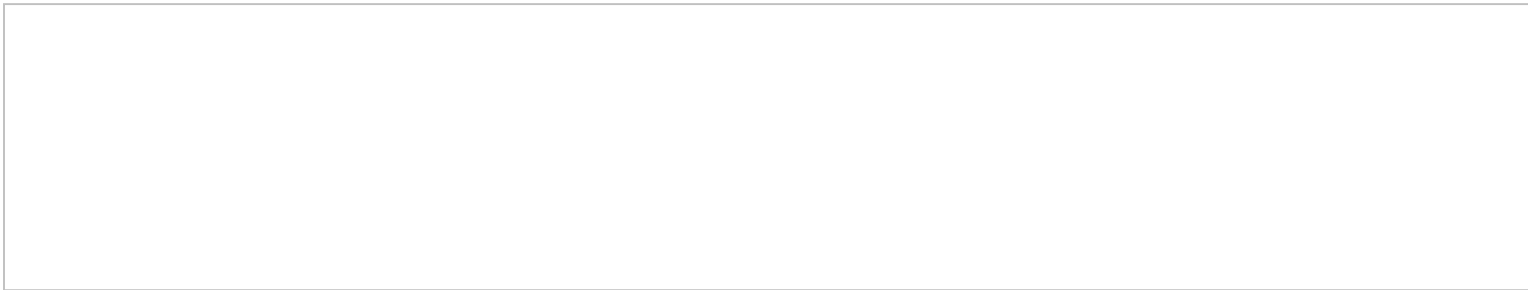
**Interviewer:** Now if you and your pal had one big wish, Trevor, what would you like to see on television?

**Trevor:** I'd like to see more fairy stories about the police.

*(Fairy godmother trips lightly into shot.)*

**Fairy:** And so you shall.

*(Cut to open country. A policeman cycles up and parks his bike. From the saddlebag he takes a burglar's outfit - striped jersey, cap, and trousers. He lays them out on the ground, and inflates them with a bicycle pump. The inflated burglar runs away in speeded-up motion. The policeman blows his whistle. Three more policemen appear out of nowhere. He points forward and the four of them move off in a pixilated motion after the burglar. The burglar runs across moorland; the policemen follow him. Dick Barton theme music. The burglar lures the policemen into a large packing crate, slams the door on them and nails on it a label: 'Do not open until Christmas'. In the background a policeman with a fairy tutu appears suddenly out of thin air. He waves his wand at the burglar, who disappears. Cut to policeman, with wand, standing in a street.)* **Policeman:** Yes, we in Special Crime Squad have been using wands for almost a year now. You find it's easy to make yourself invisible. You can defy time and space, and you can turn violent criminals into frogs. Something which you could never do with the old truncheons.



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# 'Probe Around' on Crime

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 13

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**The cast:**

**FIRST INTERVIEWER**

John Cleese

## **SECOND INTERVIEWER**

Eric Idle

**FIRST POLICEMAN**

Terry Jones

**DETECTIVE INSPECTOR ORGANS**

Michael Palin

## SECOND POLICEMAN

John Cleese

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### The sketch:

*('Panorama' music and still photos of policemen in tutus. Caption on the screen: 'PROBE AROUND' Cut to interviewer at desk of 'Panorama' type set-up.)*

**First Interviewer:** Yes, tonight 'Probe Around' takes a look at crime...

*(A shot rings out and he slumps forward. A second interviewer runs into shot from behind camera with smoking gun.)*

**Second Interviewer:** I'm sorry about that, but I always introduce this programme, not him. *(he pushes the first interviewer off his chair with his foot and takes his place)* Yes, tonight 'Probe Around' takes a look at Crime. Is it true that the police are using dachshunds to combat the crime wave? And can the head of the Vice Squad turn himself into an albatross whenever he wants to? Just what are the police up to?

*(Cut to close-up of a constable reading big book. He is very, very, very stupid.)*

**Policeman:** Oh, I'm up to page 39, where Peter Pan first manifests himself.

*(Cut back to interviewer.)*

**Second Interviewer:** With me now is Inspector Harry H 'Snapper' Organs of 'H' Division.

*(Cut to another part of the 'Panorama' set. Detective Inspector Organs is sitting next to a Viking.)*

**Organs:** Good evening.

*(Cut back to interviewer and hereafter cross cut between them.)*

**Interviewer:** Er, Inspector, I believe you are encouraging magic in the Police Force?

**Organs:** That is correct. *(as he speaks we notice he is sticking pins into a model of a burglar)* The criminal mind is a strange and contorted one. Good evening. The mind is subject to severe mental stresses. Good evening. Guilt fears abound, good evening. In the subconscious in this state, one of our lads, with a fair training in the black arts can scare the fertilizer out of them.

**Interviewer:** Just how are the police combatting the increase with the use of the occult? Ex-King Zog of Albania reports ...(phone rings) Well we seem to have lost ex-King Zog there, but who cares. Just what kinds of magic are the police introducing into their crime prevention techniques?

*(Cut to four chief constables huddled round an Ouija board. They have their fingers on a tumbler which moves slowly from one letter to the next.)*

**Policemen:** U-P Y-O-U-R-S.

**Second Policeman:** Up yours? What a rude Ouija board!

*(Cut to more film: policeman with wand By pointing the wand at illegally parked cars he makes them disappear. Another policeman on the pavement helping an old lady across road He looks to see if the road is clear, waves his wand and she jumps across to other side. Another street: a police siren is heard then five policemen on broom sticks appear from round comer and disappear across frame.)*

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# Stonehenge / Mr. Attila the Hun

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 13

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The cast:



**CHIEF CONSTABLE**

Terry Jones

**SERGEANT**

Graham Chapman

**BERYL**

John Cleese

**ATTILA THE HUN**  
Michael Palin

**FIRST VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

**SECOND VOICE OVER**

Michael Palin

### THIRD VOICE OVER

John Cleese

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#### The sketch:

*(Cut to police dancing round Stonehenge a burglar is bound to a stone altar. Mix to picture of same thing in newspaper which is being read by a chief constable in his office.)*

**Chief Constable:** Now this is the kind of thing that gives the police a bad name, sergeant.

Pull out further to reveal police sergeant in long shimmering slim-fitting ladies evening gown, diamanté handbag and helmet.

**Sergeant:** I know, sir.

*(Intercom buzzer goes on desk.)*

**Chief Constable:** *(depressing knob)* Yes, Beryl?

**Beryl:** *(male voice)* Attila the Hun to see you, sir.

**Chief Constable:** Who?

**Beryl:** Attila the Hun, sir.

**Chief Constable:** Oh botherkins! Er, constable, go and see to him will you?

**Sergeant:** What! In this dress?

**Chief Constable:** Oh all fight, I'll go.

**Sergeant:** Oh, I have got a little green pinny I could wear...

**Chief Constable:** No, no, no, I'll go. You stay here.

**Sergeant:** Oh goody! I can get on with the ironing.

*(The chief constable walks through the door into the reception area of the police station. There is a policeman behind the counter and a little insignificant man is standing waiting.)*

**Chief Constable:** *(to policeman)* Right where is he?

**Beryl:** Over there, sir.

**Chief Constable:** Right, er, all fight sergeant leave this to me. Er, now then sir, you are Attila the Hun.

**Attila the Hun:** That's right, yes. A. T. Hun. My parents were Mr and Mrs Norman Hun, but they had

a little joke when I was born.

**Chief Constable:** Yes well, Mr Hun ...

**Attila:** Oh! Call me 'The', for heaven's sake!

**Chief Constable:** Oh well, The... what do you want to see us about?

**Attila:** I've come to give myself up.

**Chief Constable:** What for?

**Attila:** Looting, pillaging and sacking a major city.

**Chief Constable:** I beg your pardon?

**Attila:** Looting, pillaging, sacking a major city, and I'd like nine thousand other charges to be taken into consideration, please.

**Chief Constable:** I say, excuse me, Mr Hun. *(he takes his hat off, removes his moustache, puts it in the hat and puts the hat back on)* Have you any objection to taking a breath test?

**Attila:** Oh, no. No, no, no, no.

**Chief Constable:** Right, er, sergeant will you bring the Hunalyser, please?

*(The constable produces a breathalyser.)*

**Beryl:** Here we are, sir.

*(Hands it to the chief constable.)*

**Chief Constable:** Er, how's it work?

**Beryl:** Well he breathes into it, sir, and the white crystals turn lime green. Then he is Attila the Hun, sir.

**Chief Constable:** I see. Right. Would you mind breathing into this Mr Hun?

**Attila:** Right. *(blows into bag)*

**Chief Constable:** What if nothing happens, sergeant?

**Beryl:** He's Alexander the Great!

**Chief Constable:** Ha, ha! Caught you, Mr A. T. Great!

**Attila:** *(who is now Alexander the Great)* Oh curses! Curses! I thought I was safe, disguised as Attila the Hun.



**Chief Constable:** Oh perhaps so, but you made one fatal mistake... you see, this wasn't a Hunalyser... it was an Alexander the Grealysers Take him away, Beryl!

*(Cut to letter)*

**First Voice Over:** Dear Sir, I object very strongly to that last scene, and to the next letter.

*(Cut to second letter.)*

**Second Voice Over:** Dear Sir, I object to being objected to by the last letter, before my drift has become apparent. I spent many years in India during the last war and am now a part-time notice board in a prominent public school. Yours etc., Brigadier Zoe La Rue (deceased). PS Aghhh!

*(Cut to third letter.)*

**Third Voice Over:** Dear Sir, When I was at. school, I was beaten regularly every thirty minutes, and it never did me any harm -except for psychological maladjustment and blurred vision. Yours truly, Flight Lieutenant Ken Frankenstein (Mrs).

---



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# Psychiatry - Silly Sketch

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 13

---

**The cast:**

**RECEPTIONIST**

Carol Celeveland

**PSYCHIATRIST**  
John Cleese

**PHELPS**

Terry Jones

## The sketch:

*(Animation link runs into a psychiatrist's consulting room. The psychiatrist at his desk. The door opens and a receptionist looks in.)*

**Receptionist:** Dr Larch ... there's a Mr Phelps to see you.

**Psychiatrist:** Er, nurse!

**Receptionist:** Yes?

**Psychiatrist:** *(whispering)* Er, you don't think you should make it clear that I'm a psychiatrist

**Receptionist:** What?

**Psychiatrist:** Well, I could be any type of doctor.

**Receptionist:** Well I can't come in and say Psychiatrist Latch' or 'Dr Larch who is a psychiatrist'. Oh, anyway look, it's written on the door.

**Psychiatrist:** *(stir whispering)* That's outside.

**Receptionist:** Well, I don't care, you'll just have to do it yourself. *(she leaves)*

**Psychiatrist:** *(goes 'brr brr', then picks up phone)* Hello. Er, no, wrong number I'm afraid, this is a psychiatrist speaking. Next please. *(knock at the door)* Er, come in.

*(Phelps comes in dressed as Napoleon, with a parrot on his head, and a lead with nothing on it.)*

**Phelps:** Bow, wow, wow.

**Psychiatrist:** Ah Mr Phelps. Come on in, take a seat. Now what seems to be the matter?

**Phelps:** No, no, no. No. No.

**Psychiatrist:** I'm sorry?

**Phelps:** Oh can't you do better than that? I mean it's so predictable I've seen it a million times. Knock, knock, knock come in, ah Mr Phelps take a seat. I've seen it and seen it.

**Psychiatrist:** Well look will you please sit down and do your first line.

**Phelps:** No. No. I've had enough. I've had enough. *(he exits)*

**Psychiatrist:** I can't even get it started.

**Phelps:** *(off)* Albatross!

**Psychiatrist:** Shut up! Oh it drives me mad.

*(Cut to a man in limbo: Mr Notlob.)*

**Notob:** A mad psychiatrist, that'd be new.

*(Cut back to the psychiatrist.)*

**Psychiatrist:** Next please.

*(Knocking at door. Psychiatrist is about to call when he picks up a thesaurus and thumbs through it.)*

**Psychiatrist:** Cross the threshold, arrive, ingress, gain admittance, infiltrate. *(Notlob enters in an ordinary suit)* Ah Mr Notlob, ah park your hips, on the sitting device.

**Notlob:** *(to camera)* It is a mad psychiatrist.

**Psychiatrist:** I'm not. I'm not. Come on in. Take a seat. What's, what's the matter?

*(Cut to Napoleon in limbo; he blows a raspberry.)*

**Psychiatrist:** Now what's the matter?

**Notlob:** Well I keep hearing guitars playing and people singing when there's no one around.

**Psychiatrist:** Yes, well this is not at all uncommon. In certain mental states we find that auditory hallucinations occur which are of a most ... *(he steps suddenly and listens; the sound of 'We're all going to the zoo tomorrow' is heard)* Is that 'We're all going to the zoo tomorrow'?

**Notlob:** Yes. Yes.

**Psychiatrist:** Is it always that?

**Notlob:** No.

**Psychiatrist:** Well that's something.

**Notlob:** But it's mainly folk songs.

**Psychiatrist:** *(concerned)* Oh my God.

**Notlob:** Last night I had 'I'll never fall in love again' for six hours.

**Psychiatrist:** Well look, I think I'd better have a second opinion on this. I want you to see a colleague of mine, a specialist in these sort of things, who has an office very much like this one as a matter of fact.

(Sketch continues... with the [Operating theatre \(squatters\) Sketch.](#))

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# Operating Theatre (Squatters)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 13

---

**The cast:**

**SURGEON**

Graham Chapman

**NOTLOB**

Michael Palin

**SQUATTER**  
Eric Idle

**GIRL**

Carol Cleveland

# FIRST POLICEMAN

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(Scene starts off with the same office as used by the [Psychiatrist in the last sketch](#), but it is now occupied by a surgeon. Start on portrait which has moustache and beard and glasses being added by surgeon.)* **Surgeon:** Brr brr *(picks up phone)* No, no wrong number I'm a colleague of his, a surgeon, who specializes in these kind of things. Yes thank you very much. *(replaces phone)* Next please. *(knock at door)* Come in. *(Notlob enters; 'Going to the zoo' is faintly heard)* Ah come in, please take a seat. *(cut to terribly quick shot of Napoleon, then back)* My colleague who has a similar office has explained your case to me *(he is rising from seat)* Mr Notlob, as you know I am a leading Harley Street surgeon as seen on television. *(he puts needle down on ancient gramophone; Dr Kildare theme begins playing)* I'm afraid I'm going to have to operate. It's nothing to worry about although it is extremely dangerous. I shall be juggling with your life, I shall be playing ducks and drakes with your very existence, I shall be running me mits over the pith of your marrow. Yes! These hands, these fingers, these sophisticated organs of touch, these bunches of five, these maulers, these German bands that have pulled many a moribund unfortunate back from the very brink of Lazarus's box. No, it was Pandora's box wasn't it? Well anyway these wits have earned yours truly a lot of bread. So if you'll just step through here I'll slit you up a treat.

**Notlob:** What?

**Surgeon:** Mr Notlob, there's nothing wrong with you that an expensive operation can't prolong.

*(Cut to operating theatre. The conversation and the guitar can still be heard. Notlob is on the table. Hit head is real but the rest of the body is false. Table is covered with green cloth for reality. Surgeon is swabbing. 'Going to the zoo' is still audible.)* **Surgeon:** Right, I'm ready to make the incision. Knife please, sister *(takes knife)* What's that supposed to be. Give me a big one.. *(takes big knife and strops it on steel sharpener)* . . . oh I do enjoy this. Right. *(he stabs the body and makes a slit four feet long)* Oh what a great slit. Now, gentlemen, I am going to open the slit.

*(He pulls it apart. The song gets louder. The head of a squatter pops out.)*

**Squatter:** Too much man, groovy, great scene. Great light show, baby.

**Surgeon:** What are you doing in there?

**Squatter:** We're doing our own thing, man.

**Surgeon:** Have you got Mr Nottob's permission to be in there?

**Squatter:** We're squatters, baby.

**Surgeon:** What? *(to nurse about Notlob)* Nurse, wake him up. *(she slaps his face)*

**Squatter:** Don't get uptight, man. Join the scene and other phrases. Money isn't real.

**Surgeon:** It is where I'm standing and it blows my mind, young lad. *(looks inside Notlob)* Good Lord! Is that a nude woman?

**Squatter:** She's doing an article on us for 'Nova', man.

**Girl:** *(her head also appearing through slit)* Hi everyone. Are you part of the scene?

**Surgeon:** Are you rolling your own jelly babies in there?

**Notlob:** *(waking up)* What's going on? Who are they?

**Surgeon:** That's what we are trying to find out.

**Notlob:** What are they doing in my stomach?

**Surgeon:** We don't know. Are they paying you any rent?

**Notlob:** Of course they're not paying me rent!

**Squatter:** You're not furnished, you fascist.

**Notlob:** Get them out!

**Surgeon:** I can't.

**Notlob:** Get them out.

**Surgeon:** No I can't. Not, not without a court order.

**Indian:** *(also appearing)* Shut up. You're keeping us awake.

*(Caption on screen: 'ONE COURT ORDER LATER' Some policemen walk in.)*

**First Policeman:** *(into slit)* You are hereby ordered to vacate Mr Notlob forthwith. And or.

**Squatter:** Push off, fuzz.

**Policeman:** Right, that's it, we're going in. Release the vicious dogs. *(dives into slit)*




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# SERIES TWO




## FOURTEEN - (Untitled)

Recorded on 9th July 1970 and first shown on 15th September 1970

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## FIFTEEN - (Untitled)

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- [Man-powered Flight](#)
  - [The Spanish Inquisition](#)
  - [Jokes and Novelties Salesman](#)
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## SIXTEEN - (Untitled)

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## SEVENTEEN - (Untitled)

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- ['The Attila the Hun Show'](#)
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## **TWENTY-THREE - (Untitled)**

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## **TWENTY-FOUR - (Untitled)**

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## **TWENTY-FIVE - (Untitled)**

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# 'Face the Press'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 14

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**The cast:**

**INTERVIEWER**  
Eric Idle

**MINISTER**

Graham Chapman



## The sketch:

*(Cut to studio: interviewer in chair. Superimposed Caption on screen: 'FACE THE PRESS')*

**Interviewer:** Hello. Tonight on 'Face the Press' we're going to examine two different views of contemporary things. On my left is the Minister for Home Affairs *(cut to minister completely in drag and a moustache)* who is wearing a striking organza dress in pink tulle, with matching pearls and a diamanté collar necklace. *(soft fashion-parade music starts to play in background)* The shoes are in brushed pigskin with gold clasps, by Maxwell of Bond Street. The ' hair is by Roger, and the whole ensemble is crowned by a spectacular display of Christmas orchids. And on my right - putting the case against the Government - is a small patch of brown liquid ... *(cut to patch of liquid on seat of chair)* which could be creosote or some extract used in industrial varnishing. *(cut back to interviewer)* Good evening. Minister, may I put the first question . to you? In your plan, 'A Better Britain For Us', you claimed that you would build 88,000 million, billion houses a year in the Greater London area alone. In fact, you've built only three in the last fifteen years. Are you a bit disappointed with this result?

**Minister:** No, no. I'd like to answer this question if I may in two ways. Firstly in my normal voice and then in a kind of silly high-pitched whine... You see housing is a problem really...

*(Cut back to the interviewer. The minister is heard droning on in the background The soft fashion-parade music starts again.)*

**Interviewer:** Well, while the minister is answering this question I'd just like to point out the minister's dress has been made entirely by hand from over three hundred pieces of Arabian shot silk *(at this point we can hear the minister's high-pitched whine beneath the fashion music)* especially created for the minister by Vargar's of Paris. The low slim-line has been cut off-the-shoulder to heighten the effect of the minister's fine bone structure. Well I think the minister is coming to the end of his answer now so let's go back over and join the discussion. Thank you very much minister. Today saw the appointment of a new head of...

**Minister:** Don't I say any more?

**Interviewer:** No fear! Today saw the appointment of a new head of Allied Bomber Command - Air Chief Marshal Sir Vincent 'Kill the Japs' Forseer. He's in our Birmingham studio...

*(Cut to close-up on what appears to be a monitor with Sir Vincent on it- in outrageous drag, heavy lipstick, big bust etc. - Draped on a chaise-longue. A small black boy is fanning him.)*

**Sir Vincent:** Hello Sailors! Listen, guess what. The Minister of Aviation has made me head of the RAF Ola Pola.

*(As he talks we zoom out quickly from the set to reveal it is not a monitor in the studio but a TV set in a G-plan type sitting room. A housewife (Mrs Pinnet) sits watching, wearing an apron and a*

scarf and with her hair in curlers.)

(Sketch leads into the [New Cooker Sketch](#))

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# New Cooker Sketch

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 14](#)

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## The cast:

**MRS. PINNET**

Terry Jones

**SIR VINCENT**

John Cleese

**FIRST GAS MAN**

Michael Palin

**SECOND GAS MAN**  
Graham Chapman

**THIRD GAS MAN**  
John Cleese

**FOURTH GAS MAN**  
Eric Idle



# FIFTH GAS MAN

Terry Gillam

---

## The sketch:

*(A housewife (Mrs Pinnet) sits watching, wearing an apron and a scarf and with her hair in curlers. The doorbell sounds. She switches the TV off and answers the door which opens straight into the living room. There in the street stands a truly, amazing figure of fun. A man in a bowler hat with an axe sticking out of it, big red joke nose, illuminated bow tie that revolves, joke broad shoulders, clown's check jacket, long johns with sock suspenders, heavy army boots and leading a goat with a hat. Close-up.)* **Man:** Hello. Mrs Rogers?

**Mrs Pinnet:** No. Ooh I must be in the wrong house,

*(She shuts the door on him and we follow her as she crosses the room. She climbs out of the window. Back yard of terraced house. She scrambles over a quite high dividing wall into next door and starts to scramble into next-door window. Interior of a more cluttered working-class sitting-room. There is a TV in there with Sir Vincent still camping it up.*

**Sir Vincent:** So from now on we're going to do things my way. For a start David Hockney is going to design the bombs. And I've seen the plans... *(The doorbell rings.)*

**Mrs Pinnet:** That must be the new gas cooker.

*(She switches the TV off. Immediate thunderous epic music. Superimposed caption on screen, in stone lettering, as for Ben Hur) 'NEW COOKER SKETCH' Both caption and music switch off suddenly as she opens the door. Outside the door are two gas men with a new cooker.)* **First Gas Man:** Morning. Mrs G. Crump?

**Mrs Pinnet:** No - Mrs G. Pinnet.

**First Gas Man:** This is 46 Egernon Crescent?

**Mrs Pinnet:** No - Road. Egernon Road.

**First Gas Man:** *(looks at a bit of paper)* Road, yes, says here. Yeah. Right, could I speak to Mrs G. Crump please?

**Mrs Pinnet:** Oh there's nobody here of that name. It's Mrs G. Pinnet. 46 Egernon Road.

**First Gas Man:** Well it says 'Crump' here. Don't it, Harry?

**Second Gas Man:** Yeah - it's on the invoice.

**First Gas Man:** Yeah, definitely Crump.

**Mrs Pinnet:** Well there must have been a mistake, because the address is right, and that's definitely the cooker I ordered - a blue and white CookEasi.

**First Gas Man:** Well you can't have this. This is Crump.

**Mrs Pinnet:** Oh dear, what are we going to do?

**First Gas Man:** Well I don't know. What we can do for you is take it back to the Depot, get a transfer slip from Crump to Pinnet, and put it on a special delivery.

**Second Gas Man:** Yeah - that's best. We'll special it for you, we'll get it down there today and you'll get it back in ten weeks.

**Mrs Pinnet:** Ten weeks! Blimey, can't you just leave this one?

**First Gas Man:** What this? What leave it here? *(they seem thunderstruck)*

**Mrs Pinnet:** Yes.

**First Gas Man:** Well I dunno. I suppose we could.

**Second Gas Man:** Oh, but she'd have to fill out a temporary despatch note.

**First Gas Man:** Yeah we could leave it on a temporary despatch note.

**Mrs Pinnet:** Well that's sorted out then. What a mess, isn't it.

**First Gas Man:** I know, it's ridiculous really, but there you are. Glad we could be of such a help. Right, would you sign it down there please, Mrs Crump?

**Mrs Pinnet:** Pinnet.

**First Gas Man:** Pinnet. Listen, just for the books make it a bit easier, could you sign it Crump-Pinnet.

**Mrs Pinnet:** Right. *(she signs)*

**First Gas Man:** Right. Thank you very much, dear. The cooker's yours. Right. Thank you very much, dear. Right. *(they push it just inside the door and move off)* Sorry about the bother... but there you are ... you know ... cheerio!

**Second Gas Man:** Cheerio, Mrs Crump!

**Mrs Pinnet:** Heh, excuse me! Cooley! Er, can you put it in the kitchen?

**First Gas Man:** *(coming back)* You what?

**Mrs Pinnet:** Well I can't cook on it unless it's connected up.

**First Gas Man:** Oh we didn't realize you had an installation invoice.

**Second Gas Man** An MI.

**First Gas Man:** No, we can't touch it without an MI, you see.

**Second Gas Man:** Or an RI6.

**Third Gas Man:** *(who is suddenly revealed behind the two of them)* If it's a special.

**Second Gas Man:** Nah - it's not special ... the special's back at the Depot.

**First Gas Man:** No, the special's the same as installation invoice.

**Third Gas Man:** So it's an RI6.

**Mrs Pinnet:** What's an installation invoice?

**First Gas Man:** A pink form from Reading.

**Mrs Pinnet:** Oh - we wondered what that was. Now these are the forms. *(she produces a large wad of papers, sorts through and produces a pink form which she hands to them)*

**First Gas Man:** That's the one, love. Yeah, this should be all I need. Hang on. This is for Pinnet. Mrs G. Pinnet.

**Mrs Pinnet:** That's right. I'm Mrs G. Pinnet.

**First Gas Man:** Well we've got Crump-Pinnet on the invoice.

**Mrs Pinnet:** Well shall I sign it Crump-Pinnet then?

**First Gas Man:** No, no, no - not an MI - no.

**Second Gas Man:** No - that's from Area Service at Reading.

**Fourth Gas Man:** *(suddenly revealed)* No, Cheltenham isn't it?

**Second Gas Man:** No, not this side of the street.

**Mrs Pinnet:** Look I just want it connected up.

*(Much doubtfulness.)*

**Third Gas Man:** What about London Office?

**First Gas Man:** Well they haven't got the machinery.

**Second Gas Man:** Not now.

**Fifth Gas Man:** *(suddenly, revealed)* What! The Hounslow Depot?

**Fourth Gas Man:** No - they're still on standard pressure.

**Sixth Gas Man:** *(suddenly revealed)* Same with Twickenham.

**Mrs Pinnet:** But surely they can connect up a gas cooker?

**First Gas Man:** Oh yeah, we could connect it up, love, but not unless it's an emergency.

**Mrs Pinnet:** But this is an emergency.

**First Gas Man:** No it's not. An emergency is 290... 'where there is actual or apparent loss of combustible gaseous substances'.

**Second Gas Man:** Yeah, it's like a leak.

*(Seventh gas man is revealed.)*

**Seventh Gas Man:** Yeah, or a 478.

**Third Gas Man:** No - that's valve adjustment.

**Mrs Pinnet:** But there can't be a leak unless you've connected it up.

**First Gas Man:** No, quite. We'd have to turn it on.

**Mrs Pinnet:** Well can't you turn it on and connect it up?

**First Gas Man:** No. But what we can do, and this is between you and me, I shouldn't really be telling you this, we'll turn your gas on, make a hole in your pipe, you ring Hounslow emergency, they'll be around here in a couple of days.

**Mrs Pinnet:** What, a house full of gas! Can be dead by then

**First Gas Man:** Oh well, in that case you'd have the South East Area Manager round here like a shot.

**Mrs Pinnet:** Really?

**First Gas Man:** Ah yes. 'One or more persons overcome by fumes', you'd have Head Office, Holbom, round here.

**Mrs Pinnet:** Really?

**First Gas Man:** Yes. That's murder you see.

**Second Gas Man:** Or suicide.

**Fifth Gas Man:** No. That's S42.

**Second Gas Man:** Oh.

*(Eighth gas man is revealed.)*

**Eighth Gas Man:** Still? I thought it was Hainault.

**Fifth Gas Man:** No - Central area and Southall Marketing Division, they're both on the S42 now.

**Mrs Pinnet:** And they'd be able to connect it up?

**First Gas Man:** Oh - they'd do the lot for you, love.

**Mrs Pinnet:** And they'd come round this afternoon?

**First Gas Man:** ... Well what is it now... 11:30 . . . murder... they'll be round here by two.

**Mrs Pinnet:** Oh well that's wonderful.

**First Gas Man:** Oh well, right love, if you'd like to lie down here.

**Mrs Pinnet:** All right. *(she does so)*

**First Gas Man:** Okay Harry.

**Second Gas Man:** Okay. Gas on.

**First Gas Man:** *(holding a gas pipe to her mouth)* Right, deep breaths love. Ring Head Office would you Norman...

**Fourth Gas Man:** Shall I go through maintenance?

**Fifth Gas Man:** No, you'd better go through Deptford maintenance.

**Sixth Gas Man:** Peckham's on a 207 ....

**Voices:** ... that's Lewisham. What about Tottenham? No, that would be a 5.4. . . what about Lewisham? It's central isn't it? Or Ryeslip...

*(The camera pans along line of gas men all turning to each other and muttering incomprehensible technicalities, the line stretches across to bnt door. Line continues outside in street and goes into animation sequences)*



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# Tobacconists (prostitute advert)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 14](#)

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**The cast:**

**CUSTOMER**  
Eric Idle

# SHOPKEEPER

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(Camera closes in on a small ad, which is one of many on the door of a small newsagent's shop. A shabby man is running an evil qe down the adverts, puzzling, looking fir something. He walks up to the counter. He has a reflex wink.)*

**Customer:** Good morning.

**Shopkeeper:** Good morning, sir. Can I help you?

**Customer:** Help me? Yeah, I'll say you can help me.

**Shopkeeper:** Yes, sir?

**Customer:** I come about your advert - 'Small white pussy cat for sale. Excellent condition'.

**Shopkeeper:** Ah. You wish to buy it?

**Customer:** That's fight. Just for the hour. Only I aint gonna pay more'n a fiver cos it aint worth it.

**Shopkeeper:** Well it's come from a very good home - it's house trained.

**Customer:** *(long think, goes to door, looks at ads again)* Chest of drawers? Chest. Drawers. I'd like some chest of drawers please.

**Shopkeeper:** Yes, sir.

**Customer:** Does it go?

**Shopkeeper:** Er, it's over there in the corner. *(indicates a wooden chest of drawers)*

**Customer:** Oh. *(goes to door, runs his finger down the list of adverts)* Pram for sale. Any offers. I'd like a bit of pram please.

**Shopkeeper:** Ah yes, sir. That's in good condition.

**Customer:** Oh good, I like them in good condition, eh? Eh?

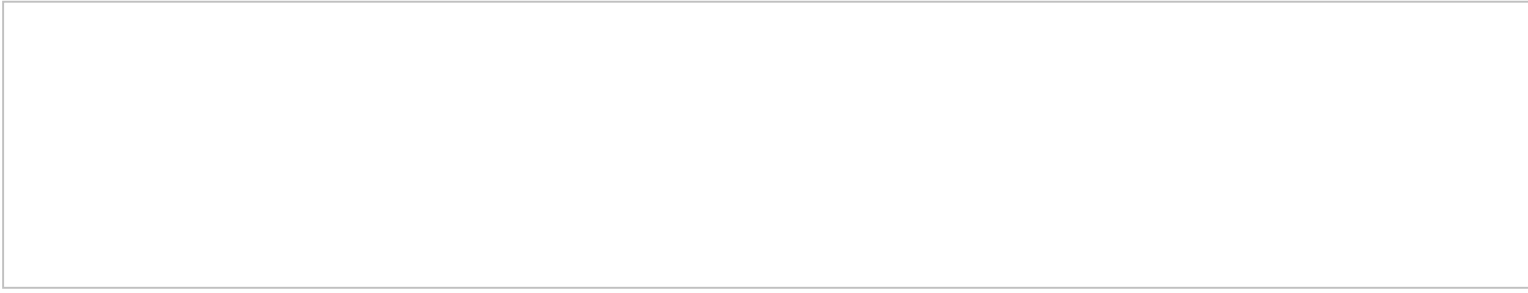
**Shopkeeper:** Yes, here it is you see. *(picks up pram)*

**Customer:** *(looks, pauses, goes back to the door, runs finger again)* Babysitter. No, it's a babysitter. Babysitter?

**Shopkeeper:** Babysitter.



**Customer:** Babysitter - I don't want a babysitter. Be a blood donor - that's it. I'd like to give some blood please, argh! (*shopkeeper shakes head*) Oh spit. Which one is it? (*shopkeeper slips him a card from out of his pocket*) Blond prostitute will indulge in any sexual activity for four quid a week. What does that mean?



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# The Ministry of Silly Walks

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 14

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 14](#), it also performed live in the Movie - 'Live at the Hollywood Bowl'.

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## The cast:

**MINISTER**

John Cleese

**SHOPKEEPER**

Terry Jones

**The sketch:**

*(A man dressed in suit complete with bowler hat comes into shop. He has a silly walk and keeps doing little jumps and then three long paces without moving the top of his body. He buys a paper, then we follow him as he leaves the shop.)*

**Minister:** 'Times' please.

**Shopkeeper:** Oh yes sir, here you are.

**Minister:** Thank you.

**Shopkeeper:** Cheers.

*(The Minister leaves the shop, from which we see a line of gas men stretching back up the road to Mrs Pinnet,s house (as featured in the [New Gas Cooker Sketch](#)), and walks off in an indescribably silly manner. Cut to him proceeding along Whitehall, and into a building labelled 'Ministry of Silly Walks '.*

*Inside the building he passes three other men, each walking in their own eccentric way. Cut to an office; a man is sitting waiting. The minister enters eccentrically.)*

**Minister:** Good morning. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, but I'm afraid my walk has become rather sillier recently, and so it takes me rather longer to get to work. *(sits at desk)* Now then, what was it again?

**Mr Pudey:** Well sir, I have a silly walk and I'd like to obtain a Government grant to help me develop it.

**Minister:** I see. May I see your silly walk?

**Mr Pudey:** Yes, certainly, yes.

*(He gets up and does a few steps, lifting the bottom part of his left leg sharply at every alternate pace. He stops.)*

**Minister:** That's it, is it?

**Mr Pudey:** Yes, that's it, yes.

**Minister:** It's not particularly silly, is it? I mean, the right leg isn't silly at all and the left leg merely does a forward aerial half turn every alternate step.

**Mr Pudey:** Yes, but I think that with Government backing I could make it very silly.

**Minister:** *(rising)* Mr Pudey, *(he walks about behind the desk in a very silly fashion)* the very real problem is one of money. I'm afraid that the Ministry of Silly Walks is no longer getting the kind of support it needs. You see there's Defence, Social Security, Health, Housing, Education, Silly Walks ... they're all supposed to get the same. But last year, the Government spent less on the Ministry of Silly Walks than it did on National Defence! Now we get £348,000,000 a year, which is supposed to be spent on all our available products. *(he sits down)* Coffee?

**Mr Pudey:** Yes please.

**Minister:** *(pressing intercom)* Now Mrs Two-Lumps, would you bring us in two coffees please?

**Intercom Voice:** Yes, Mr Teabag.

**Minister:** ... Out of her mind. Now the Japanese have a man who can bend his leg back over his head and back again with every single step. While the Israelis... here's the coffee.

*(Enter secretary with tray with two cups on it. She has a particularly jerky silly walk which means that by the time she reaches the minister there is no coffee left in the cups. The minister has a quick look in the cups, and smiles understandingly.)*

**Minister:** Thank you - lovely. *(she exits still carrying tray and cups)* You're really interested in silly walks, aren't you?

**Mr Pudey:** Oh rather. Yes.

**Minister:** Well take a look at this, then.

*(He produces a projector from beneath his desk already spooled up and plugged in. He flicks a switch and it beams onto the opposite wall. The film shows a sequence of six old-fashioned silly walkers. The film is old silent-movie type, scratchy, jerky and 8mm quality. All the participants wear 1900's type costume. One has huge shoes with soles a foot thick, one is a woman, one has very long 'Little Tich' shoes. Cut back to office. The minister hurls the projector away. Along with papers and everything else on his desk. He leans forward.)* **Minister:** Now Mr Pudey. I'm not going to mince words with you. I'm going to offer you a Research Fellowship on the Anglo-French

**Mr Pudey:** La Marche Futile?

*(Cut to two Frenchmen, wearing striped jerseys and berets, standing in a field with a third man who is entirely covered by a sheet.)*

**First Frenchman:** Bonjour ... et maintenant ... comme d'habitude, au sujet du Le Marché Commun. Et maintenant, je vous presente, encore une fois, mon ami, le pouf célèbre, Jean-Brian Zatapathique. *(he removes his moustache and sticks it onto the other Frenchman)* **Second Frenchman:** Merci, mon petit chou-chou Brian Trubshawe. Et maintenant avec les pieds à droite, et les pieds au gauche, et maintenant l'Anglais-Française Marche Futile, et voilà

*(They unveil the third man and walk off He is facing to camera left and appears to be dressed as a city gent; then he turns about face and we see on his right half he is dressed au style francais. He moves off into the distance in eccentric speeded-up motion.)*



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# The Piranha Brothers

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 14

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 14](#), it was also performed on their Album - Another Monty Python Record'.

## The cast:



**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

**PRESENTER**

John Cleese

**MRS. SIMMEL**

Michael Palin

**INTERVIEWER**

Eric Idle

**HARRY 'SNAPPER' ORGANS**

Terry Jones

**VINCE SNETTERTON-LEWIS**

Graham Chapman

**STIG O'TRACEY**

Eric Idle

**MRS. O'TRACEY**

Graham Chapman

**GLORIA**

John Cleese



**LUIGI VERCOTTI**  
Michael Palin

**SECOND INTERVIEWER**

Terry Jones

## **The sketch:**

**Voice Over:** And now a choice of viewing on BBC Television. Just started on BBC2, the semi final of Episode 3 of 'Kierkegaard's Journals', starring Richard Chamberlain, Peggy Mount and Billy Bremer, and on BBC1, 'Ethel the Frog'

*Introduction sort of music with Caption 'ETHEL THE FROG' Cut to Presenter sitting behind desk)*

**Presenter:** Good evening. On 'Ethel the Frog' tonight we look at violence The violence of British Gangland. Last Tuesday a reign of terror was ended when the notorious Piranha brothers, Doug and Dinsdale, after one of the most extraordinary trials in British legal history, were sentenced to 400 years imprisonment for crimes of violence. We examined the rise to power of the Piranhas, the methods they used to subjugate rival gangs and their subsequent tracking down and capture by the brilliant Superintendent Harry 'Snapper' Organs of Q Division. Doug and Dinsdale Piranha were born, on probation, in a small house in Kipling Road, Southwark, the eldest sons in a family of sixteen. Their father Arthur Piranha, a scrap metal dealer and TV quizmaster, was well known to the police, and a devout Catholic. In 1928 he had married Kitty Malone, an up-and-coming East End boxer. Doug was born in February 1929 and Dinsdale two weeks later; and again a week after that. Someone who remembers them well was their next door neighbour, Mrs April Simmel.

**Mrs Simmel:** Oh yes Kipling Road was a typical East End Street, people were in and out of each other's houses with each other's property all day. They were a cheery lot.

**Interviewer:** Was it a terribly violent area

**Mrs Simmel:** Oh no.....yes. Cheerful and violent. I remember Doug was keen on boxing, but when he learned to walk he took up putting the boot in the groin. He was very interested in that. His mother had a terrible job getting him to come in for tea. Putting his little boot in he'd be, bless him. All the kids were like that then, they didn't have their heads stuffed with all this Cartesian dualism.

**Presenter:** At the age of fifteen Doug and Dinsdale started attending the Ernest Pythagoras Primary School in Clerkenwell. When the Piranhas left school they were called up but were found by an Army Board to be too unstable even for National Service. Denied the opportunity to use their talents in the service of their country, they began to operate what they called 'The Operation'... They would select a victim and then threaten to beat him up if he paid the so-called protection money. Four months later they started another operation which they called 'The Other Operation'. In this racket they selected another victim and threatened not to beat him up if he didn't pay them. One month later they hit upon 'The Other Other Operation'. In this the victim was threatened that if he didn't pay them, they would beat him up. This for the Piranha brothers was the turning point.

*(Cut to Superintendent Organs - Subtitle: Harry "Snapper" Organs)*

**Organs:** Doug and Dinsdale Piranha now formed a gang, which they called 'The Gang' and used



terror to take over night clubs, billiard halls, gaming casinos and race tracks. When they tried to take over the MCC they were for the only time in their lives, slit up a treat. As their empire spread however, Q Division were keeping tabs on their every move by reading the colour supplements.

**Presenter:** One small-time operator who fell foul of Dinsdale Piranha was Vince Snetterton-Lewis.

**Vince:** "Well one day I was at home threatening the kids when I looks out through the hole in the wall and sees this tank pull up and out gets one of Dinsdale's boys, so he comes in nice and friendly and says Dinsdale wants to have a word with me, so he chains me to the back of the tank and takes me for a scrape round to Dinsdale's place and Dinsdale's there in the conversation pit with Doug and Charles Paisley, the baby crusher, and two film producers and a man they called 'Kierkegaard', who just sat there biting the heads of whippets and Dinsdale says 'I hear you've been a naughty boy Clement' and he splits me nostrils open and saws me leg off and pulls me liver out and I tell him my name's not Clement and then... he loses his temper and nails me head to the floor."

**Interviewer:** He nailed your head to the floor?

**Vince:** At first yeah

**Presenter:** Another man who had his head nailed to the floor was Stig O' Tracy.

**Interviewer:** I've been told Dinsdale Piranha nailed your head to the floor.

**Stig:** No. Never. He was a smashing bloke. He used to buy his mother flowers and that. He was like a brother to me.

**Interviewer:** But the police have film of Dinsdale actually nailing your head to the floor.

**Stig:** *(pause)* Oh yeah, he did that.

**Interviewer:** Why?

**Stig:** Well he had to, didn't he? I mean there was nothing else he could do, be fair. I had transgressed the unwritten law.

**Interviewer:** What had you done?

**Stig:** Er... well he didn't tell me that, but he gave me his word that it was the case, and that's good enough for me with old Dinsy. I mean, he didn't *\*want\** to nail my head to the floor. I had to insist. He wanted to let me off. He'd do anything for you, Dinsdale would.

**Interviewer:** And you don't bear him a grudge?

**Stig:** A grudge! Old Dinsy. He was a real darling.

**Interviewer:** I understand he also nailed your wife's head to a coffee table. Isn't that true Mrs O' Tracy?

**Mrs O' Tracy:** No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

**Stig:** Well he did do that, yeah. He was a hard man. Vicious but fair

*(Cut back to vince)*

**Interviewer:** Vince, after he nailed your head to the floor, did you ever see him again

**Vince:** Yeah.....after that I used to go round his flat every Sunday lunchtime to apologise and we'd shake hands and then he'd nail my head to the floor

**Interviewer:** Every Sunday?

**Vince:** Yeah but he was very reasonable. Once, one Sunday I told him my parents were coming round to tea and would he mind very much not nailing my head that week and he agreed and just screwed my pelvis to a cake stand.

**Presenter:** Clearly Dinsdale inspired tremendous fear among his business associates. But what was he really like?

**Gloria:** I walked out with Dinsdale on many occasions and found him a charming and erudite companion. He was wont to introduce one to eminent celebrities, celebrated American singers, members of the aristocracy and other gang leaders,

**Interviewer (off screen):** How had he met them?

**Gloria:** Through his work for charities. He took a warm interest in Boys' Clubs, Sailors' Homes, Choristers' Associations and the Grenadier Guards.

**Interviewer:** Was there anything unusual about him?

**Gloria:** t him. I should say not. Except, that Dinsdale was convinced that he was being watched by a giant hedgehog whom he referred to as 'Spiny Norman'.

**Interviewer:** How big was Norman supposed to be?

**Gloria:** Normally Spiny Norman was wont to be about twelve feet from snout to tail, but when Dinsdale was depressed Norman could be anything up to eight hundred yards long. When Norman was about Dinsdale would go very quiet and start wobbling and his nose would swell up and his teeth would move about and he'd get very violent and claim that he'd laid Stanley Baldwin."

**Interviewer:** "Did it worry you that he, for example, stitched people's legs together?"

**Gloria:** "Well it's better than bottling it up isn't it. He was a gentleman, Dinsdale, and what's more he knew how to treat a female impersonator."

**Presenter:** But what do the criminologists think? We asked The Amazing Kargol and Janet:

**Ciminologist:** It is easy for us to judge Dinsdale Piranha too harshly. After all he only did what many of us simply dream of doing... I'm sorry. After all we should remember that a murderer is only an extroverted suicide. Dinsdale was a looney, but he was a happy looney. Lucky bugger."

**Presenter:** Most of the strange tales concern Dinsdale, but what about Doug? One man who met him was Luigi Vercotti.

**Vercotti:** I had been running a successful escort agency -- high class, no really, high class girls -- we didn't have any of *\*that\** -- that was right out. And I decided (*phone rings*) Excuse me (*he answers phone*) Hello.....no, not now.....shtoom...shtoom....right.....yes, we'll have the watch ready for you at midnight.....the watch.....the Chinese watch....yes, right-oh, bye-bye.....mother (*he hangs up phone*) Anyway I decided to open a high class night club for the gentry at Biggleswade with International cuisine and cooking and top line acts, and not a cheap clip joint for picking up tarts -- that was right out, I deny that completely --, and one evening in walks Dinsdale with a couple of big lads, one of whom was carrying a tactical nuclear missile. They said I had bought one of their fruit machines and would I pay for it **2nd Interviewer:** How much did they want?

**Vercotti:** They wanted three quarters of a million pounds.

**2nd Interviewer:** Why didn't you call the police?

**Vercotti:** Well I had noticed that the lad with the thermonuclear device was the chief constable for the area. So a week later they called again and told me the cheque had bounced and said... I had to see... Doug.

**2nd Interviewer:** Doug?

**Vercotti:** Doug (*takes a drink*) Well, I was terrified. Everyone was terrified of Doug. I've seen grown men pull their own heads off rather than see Doug. Even Dinsdale was frightened of Doug.

**2nd Interviewer:** What did he do?

**Vercotti:** He used... sarcasm. He knew all the tricks, dramatic irony, metaphor, bathos, puns, parody, litotes and... satire. He was vicious.

**Presenter:** By a combination of violence and sarcasm, the Piranha brothers by February 1966 controlled London and the Southeast of England. It was in February, though, that Dinsdale made a big mistake.

**Gloria:** Latterly Dinsdale had become increasingly worried about Spiny Norman. He had come to the conclusion that Norman slept in an aeroplane hangar at Luton Airport.

**Presenter:** And so on Feb 22nd 1966, Dinsdale blew up Luton. (*shot of a H-Bomb exploding*) Even the police began to sit up and take notice.

(*Cut back to 'Harry Snapper' Organs*)

**Organs:** The Piranhas realised they had gone too far and that the hunt was on. They went into hiding. I decided on a subtle approach, viz. some form of disguise, as the old helmet and boots are a bit of a giveaway. Luckily my years with Bristol Rep. stood me in good stead, as I assumed a bewildering variety of disguises. I tracked them to Cardiff, posing as the Reverend Smiler Egret. Hearing they'd gone back to London, I assumed the identity of a pork butcher, Brian Stoats. On my arrival in London, I discovered they had returned to Cardiff, I followed as Gloucester from *\_King Lear\_*.

Acting on a hunch I spent several months in Buenos Aires as Blind Pew, returning through the Panama Canal as Ratty, in *\_Toad of Toad Hall\_*. Back in Cardiff, I relived my triumph as Sancho Panza in *\_Man of la Mancha\_* which the "Bristol Evening Post" described as 'a glittering performance of rare perception', although the "Bath Chronicle" was less than enthusiastic. In fact it gave me a right panning. I quote **Voice Over:** As for the performance of Superintendent Harry "Snapper" Organs as Sancho Panza, the audience were bemused by his high-pitched Welsh accent and intimidated by his abusive ad-libs.

**Organs (off screen):** The "Western Daily News" said.....

**Voice over (John Cleese):** 'Sancho Panza (Mr Organs) spoilt an otherwise impeccably choreographed rape scene by his unscheduled appearance and persistent cries of "What's all this then?"'

\*\*\*\*\* TV Series version continues as follows \*\*\*\*\*

*(Cut to back stage dressing room where Harry 'Snapper' Organs and a Policeman are doing their makeup in front of mirrors)*

**Policeman:** Never mind Snapper love you can't win 'em all

**Organs:** True constable. Could I have my eye-liner please?

**2nd Policeman:** Telegram for you love

**Organs:** Good-oh Bet it's from Binkie

**2nd Policeman:** Those flowers are for Sergant Lauderdale - from the gentleman waiting outside

**Organs:** Oh good

*(There is a knock at the door. A man pokes his head in)*

**Man:** Thirty second superintendent

**Organs:** Oh blimey, I'm on. Is me hat on straight constable

**Policeman:** Oh it's fine

**Organs:** Right here we gone then Hawkins

**Policeman :** Oh, merde superintendent

**Organs:** Good luck then

*(Cut to exterior of Police Station. 'Sanpper' and Polieman walk down stairs and then along pavement. Mr Teabag - Minister of Silly Walks - walks by. Cut to a Newspaper seller)*

**Nwespaper Seller:** Read all about it Pirhana brothers escape

*(Cut to suburban street, with people clearing the streets very fast. Cut to a picture of an empty street. A very large hedgehog peers over the houses looking for Dinsdale)*

**Hedgehog:** Dinsdale? Dinsdale? Dinsdale?

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# Man Powered Flight

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 15

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## The sketch:

*(A field. A man with large mechanical wings, pulleys and gears contraption, running along trying to fly. Cut to him going faster. Cut to him going even faster. Cut to him even faster and suddenly he appears to take off, jumping off a dune or a hillock. Cut to him flying in slow motion so that it looks like he is gliding. He hits what seems to be a cliff. Camera twists round so that it is the right way up, showing that the flyer has fallen down a cliff onto a beach. It pans across flora the wreck of the flyer. As it pans across the sand various other would-be fliers can be seen, heads in the sand, legs kicking up in the air, amidst the broken debris of their planes. Camera continues to pan until it comes across an announcer sitting at his desk:)* **Announcer:** (JOHN) And now for something completely different.

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# The Spanish Inquisition

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 15

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did this sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 15](#), it was also performed on their Albums - 'Another Monty Python Record' and 'The Ultimate Monty Python Ripoff', however the Album versions was slightly different.



## The cast:

MAN

Graham Chapman



**WOMAN**

Carol Cleveland

**CARDINAL XIMINEZ**  
Michael Palin

**CARDINAL BIGGLES**

Terry Jones

## The sketch:

**Man:** Trouble at mill.

**Woman:** Oh no - what kind of trouble?

**Man:** One on't cross beams gone owt askew on treddle.

**Woman:** Pardon?

**Man:** One on't cross beams gone owt askew on treddle.

**Woman:** I don't understand what you're saying.

**Man:** *(slightly irritably and with exaggeratedly clear accent)* One of the cross beams has gone out askew on the treddle.

**Woman:** Well what on earth does that mean?

**Man:** \*I\* don't know - Mr Wentworth just told me to come in here and say that there was trouble at the mill, that's all - I didn't expect a kind of Spanish Inquisition.

*(JARRING CHORD - The door flies open and Cardinal Ximinez of Spain enters, flanked by two junior cardinals. Cardinal Biggles has goggles pushed over his forehead. Cardinal Fang is just Cardinal Fang)*

**Ximinez:** NOBODY expects the Spanish Inquisition! Our chief weapon is suprise...surprise and fear...fear and surprise.... Our two weapons are fear and surprise...and ruthless efficiency.... Our \*three\* weapons are fear, surprise, and ruthless efficiency...and an almost fanatical devotion to the Pope.... Our \*four\*...no... \*Amongst\* our weapons.... Amongst our weaponry...are such elements as fear, surprise.... I'll come in again. *(Exit and exeunt)* **Man:** I didn't expect a kind of Spanish Inquisition.

*(JARRING CHORD - The cardinals burst in)*

**Ximinez:** NOBODY expects the Spanish Inquisition! Amongst our weaponry are such diverse elements as: fear, surprise, ruthless efficiency, an almost fanatical devotion to the Pope, and nice red uniforms - Oh damn! *(To Cardinal Biggles)* I can't say it - you'll have to say it.

**Biggles:** What?

**Ximinez:** You'll have to say the bit about 'Our chief weapons are ...'

**Biggles:** *(rather horrified)* I couldn't do that...

*(Ximinez bundles the cardinals outside again)*

**Man:** I didn't expect a kind of Spanish Inquisition.

*(JARRING CHORD - The cardinals enter)*

**Biggles:** Er.... Nobody...um...

**Ximinez:** Expects...

**Biggles:** Expects... Nobody expects the...um...the Spanish...um...

**Ximinez:** Inquisition.

**Biggles:** I know, I know! Nobody expects the Spanish Inquisition. In fact, those who do expect -

**Ximinez:** Our chief weapons are...

**Biggles:** Our chief weapons are...um...er...

**Ximinez:** Surprise...

**Biggles:** Surprise and --

**Ximinez:** Okay, stop. Stop. Stop there - stop there. Stop. Phew! Ah! ...our chief weapons are surprise...blah blah blah. Cardinal, read the charges.

**Fang:** You are hereby charged that you did on diverse dates commit heresy against the Holy Church. 'My old man said follow the--'

**Biggles:** That's enough. *(To woman)* Now, how do you plead?

**Woman:** We're innocent.

**Ximinez:** Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

*(Superimposed caption: 'DIABOLICAL LAUGHTER')*

**Biggles:** We'll soon change your mind about that!

*(Superimposed caption: 'DIABOLICAL ACTING')*

**Ximinez:** Fear, surprise, and a most ruthless-- *(controls himself with a supreme effort)* Ooooh! Now, Cardinal -- the rack!

*(Biggles produces a plastic-coated dish-drying rack. Ximinez looks at it and clenches his teeth in an effort not to lose control. He hums heavily to cover his anger)*

**Ximinez:** You....Right! Tie her down.

*(Fang and Biggles make a pathetic attempt to tie her on to the drying rack)*

**Ximinez:** Right! How do you plead?

**Woman:** Innocent.

**Ximinez:** Ha! Right! Cardinal, give the rack (oh dear) give the rack a turn.

*(Biggles stands their awkwardly and shrugs his shoulders)*

**Biggles:** I....

**Ximinez:** *(gritting his teeth)* I \*know\*, I know you can't. I didn't want to say anything. I just wanted to try and ignore your crass mistake.

**Biggles:** I...

**Ximinez:** It makes it all seem so stupid.

**Biggles:** Shall I...?

**Ximinez:** No, just pretend for God's sake. Ha! Ha! Ha!

*(Biggles turns an imaginary handle on the side of the rack. The doorbell rings. the man detaches himself from scene and answers it. Outside there is a dapper BBC man with a suit and a beard, slightly arty.)*

[\(Sketch continues...\)](#)

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Please note that the "Spanish Inquisition" reappears in "[Photos of Uncle Ted \(Spanish Inquisition\)](#)" and in end of the "[Court Scene \(Charades\)](#)".

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# Jokes and Novelties Salesman

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 15

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**The cast:**

**BBC MAN**

John Cleese



**REG**

Graham Chapman

## The sketch:

*(The doorbell rings. Reg detaches himself from scene and answers it. Outside there is a dapper BBC man with a suit and a beard, slightly arty.)*

**BBC Man:** Ah, hello, you don't know me, but I'm from the BBC. We were wondering if you'd come and answer the door in a sketch over there, in that sort of direction... You wouldn't have to do anything - just open the door and that's it.

**Reg:** Oh, well all right, yes.

**BBC Man:** Jolly good. Come this way. Cut to film of them coming out of the front door of the house and walking to BBC van. Conversation is heard throughout *(slightly faintly)*.

**BBC Man:** Yes, we're on film at the moment you see.

**Reg:** It's a link, is it?

**BBC Man:** Yes that's right, that son of thing, yes, a link. It's all a bit zany - you know a bit madcap funster... frankly I don't fully understand it myself, the kids seem to like it. I much prefer Des O'Connor ... Rolf Harris ... Tom Jones, you know...

*(They get into the van. It drives off. They pass an AA sign saying 'To the Sketch'. Panning shot of them, in which we see them convening and hear...)*

**Reg:** You do a lot of this sort of thing, do you?

**BBC Man:** Quite a lot yes, quite a lot. I'm mainly in comedy. I'd like to be in Programming Planning actually, but unfortunately I've got a degree.

*(They arrive outside a suburban house, where the novelty salesman, Mr Johnson, is already waiting outside the front door. BBC man points and gives Reg direaion. Reg goes to the door saying: 'Excuse me' and goes in, closing the front door. The novelty man rings bell. Reg opens the door.)* **Johnson:** Joke, sir? Guaranteed amusing. As used by the crowned heads of Europe. Has brought tears to the eyes of Royalty. 'Denmark has never laughed so much' - 'The Stage'. Nice little novelty number - 'a naughty Humphrey' - breaks the ice at parties. Put it on the table. Press the button. It vomits. Absolutely guaranteed. With refills. 'Black soap' - leave it in the bathroom, they wash their hands, real fungus grows on the fingers. Can't get it off for hours. Guaranteed to break the ice at parties. Frighten the elderly - real snakes. Comedy hernia kit. Plastic flesh wounds - just keep your friends in stitches. Guaranteed to break the ice at parties. Hours of fun with 'honeymoon delight' - empty it into their beds - real skunk juice. They won't forget their wedding night. Sticks to the skin, absolutely waterproof, guaranteed to break the ice at parties. Amuse your friends - CS gas canisters - smells, tastes and acts just like the real thing - can blind, maim or kill. Or for drinks, why not buy a 'wicked willy' with a life-size winkle - serves warm beer. Makes real cocktails. Hours of

amusement. Or get the new Pooh-Pooh machine. Embarrass your guests - completely authentic sound. Or why not try a new 'naughty nighfie' - put it on and it melts - just watch their faces. Guaranteed to break the ice at naughty parties. Go on, go on.

**Reg:** What?

**Johnson:** Do the punchline.

**Reg:** What punchline?

**Johnson:** The punchline for this bit.

**Reg:** I don't know it. They didn't say anything about a punchline.

**Johnson:** Oh! Oh well in that case I'll be saying goodbye then, sir... Goodbye then, sir.

*(He turns and walks away. Reg looks around desperately. And then runs out of the door. He runs to BBC van as Johnson walks out of piaure. Cut to cabin of BBC van with the BBC man sitting there.)*

**Reg:** What's the punchline?

**BBC Man:** Punchline? I don't think there's a punchline scheduled, is there? Where are we? A week 39.4 · ·. no, it's Friday, isn't it- 39.7. Oh ... here we are. Oh! *(laughs)* Ha, ha, ha, very good. Ha, ha, ha, very good. What a good punchline. Pity we missed that. Still, never mind, we can always do it again. Make a series out of it. Now if you'll just sign there, I'll put this through to our contracts department and you should be heating from them in a year or two.

**Reg:** Can you give me a lift back?

**BBC Man:** Ah - can do. But won't. We were wondering if we could possibly borrow your head for a piece of animation.

**Reg:** What?

**BBC Man:** Oh jolly good. Thanks very much. You will get expenses.

*(BBC staff set on Reg and saw his head off. ANIMATION: Reg's head starts off by being thrown into picture.)*



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# Photos of Uncle Ted (Spanish Inquisition)

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did this sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 15](#), sections of it was performed on their album 'Lust for Glory'.

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## The cast:

**DEAR OLD LADY**

Marjorie Wilde

**YOUNG LADY**  
Carol Cleveland

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**CARDINAL XIMINEZ**  
Michael Palin



**CARDINAL BIGGLES**

Terry Jones

## The sketch:

*(Cut to snapshot of same still which is being held by a dear old lady. Pull out to reveal she is sitting with a large photo album on her knees, lovingly extracting photos from the pile on top of the album and passing them to her friend sitting on the same settee. Her friend is a young lady, who tears up the photos as they are handed to her. The dear old lady is in a world of her own and does not notice.)* **Dear Old Lady:** This is Uncle Ted in front of the house. *(she hands over the photo and the young lady tears it up)* This is Uncle Ted at the back of the house. *(she hands over the photo and the young lady tears it up)* And this is Uncle Ted at the side of the house. *(she hands over the photo and the young lady tears it up)* This is Uncle Ted, back again at the front of the house, but you can see the side of the house. *(she hands over the photo and the young lady tears it up)* And this is Uncle Ted even nearer the side of the house, but you can still see the front. *(she hands over the photo and the young lady tears it up)* This is the back of the house, with Uncle Ted coming round the side to the front. *(she hands over the photo and the young lady tears it up)* And this is the Spanish Inquisition hiding behind the coal shed. *(Friend takes it with the first sign of real interest.)* **Young Lady:** Oh! I didn't expect the Spanish Inquisition.

*(Jarring chord The door flies open and Ximinez, Biggles and Fang enter.)*

**Ximinez:** Nobody expects the Spanish Inquisition!

*(Cut to film: moving over Brengel drawing of tortures; epic film music.)*

**Voice Over:** *(and caption on screen)* 'IN THE EARLY YEARS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, TO COMBAT THE RISING TIDE OF RELIGIOUS UNORTHODOXY, THE POPE GAVE CARDINAL XIMINEZ OF SPAIN LEAVE TO MOVE WITHOUT LET OR HINDRANCE THROUGHOUT THE LAND, IN A REIGN OF VIOLENCE, TERROR AND TORTURE THAT MAKES A SMASHING FILM. THIS WAS THE SPANISH INQUISITION . . .'

*(Torchlit dungeon. We hear clanging footsteps. Shadows on the Grille. The footsteps stop and keys jangle. The great door creaks open and Ximinez walks in and looks round approvingly. Fang and Biggles enter behind pushing in the dear old lady. They chain her to the wall.)* **Ximinez:** Now, old woman! You are accused of heresy on three counts. Heresy by thought, heresy by word, heresy by deed, and heresy by action. Four counts. Do you confess?

**Old Lady:** I don't understand what I'm accused of.

**Ximinez:** Ha! Then we'll make you understand! Biggles! Fetch...THE CUSHIONS!

*(JARRING CHORD - Biggles holds out two ordinary modern household cushions)*

**Biggles:** Here they are, lord.

**Ximinez:** Now, old lady -- you have one last chance. Confess the heinous sin of heresy, reject the

works of the ungodly -- *\*two\** last chances. And you shall be free -- *\*three\** last chances. You have three last chances, the nature of which I have divulged in my previous utterance.

**Old Lady:** I don't know what you're talking about.

**Ximinez:** Right! If that's the way you want it -- Cardinal! Poke her with the soft cushions!

*(Biggles carries out this rather pathetic torture)*

**Ximinez:** Confess! Confess! Confess!

**Biggles:** It doesn't seem to be hurting her, lord.

**Ximinez:** Have you got all the stuffing up one end?

**Biggles:** Yes, lord.

**Ximinez:** *(angrily hurling away the cushions)* Hm! She is made of harder stuff! Cardinal Fang! Fetch...THE COMFY CHAIR!

*(JARRING CHORD - Zoom into Fang's horrified face)*

**Fang:** *(terrified)* The...Comfy Chair?

*(Biggles pushes in a comfy chair -- a really plush one)*

**Ximinez:** So you think you are strong because you can survive the soft cushions. Well, we shall see. Biggles! Put her in the Comfy Chair!

*(They roughly push her into the Comfy Chair)*

**Ximinez:** *(with a cruel leer)* Now -- you will stay in the Comfy Chair until lunch time, with only a cup of coffee at eleven. *(aside, to Biggles)* Is that really all it is?

**Biggles:** Yes, lord.

**Ximinez:** I see. I suppose we make it worse by shouting a lot, do we? Confess, woman. Confess! Confess! Confess! Confess!

**Biggles:** I confess!

**Ximinez:** Not you!



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# Court Scene (Charades)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 15](#)  
(Including the Spanish Inquisition)

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**The cast:**

**JUDGE**

Graham Chapman

**FOREMAN**

Michael Palin

**COUNSEL**

John Cleese



**CLERK**

Eric Idle

**JUDGE KILBRAKEN**

Terry Jones

**CARDINAL XIMINEZ**  
Michael Palin

**CARDINAL BIGGLES**

Terry Jones

## **The sketch:**

*(Scene opens in a courtroom: Usual set up with a judge, clerk of the court and defence counsel sitting in the well of the court. The defendant is in the witness box. Superimposed caption on screen : 'CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT')*

**Judge:** Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?

**Foreman:** (MICHAEL) We have m'lud.

**Judge:** And how do you find the defendant? *(the foreman puts his hand out with two fingers extended)* Two words. *(the foreman nods and holds up one finger)* First word. *(the foreman mimes taking a piece of string and tying it in knot)* Rope? String?

*(The foreman shakes his head and points to the knot.)*

**Counsel:** Point?

**Clerk:** Belt?

**Judge:** Tie?

*(The foreman nods and points to the knot.)*

**Counsel:** Cravat? Silk square?

**Clerk:** Knot?

*(The foreman nods enthusiastically.)*

**All:** Knot!

*(The foreman gives a thumbs up and points to his second finger.)*

**Judge:** Second word. *(foreman indicates two syllables)* Two syllables. *(the foreman points to his first finger)* First syllable. *(the foreman starts to mime a fish while pointing at his throat)* Bird?

**Clerk:** Swimmer?

**Judge:** Breast stroke.

**Counsel:** Brian Phelps.

**Judge:** No, no, no, he was a diver.

**Clerk:** Esther Williams then.

**Judge:** No, no, don't be silly. How can you find someone 'Not Esther Williams'.

**Counsel:** Fish. *(the foreman nods and points at throat)* Fish wheeze. Fish wheeze?

**Judge:** Fish breathe.

**Counsel:** Fish breathe, throat.

**Judge:** Fish breathe, throat? GILL! *(the foreman gives a thumbs up and the court applauds excitedly)* Not gill. *(the foreman mimes the second syllable)* Second syllable. Not gill.

*(Foreman mimes drinking a cup of tea.)*

**Counsel:** Drink.

**Clerk:** Sip? Imbibe?

*(The foreman points to the mimed cup itself.)*

**Judge:** Not gill ... cup? Not gillcup! *(the foreman looks disappointed)* You have been found not gillcup of the charges made against you and may leave this court a free man. Right. My turn. *(the defendant leaves.) (The judge holds up four fingers.)*

**Counsel:** Four words.

*(The judge mimes shouting for the first word.)*

**Foreman:** First word shout?

**Counsel:** Bellow?

**Clerk:** Call?

**All:** Call!

*(The judge gives a thumbs up and indicates that the second word is very small.)*

**Counsel:** Second word is very small.

**Foreman:** A?

**Counsel:** An?

**Clerk:** Up?

**Foreman:** The?

*(The judge gives a thumbs up.)*

**All:** The!

**Clerk:** Call the, third word:

*(The judge points to his neck.)*

**Counsel:** Gill?

**Member of Jury:** Fish?

**Clerk:** Adam's apple. *(the judge shakes his head)* Neck. *(the judge mime 'sounds like)* Sounds like neck?

**Second Counsel:** Next.

**Foreman:** Call the ... next!

*(The judge gives a thumbs up and indicates that the fourth word is three Syllables. First syllable: he mimes deafness.)*

**Clerk:** Fourth word, three syllables. First syllable ... ear?

**Counsel:** Hear. Can't hear.

**Clerk:** Deaf!! Call the next def-.

*(The judge leaps onto the desk and points at his own bottom.)*

**Counsel:** Bottom.

**Clerk:** Seat? Trouser? Cheek?

**Foreman:** End! Call the next defend-.

*(The judge leaps down, disappears under the desk and appears with an enormous model of an ant about four feet long.)*

**Whole Court:** Ant!

**Clerk:** Call the next defendant! *(the court applauds the judge who bows and sits; the whole mood changes)* Call the next defendant. The Honourable Mr Justice Kilbraken. *(a very elderly judge in full robes comes into the dock)* If I may charge you m'lud, you are charged m'lud that on the fourteenth day of June 1970, at the Central Criminal Court, you did commit acts likely to cause a breach of the peace. How plead you m'lud, guilty or not guilty?

**Judge Kilbraken:** Not guilty. Case not proven. Court adjourned.

*(He hits the dock. Everyone gets up and starts walking out talking to each other.)*

**Judge:** No, no, no, no, no, no, no. *(they all stop, go back and sit down again)* No, you're in the

dock, m'lud.

**Judge Kilbraken:** I'm a judge, m'lud.

**Judge:** So am I, m'lud, so watch it.

**Judge Kilbraken:** Hah! Call this a court.

**All:** Call this a 'court. Call this a court..Call this a court.

**Judge:** Shut up. Right now get on with the spiel.

**Counsel:** M'lud, and my other lud, the prosecution will endeavour to show m'lud, that m'lud - ah, not you m'lud, that m'lud, m'lud, while passing sentence at the Central Criminal Court blotted his copy book. Call exhibit Q.

**Judge:** Q:?

**Counsel:** Sorry did I say Q:? I meant A. Sorry, call exhibit A. Clerk Call exhibit A.

*(Two court ushers carry in a thing with a sheet over it. They pull off the sheet to reveal a very sexy girl in a provocative pose.)*

**Counsel:** Exhibit A m'lud, Miss Rita Thang, an artist's model, Swedish accordion teacher and cane-chair sales lady, was found guilty under the Rude Behaviour Act in the accused's court. The accused, m'iud, sentenced her 'to be taken from this place and brought round to his place'.

**Other Counsel:** Objection, m'lud.

**Judge Kilbraken:** Objection sustained.

**Judge:** You shut up! Objection overruled.

**Counsel:** The accused then commented on Miss Thang's bodily structure, made several not-at-all legal remarks on the subject of fun and then placed his robes over his head and began to emit low moans.

**Judge:** Have you anything to say in your defence?

**Judge Kilbraken:** I haven't had any for weeks.

**Judge:** Oh no? What about that little number you've got tucked away in Belsize Park?

**Judge Kilbraken:** Oh, I never!

**Judge:** Oh no. Ho! Ho! Ho!

**Judge Kilbraken:** All right then what about 8a Woodford Square?

**Judge:** You say anything about that and I'll do you for treason.



**Counsel:** M'lud if we could continue ...

**Judge Kilbraken:** He's got a Chinese bit there.

**Judge:** No, that's contempt of court.

**Judge Kilbraken:** It was only a joke.

**Judge:** Contempt of court. However, I'm not going to punish you, because we're so short of judges at the moment, what with all of them emigrating to South Africa. I'm going tomorrow; I've got my ticket. Get out there and get some decent sentencing done. Ooh, England makes you sick. Best I can manage here is life imprisonment. It's hardly worth coming in in the morning. Now, South Africa? You've got your cat of nine tails, you've got four death sentences a week, you've got cheap drinks, slave labour and a booming stock market. I'm off, I tell you. Yes, I'm up to here with probation and bleeding psychiatric reports. That's it, I'm off. That's it. Right. Well I'm going to have one final fling before I leave, so I sentence you to be burnt at the stake.

**Judge Kilbraken:** Blimey! I didn't expect the Spanish Inquisition.

*(Court reacts expectantly. Cut to suburban house. The three members of the Spanish Inquisition suddenly belt out of the door and down the path. Dick Barton music. Cut to them leaping onto a bus.)*

**Ximinez:** Two, er, three to the Old Bailey please.

*(Credits start superimposed.)*

**Biggles:** Look they've started the credits.

**Ximinez:** Hurry. Hurry. Hurry.

**Biggles:** Come on hurry. Hurry!

*(We see shots of them coming through London.)*

**Ximinez:** There's the lighting credit, only five left. *(more shots of the bus going through London; the credits reach the producer)* Hell, it's the producer - quick!

*(They leap off the bus into the Old Bailey. Cut to court room. They burst in.)*

**Ximinez:** Nobody expects the Spanish... *('The End' appears)* Oh bugger!



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# Tax on Thingy / Vox Pops

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 15

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**The cast:**

**POLITICIAN**  
John Cleese

**FIRST OFFICIAL**

Graham Chapman

**SECOND OFFICIAL**

Eric Idle

**THIRD OFFICIAL**  
Terry Jones

**GUMBY**

John Cleese



**MAN IN BOWLER HAT**

Terry Jones

**MAN IN SUIT**

Eric Idle

**'IT'S' MAN**

Michael Palin

**FIRST BUSINESS MAN**

John Cleese

**SECOND BUSINESS MAN**

Michael Palin

## The sketch:

*(Animation leads to an oak paneled, Civil Service committee room. A politician is addressing three officials.)*

**Politician:** Gentlemen, our MP saw the PM this AM and the PM wants more LSD from the PIB by tomorrow AM or PM at the latest. I told the PM's PPS that AM was NBG so tomorrow PM it is for the PM it is nero. con. Give us a fag or I'll go spare. Now- the fiscal deficit with regard to the monetary balance, the current financial year excluding invisible exports, but adjusted of course for seasonal variations and the incremental statistics of the fiscal and revenue arrangements for the forthcoming annual budgetary period terminating in April.

**First Official:** I think he's talking about taxation.

**Politician:** Bravo, Madge. Well done. Taxation is indeed the very hub of my gist. Gentlemen, we have to find something new to tax.

**Second Official:** I understood that.

**Third Official:** If I might put my head on the chopping block so you can kick it around a bit, sir...

**Politician:** Yes?

**Third Official:** Well most things we do for pleasure nowadays are taxed, except one.

**Politician:** What do you mean?

**Third Official:** Well, er, smoking's been taxed, drinking's been taxed but not ... thingy.

**Politician:** Good Lord, you're not suggesting we should tax... thingy?

**First Official:** Poo poo's?

**Third Official:** No.

**First Official:** Thank God for that. Excuse me for a moment. *(leaves)*

**Third Official:** No, no, no - thingy.

**Second Official:** Number ones?

**Third Official:** No, thingy.

**Politician:** Thinby!

**Second Official:** Ah, thingy. Well it'll certainly make chartered accountancy a much more interesting job.

*Cut to vox pops.*

**Gumby:** *(standing in water)* I would put a tax on all people who stand in water ... *(looks round him)*... Oh!

**Man In Bowler Hat:** To boost the British economy I'd tax all foreigners living abroad.

**Man In Suit:** I would tax the nude in my bed. No - not tax. What is the word.~ Oh - welcome.

**It's Man:** I would tax Racquel Welch. I've a feeling she'd tax me.

**First Business Man:** Bring back hanging and go into rope.

**Second Business Man:** I would cut off the more disreputable parts of the body and use the space for playing fields,

**Man In Cap:** I would tax holiday snaps.

*(Freeze frame.)*



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# The Semaphore version of 'Wuthering Heights'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 15

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The cast:

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin



**HEATHCLIFFE**  
Terry Jones

# CATHERINE

Carol Cleveland

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## The sketch:

**Voice Over :** And now for the very first time on the silver screen comes the film from two books which once shocked a generation. From Emily Brontë's 'Wuthering Heights' and from the 'International Guide to Semaphore Code'. Twentieth Century Vole presents 'The Semaphore Version of Wuthering Heights'.

*(Caption on screen: 'THE SEMAPHORE VERSION OF WUTHERING HEIGHTS' Film: appropriate film music throughout. Heathcliffe in close-up profile, his hair is blowing in the wind, he looks intense. Cut to close-up Catherine also in profile, with hair streaming in wind. As if they are looking into each other's eyes. Pull out to reveal, on very long zoom, that they are each on the top of separate small hills, in rolling countryside. Heathcliffe produces two semaphore flags from behind him, and waves them.)* SUBTITLE: 'OH! CATHERINE'

*(Pan across to Catherine who also produces two flags and waves.)*

SUBTITLE: 'OH! HEATHCLIFFE'

*(Heathcliffe waves flags again.)*

SUBTITLE: 'OH! OH! CATHERINE'

*(With each cut they are further and further away from each other. Catherine waves flags again.)*

SUBTITLE: 'OH! OH! HEATHCLIFFE'

*Cut to her husband at front door of early Victorian manor house, looking stern. He waves two flags.*

SUBTITLE: 'CATHERINE!'

*(Cut back to Catherine on hilltop.)*

SUBTITLE: 'HARK! I HEAR MY HUSBAND'

*Cut to husband with two enormous flags.*

SUBTITLE: 'CATHERINE!'

*(Cut to interior of the early Victorian manor house. Close-up of a cradle. Suddenly two little semaphore flags pop up from inside the cradle and wave.)*

SUBTITLE: 'WAAAAAGH! WAAAAAGH!'

*(Pull back to reveal a nurse who walks over to cradle and waves flag briefly.)*

SUBTITLE: 'SSSH!'

*(The nurse points across the room. Cut to shot of old man asleep in chair with head slumped Jbrward on his chest. He has two flags which he Waves.)*

SUBTITLE: 'ZZZ . . . ZZZ . . .'

*(Cut to front door again. Exterior. Husband is waiting. Catherine comes up the path towards him. As she approaches he flags.)*

SUBTITLE: 'YOU'VE BEEN SEEING HEATHCLIFFE'

*(Catherine waves frantically.)*

SUBTITLE: 'YES! YES! I'VE BEEN SEEING HEATHCLIFFE, AND WHY NOT? HE'S THE ONLY MAN I EVER LOVED. HE'S FINE. HE'S STRONG. HE'S ALL THE THINGS YOU'LL NEVER BE, AND WHAT'S MORE . . .'

*(Caption on screen: 'MONDAY FOR 7 DAYS' Stock film of a Roman chariot race.)*

**Voice Over:** From the pulsating pages of history, from the dark and furious days of Imperial Rome we bring you a story that shattered the world! A tale so gripping that they said it could not be filmed. A unique event in cinema history! Julius Caesar on an Aldis lamp!

*(Superimposed caption on screen: 'JULIUS CAESAR ON AN ALDIS LAMP' Close-up of Caesar walking in Roman street. Soothsayer pushes his way up to him wild eyed and produces Aldis lamp and starts flashing:)*

SUBTITLE: 'BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH'

*(Some steps at the foot of a statue. Caesar is stabbed. As he falls he brings out a really big Aldis lamp and flashes to the assassins around him.)*

SUBTITLE: 'ET TU BRUTE'

*(A Western street. Two cowboys facing each other with morse buzzers.)*

**Voice Over:** From the makers of 'Gunfight at the OK Corral in Morse Code'.

*(Superimposed caption on screen: 'GUNFIGHT AT THE OK CORRAL IN MORSE CODE' They buzz a bit.)*

SUBTITLE: 'AAAAHHHI'

*(Cut to a ,Red Indian making smoke signals.)*

**Voice Over:** And the smoke-signal version of 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes'l

*(Superimposed caption on screen: 'AND THE SMOKE-SIGNAL VERSION OF GENTLEMEN*



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# A Bishop Rehearsing

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 16](#)

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**The cast:**

**BISHOP**

Michael Palin

**MR. CHIGGER**

Terry Jones

## **The sketch:**

*(Animated titles. Cut back to the same group of animals minus the elk. Bird song etc. The elk's remains are smoldering. The owl explodes, Pan away from the woodland clearing to an open field in which at a distance a bishop in full mitre and robes is pacing up and down holding a script. Mr Chigger in a suit approaches the bishop and we zoom in to hear their conversation.)* **Bishop:** 'Oh Mr Belpit your legs are so swollen' ... swollen .. 'Oh Mr Belpit - oh Mr Belpit your legs are so swollen'. *(tries a different voice)* 'Oh Mr Belpit., '

**Mr Chigger:** Excuse me, excuse me. I saw your advertisement for flying lessons and I'd like to make an application.

**Bishop:** Nothing to do with me. I'm not in this show.

**Mr Chigger:** Oh I see. D'you ... d'you., . do you know about the flying lessons?

**Bishop:** Nothing to do with me. I'm not in this show. This is show five - I'm not in until show eight.

**Mr Chigger:** Oh I see.

**Bishop:** I'm just learning my lines, you know. 'Oh Mr Belpit, your legs...'

**Mr Chigger:** Bit awkward, I'm a bit stuck.

**Bishop:** Yes, well. Try over there.

*(Bishop points to a secretary some yards away sitting at a desk typing. She wears glasses and is very typically a secretary.)*

**Mr Chigger:** Oh yes, thanks. Thanks a lot.

**Bishop:** 'Oh Mr Belpit' - not at all - 'your legs are so swollen'.

*(he continues rehearsing as Mr Chigger moves over to the secretary)*

*([Sketch continues.....](#))*

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# Flying Lessons

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 16

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## The cast:

**MR. CHIGGER**

Terry Jones



**SECRETARY**

Carol Cleveland

**MRS. WILLS**

Michael Plain

**MR. ANEMONE**

Graham Chapman

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**BALPA MAN**  
Eric Idle

**ZANIE**

Graham Chapman

**SECOND PILOT**  
John Cleese

# HOSTESS

Carol Cleveland

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## The sketch:

**Mr Chigger:** Excuse me, I saw your advertisement for flying lessons and I'd like to make an application.

**Secretary:** Appointment?

**Mr Chigger:** Yes, yes.

**Secretary:** Certainly. Would you come this way, please.

*(She gets up, clutching a file and trips off in a typical efficient secretary's walk. Mr Chigger follows. Cut to a river. She goes straight in without looking to right or left, as if she does this routine as a matter of course. Mr Chigger follows. Halfway across the river they pass a couple of business executives hurrying in the opposite direction.)* **Secretary:** Morning, Mr Jones, Mr Barnes.

*(Cut to a forest. They come past towards camera, passing a tea trolley on the way with a tea lady and a couple of men round it.)*

**Secretary:** Morning Mrs Wills.

**Mrs Wills:** Morning, luv.

*(Arty shot. Skyline of a short sharp hill, as in Bergman 's 'Seventh Seal'. They come in frame right and up and over, passing two men and exchanging 'Good mornings '. Cut to seashore. Tripping along, they pass another executive.)*

**Executive:** Take this to Marketing, would you.

*(They disappear into a cave. We hear Footsteps and a heavy door opening.)*

**Secretary's Voice:** Just follow me.

**Mr Chigger's Voice:** Oh thank you.

*(Cut to a shopping street. Camera pans in close-up across road surface.)*

**Secretary's Voice:** Oh, be careful.

**Mr Chigger's Voice:** Yes, nearly tripped.

**Secretary's Voice:** Be there soon.

**Mr Chigger's Voice:** Good. It's a long way, isn't it?

**Secretary's Voice:** Oh, get hold of that - watch it.

**Voice:** Morning.

**Secretary's Voice:** Morning. Upstairs. Be careful, it's very steep. Almost there.

*(Camera reaches a GPO tent in middle of road.)*

**Voice:** Morning.

**Secretary:** Morning. *(they emerge from the tent)* Will you come this way, please. *(cut to interior office, another identical secretary at the desk)* In here, please.

**Mr Chigger:** Thank you. *(he enters and first secretary trips off he approaches the second secretary)* Hello, I saw your advertisement for flying lessons and I'd like to make an appointment.

**Second Secretary:** Well, Mr Anemone's on the phone at the moment, but I'm sure he won't mind if you go on in. Through here.

**Mr Chigger:** Thank you.

*(He goes through door. Mr Anemone is suspended by a wire about nine feet off the ground. He is on the telephone.)*

**Mr Anemone:** Ah, won't be a moment. Make yourself at home. *(into phone)* No, no, well look, you can ask Mr Maudling but I'm sure he'll never agree. Not for fifty shillings ... no... no. Bye-bye Gordon. Bye-bye. Oh dear. Bye-bye. *(he throws receiver at telephone but misses)* Missed. Now Mr er...

**Mr Chigger:** Chigger.

**Mr Anemone:** Mr Chigger. So, you want to learn to fly.

**Mr Chigger:** Yes.

**Mr Anemone:** Right, well, up on the table, arms out, fingers together, knees bent...

**Mr Chigger:** No, no, no.

**Mr Anemone:** *(very loudly)* Up on the table! *(Mr Chigger gets on the table)* Arms out, fingers together, knees bent, now, head well forward. Now, flap your arms. Go on, flap, faster... faster... faster... faster, faster, faster, faster - now jump! *(Mr Chigger jumps and lands on the floor)* Rotten. Rotten. You're no bloody use at all. You're an utter bloody wash-out. You make me sick, you weed!

**Mr Chigger:** Now look here...

**Mr Anemone:** All right, all right. I'll give you one more chance, get on the table...

**Mr Chigger:** Look, I came here to learn how to fly an aeroplane.

**Mr Anemone:** A what?

**Mr Chigger:** I came here to learn how to fly an aeroplane.

**Mr Anemone:** (*sarcastically*) Oh, 'an aeroplane'. Oh, I say, we are grand, aren't we? (*imitation posh accent*) 'Oh, oh, no more buttered scones for me, mater. I'm off to play the grand piano'. 'Pardon me while I fly my aeroplane.' Now get on the table!

**Mr Chigger:** Look. No one in the history of the world has ever been able to fly like that.

**Mr Anemone:** Oh, I suppose mater told you that while you were out riding. Well, if people can't fly what am I doing up here?

**Mr Chigger:** You're on a wire.

**Mr Anemone:** Oh, a wire. I'm on a wire, am I?

**Mr Chigger:** Of course you're on a bloody wire.

**Mr Anemone:** I am not on a wire. I am flying.

**Mr Chigger:** You're on a wire.

**Mr Anemone:** I am flying.

**Mr Chigger:** You're on a wire.

**Mr Anemone:** I'll show you whether I'm on a wire or not. Give me the 'oop.

**Mr Chigger:** What?

**Mr Anemone:** Oh, I don't suppose we know what an 'oop is. I suppose pater thought they were a bit common, except on the bleedin' croquet. lawn.

**Mr Chigger:** Oh, a hoop.

**Mr Anemone:** 'Oh an hoop.' (*taking hoop*) Thank you, your bleeding Highness. Now. Look. (*he waves hoop over head and feet*)

**Mr Chigger:** Go on, right the way along.

**Mr Anemone:** All right, all right, all right. (*he moves hoop all the way along himself allowing the wire to pass through obvious gap in hoop's circumference*). Now, where's the bleeding wire, then?

**Mr Chigger:** That hoop's got a hole in.

**Mr Anemone:** Oh Eton and Madgalene. The hoop has an hole in. Of course it's got a hole in, it wouldn't be a hoop otherwise, would it, mush!

**Mr Chigger:** No, there's a gap in the middle, there.



**Mr Anemone:** Oh, a gahp. A gahp in one's hhhhhhoop. Pardon me, but I'm orf to play the grahnd piano.

**Mr Chigger:** Look, I can see you're on a wire - look, there it is.

**Mr Anemone:** Look, I told you, you bastard, I'm not on a wire.

**Mr Chigger:** You are. There is.

**Mr Anemone:** There isn't.

**Mr Chlgger:** Is.

**Mr Anemone:** Isn't!

**Mr Chigger:** Is!

**Mr Anemone:** Isn't!

**Mr Chigger:** Is!

**Mr Anemone:** Isn't!

**Mr Chigger:** Is!

**Mr Anemone:** .Isn't!!

**Mr Chigger:** Is!!!

**Voice Over:** Anyway, this rather pointless bickering went on for some time until...

*Caption on screen: 'TWO YEARS LATER' Interior cockpit of airliner. Mr Chigger and a second pilot sitting at controls.)*

**Mr Chigger:** Gosh, I am glad I'm a fully qualified airline pilot.

*(Cut to BALPA spokesman sitting at a desk. He is in Captain 's uniform and has a name plate in front of him on the desk saying 'BALPA Spokesman)*

**BALPA Man:** The British Airline Pilots Association would like to point out that it takes a chap six years to become a fully qualified airline pilot, and not two.

*(Caption on screen: 'FOUR YEARS LATER THAN THE LAST CAPTION' Interior cockpit. For three seconds. Then cut back to BALPA spokesman.)*

**BALPA Man:** Thank you. I didn't want to seem a bit of an old fusspot just now you know, but it's just as easy to get these things right as they are easily found in the BALPA handbook. Oh, one other thing, in the Sherlock Holmes last week Tommy Cooper told a joke about a charter flight, omitting to point out that one must be a member of any organization that charters a plane for at least six months

beforehand, before being able to take advantage of it. Did rather spoil the joke for me, I'm afraid. *(phone ring)* Yes, ah yes - yes. *(puts phone down)* My wife just reminded me that on a recent 'High Chapparal' Kathy Kirby was singing glibly about 'Fly me to the Stas' when of course there are no scheduled flights of this kind, or even chartered, available to the general public at the present moment, although of course, when they are BALPA will be in the vanguard. Or the Trident. Little joke for the chaps up at BALPA House. And one other small point. Why is it that these new lurex dancing tights go baggy at the knees after only a couple of evenings' fun. Bring back the old canvas ones I say. It is incredible, isn't it, that in these days when man can walk on the moon and work out the most complicated hire purchase agreements, I still get these terrible headaches. Well ... I seem to have wandered a bit, but still, no harm done. Jolly good luck.

*(Back in the cockpit of the airliner. The two pilots sit there. Atmospheric noise of a big airliner in flight. Suddenly there is a banging on the door at the back of the cockpit.)*

**Zanie:** *(off-screen)* Are you going to be in there all day? *(the two pilots exchange a puzzled look, then shrug and go back to flying; suddenly another series of bangs on door)* Other people want to go you know! *(they exchange another look; pause; a heavier bang on the door)* The door's jammed, if you ask me. *(a crash as he attempts to force it; another crash and the door flies open; Mr Zanie enters)* Ah. *(suddenly realizing where he is)* Oh my God. Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I thought this was the baby toilet.

**Second Pilot:** This is the control cabin.

**Zanie:** Oh I know. I'm a flying man, you know... oh yes... Bally stupid mistake...

*(A pause. Zanie remains sanding at the back of cockpit. The pilots go on as if he is not there.)*

**Second Pilot:** Cloud's heavy ... What's the reading?

**Mr Chigger:** 4.8... Steady.

**Zanie:** If they had all those dials in the toilet... there wouldn't be room for anything else, would there. *(another nervous laugh; not the slightest reaction from the pilots)*

**Mr Chigger:** *(into intercom)* Hello, Geneva this is Roger Five-O ... What is your cloud reading? Hello, Geneva...

**Zanie:** I wouldn't fancy flying one of those sitting on the toilet... I mean it'd take the glamour out of being a pilot, wouldn't it, ha ha, flying around the world sitting on a toilet.

**Radio Voice:** Geneva here. 4.9 · · · Heavy... Over.

**Mr Chigger:** Serious?

**Second Pilot:** No, not if it keeps at that level, no.

**Zanie:** Mind you, if you did fly it from the toilet it would leave a lot more space up here, wouldn't it. *(finally he realizes his attempt at small talk is not working)* Well, I'd better get back to the cabin, then. Sorry about the silly intrusion. Bally stupid. *(he pushes lever down on the door which opens*

directly out of the plane) Door's jammed. (he gives it a shoulder charge and flies straight out of the plane) Aaaaaaaaaaaa,~nn rn~ghhhhhh!

(Plane noise overhead Continue scream. Outside of a gent's lavatory, there is a big pile of straw. Pause, then Zanie drops onto the straw. He looks up at gent's sign.)

**Zanie:** Bally piece of luck...

(He brushes himself down and goes into gents. Cut back to cockpit. A hostess enters from the passenger cabin.)

**Second Pilot:** Oh hello. Everything an right at the back?

**Hostess:** Yes, they're as quiet as dormice.

**Second Pilot:** Dormice?

(Door opens and a man in a neat suit enters. From beneath his jacket he produces a revolver with silencer attachment. He points it at the pilots.)

[Continued...](#)



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# Hijacked Plane (to Luton)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 16

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**The cast:**

**GUNMAN**

Michael Palin

**HOSTESS**

Carol Cleveland

**FIRST PILOT**  
Terry Jones

**SECOND PILOT**  
John Cleese



# HIJACKER

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

Scene: The inside of the cockpit of an aeroplane. The door opens and a man in a neat suit enters. From beneath his jacket he produces a revolver with silencer attachment. He points it at the pilots.

**Gunman:** All right, don't anybody move ... except to control the aeroplane ... you can move a little to do that.

**Hostess:** Can I move?

**Gunman:** Yes, yes, yes. You can move a little bit. Yes. Sorry, I didn't mean to be so dogmatic when I came in. Obviously you can all move a little within reason. There are certain involuntary muscular movements which no amount of self-control can prevent. And obviously any assertion of authority on my part, I've got to take that into account.

*(The ensuing conversation is perfectly calm and friendly.)*

**Second Pilot:** Right. I mean one couldn't for example, stop one's insides from moving.

**Gunman:** No, no. Good point, good point.

**Second Pilot:** And the very fact that the plane is continuously vibrating means that we're all moving to a certain extent.

**Gunman:** And we're all moving our lips, aren't we?

**Pilots:** Yes, yes.

**Second Pilot:** Absolutely.

**Gunman:** No, the gist of my meaning was that sudden... er... Hostess Exaggerated movements ...

**Gunman:** Exaggerated violent movements... are... are out.

**Second Pilot:** Well, that's the great thing about these modern airliners. I mean, I can keep this plane flying with only the smallest movement and Pancho here doesn't have to move at all.

**Gunman:** Oh, that's marvellous.

**Hostess:** *(joining in the general spirit of bonhomie)* And I don't really need to move either ... unless I get an itch or something...

*(They all laugh.)*

**Gunman:** Well that's wonderful ... 60% success, eh? *(they laugh again)* Anyway, bearing all that in

mind, will you fly the plane to Luton, please?

**Second Pilot:** Well, this is a scheduled flight to Cuba.

**Gunman:** I know, I know, that's rather why I came in here with that point about nobody moving.

**First Pilot:** Within reason.

**Gunman:** Within reason - yes. I... er ... er... you know, I want you to fly this plane to Luton ... please.

**Second Pilot:** Right, well I'd better turn the plane round then. Stand by emergency systems.

**Gunman:** Look I don't want to cause any trouble.,

**STRONG>Second Pilot:** No, no, we'll manage, we'll manage.

**Gunman:** I mean, near Luton will do, you know. Harpenden, do you go near Harpenden?

**First Pilot:** It's on the flight path.

**Gunman:** Okay, well, drop me off there. I'll get a bus to Luton. It's only twenty-five minutes.

**Hostess:** You can be in Luton by lunchtime.

**Gunman:** Oh, well that's smashing.

**First Pilot:** Hang on! There's no airport at Harpenden.

**Gunman:** Oh well, look, forget it. Forget it. I'll come to Cuba, and get a flight back to Luton from there.

**Second Pilot:** Well, we could lend you a parachute.

**Gunman:** No, no, no, no, no. I wouldn't dream of it... wouldn't dream of it... dirtying a nice, clean parachute.

**First Pilot:** I know - I know. There's a bale of hay outside Basingstoke. We' could throw you out.

**Gunman:** Well, if it's all right.

**All:** Sure, yeah.

**Gunman:** Not any trouble?

**Pilots:** None at all.

**Gunman:** That's marvellous. Thank you very much. Sorry to come barging in.

**Hostess:** Bye-bye.

**Gunman:** Thank you. Bye.

**Pilots:** Bye.

*(They open the door and throw him out.)*

**Gunman:** *(as he falls)* Thank you!

*(Cut to haystack in a field (not the same bale of hay that was landed on before). Aeroplane noise overhead. The gunman suddenly falls into the haystack. He gets up, brushes himself down, hops over a fence, and reaches a road. He puts his hand out and a bus stops. It has 'Straight to Luton' written on it. He gets in. Conductor is just about to take his fare, when an evil-looking man with a gun jumps up and points gun at conductor.)* **Hijacker:** Take this bus to Cuba.

*(Bus moving away from camera. The destination board changes to 'Straight to Cuba'. The bus does a speeded up u-turn, and goes out of frame.)*

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# The Poet McTeagle

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 16

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**McTEAGLE**  
Terry Jones

**LASSIE**

Eric Idle

**LIMBO**

John Cleese



IAN

Eric Idle

**DAVID**

Michael Palin

**HIGHLANDER**

John Cleese

# DOCTOR

Michael Palin

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## The sketch:

*(Camera pans away revealing a rather rocky highland landscape. As camera pans across country we hear inspiring Scottish music.)*

**Voice Over:** From these glens and scars, the sound of the coot and the moorhen is seldom absent. Nature sits in stern mastery over these rocks and crags. The rush of the mountain stream, the bleat of the sheep, and the broad, clear Highland skies, reflected in turn and loch ... *(at this moment we pick up a highland gentleman in kilt and tam o'shanter clutching a knobkerry in one hand and a letter in the other)*... form a breathtaking backdrop against which Ewan **McTeagle:** writes such poems as 'Lend us a quid till the end of the week'.

*(Cut to crofter's cottage. McTeagle sits at the window writing. We zoom in very slowly on him as he writes.)*

**Voice Over:** But it was with more simple, homespun verses that McTeagle's unique style first flowered.

**McTeagle:** *(voice over)* If you could see your way to lending me sixpence. I could at least buy a newspaper. That's not much to ask anyone.

**Voice Over:** One woman who remembers McTeagle as a young friend - Lassie O'Shen.

*(Cut to Lassie O'Shen - a young sweet innocent Scots girl - she is valiantly trying to fend off the sexual advances of the sound man. Two other members of the crew pull him out of shot.)*

**Lassie:** Mr McTeagle wrote me two poems, between the months of January and April 1969...

**Interviewer:** Could you read us one?

**Lassie:** Och, I dinna like to... they were kinda personal... but I will.

*(she has immediately a piece of paper in her hand from which she reads)* 'To Ma Own beloved Lassie. A poem on her 17th Birthday. Lend us a couple of bob fill Thursday. I'm absolutely skint. But I'm expecting a postal order and I can pay you back as soon as it comes. Love Ewan.'

*(There is a pause. She looks up.)*

**Sound Man:** *(voice over)* Beautiful.

*(Another pause. The soundman leaps on her and pulls her to the ground. Cut to abstract trendy arts poetry programme set. Intense critic sits on enormous inflatable see-through pouffe. Caption on screen: 'ST JOHN LIMBO -- POETRY EXPERT')*

**Limbo:** *(intensely)* Since then, McTeagle has developed and widened his literary scope. Three years

ago he concerned himself with quite small sums - quick bits of ready cash: sixpences, shillings, but more recently he has turned his extraordinary literary perception to much larger sums - fifteen shillings, £4. 12.6d ... even nine guineas ... But there is still nothing to match the huge sweep ... the majestic power of what is surely his greatest work: 'Can I have fifty pounds to mend the shed?'.

*(Pan across studio to a stark poetry-reading set. A single light falls on an Ian McKellan figure in black leotard standing gazing dramatically into space. Camera crabs across studio until it is right underneath him. He speaks the lines with great intensity.)* **Ian:** Can I have £50 to mend the shed? I'm fight on my uppers. I can pay you back When this postal order comes from Australia. Honestly. Hope the bladder trouble's getting better. Love, Ewan.

*(Cut to remote Scottish landscape, craggy and wind torn and desolate. In stark chiaroscuro against the sky we see McTeagle standing beside a lonely pillar box, writing postcards. The sun setting behind him.)*

**Limbo:** *(voice over)* There seems to be no end to McTeagle's poetic invention. 'My new cheque book hasn't arrived' was followed up by the brilliantly allegorical 'Whaes twenty quid to the bloody Midland Bank?' and more recently his prize winning poem to the Arts Council: 'Can you lend me one thousand quid?'

*(Cut to David Mercer figure in his study at a desk. Cpation on screen: 'A VERY GOOD PLAYWRIGHT')*

**David:** I think what McTcagle's pottery... er... poetry is doing is rejoining all the traditional cliches of modern pottery. No longer do we have to be content with Keats's 'Seasons of mists and mellow fruitfulness', Wordsworth's 'I wandered lonely as a cloud' and Milton's 'Can you lend us two bob till Tuesday'...

*(Cut to long shot of McTeagle walking through countryside.)*

**McTeagle:** *(voice over)* Oh give to me a shillin' for some fags and I'll pay yet back on Thursday, but if you wait till Saturday I'm expecting a divvy from the Harpenden Building Society... *(continues muttering indistinctly)*

*(He walks out of shot past a glen containing several stuffed animals, one of which explodes. A highland spokesman stands up into shot. Superimposed caption on screen: 'A HIGHLAND SPOKESMAN')*

**Highlander:** As a Highlander I would like to complain about some inaccuracies in the preceding film about the poet Ewan McTeagle. Although his name was quite clearly given as McTeagle, he was throughout wearing the Cameron tartan. Also I would like to point out that the BALPA spokesman who complained about aeronautical inaccuracies was himself wearing a captain's hat, whereas he only had lieutenant's stripes on the sleeves of his jacket. Also, in the Inverness pantomime last Christmas, the part of Puss in Boots was played by a native of New Guinea with a plate in her hp, so that every time Dick Whittington gave her a French kiss, he got the back of his throat scraped.

*(A doctor's head appears out from under the kilt.)*

**Doctor:** Look, would you mind going away, I'm trying to examine this man. *(he goes back under the kilt; a slight pause; he re-emerges)* It's - er - it's all right - I am a doctor. Actually, I'm a gynaecologist... but this is my lunch hour.



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# Psychiatrist Milkman

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 16

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**The cast:**



**MILKMAN**  
Eric Idle

**LADY**

Graham Chapman

**DOCTOR**

Michael Palin

**DR. CREAM**

Terry Jones

**BALPA MAN**  
Eric Idle

**ANOTHER MAN**

Michael Palin

## The sketch:

*(Animation leads to a living room. Doorbell rings. Lady opens the door, a milkman stands there.)*

**Milkman:** Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake baker's man. Good morning, madam, I'm a psychiatrist.

**Lady:** You look like a milkman to me.

**Milkman:** Good. *(ticks form on his clipboard)* I am in fact dressed as a milkman... you spotted that - well done.

**Lady:** Go away.

**Milkman:** Now then, madam. I'm going to show you three numbers, and I want you to tell me if you see any similarity between them. *(holds up a card saying '3' three times)*

**Lady:** They're all number three.

**Milkman:** No. Try again.

**Lady:** They're all number three?

**Milkman:** No. They're all number three. *(he ticks his board again)* Right. Now. I'm going to say a word, and I want you to say the first thing that comes into your head. How many pints do you want?

**Lady:** *(narrowing her eyes, suspecting a trap)* Er, three?

**Milkman:** Yogurt?

**Lady:** Er... no.

**Milkman:** Cream?

**Lady:** No.

**Milkman:** Eggs?

**Lady:** No.

**Milkman:** *(does some adding up and whistling)* Right. Well, you're quite clearly suffering from a repressive libido complex, probably the product of an unhappy childhood, coupled with acute insecurity in adolescence, which has resulted in an attenuation of the libido complex.

**Lady:** You are a bloody milkman.

**Milkman:** Don't you shout at me, madam, don't come that tone. Now then, I must ask you to accompany me down to the dairy and do some aptitude tests.

**Lady:** I've got better things to do than come down to the dairy!

**Milkman:** Mrs Ratbag, if you don't mind me saying so, you are badly in need of an expensive course of psychiatric treatment. Now I'm not going to say a trip to our dairy will cure you, but it will give hundreds of lower-paid workers a good laugh.

**Lady:** All right... but how am I going to get home?

**Milkman:** I'll run you there and back on my psychiatrist's float.

**Lady:** All right.

*(The milkman and lady walk down her garden path. As they go out of the garden gate there is a cat on the garden wall. Caption on screen and arrow: 'A CAT' The cat explodes. The milkman motions her towards the milk float with a large signboard which reads: 'Psychiatrist3 Dairy Lid'. Just as they are getting in, she points to all the files in the back in milk crates.)* **Lady:** What are those?

**Milkman:** They're case histories. *(drives off; the van 3 speaker announces: 'Psychiatrists! Psychiatrists!'* The doctor from the Scots sketch hails him) Yes, sir?

**Doctor:** Ah, good morning. I'm afraid our regular psychiatrist hasn't come round this morning ... and I've got an ego block which is in turn making my wife ever-assertive and getting us both into a state of depressive neurosis.

**Milkman:** Oh, I see, sir. Who's your regular, sir?

**Doctor:** Jersey Cream Psychiatrists.

**Milkman:** Oh yes, I know them. *(puts down crate and gets out note pad)* Right, well, er, what's your job, then?

**Doctor:** I'm a doctor.

**Milkman:** ... Didn't I see you just now under a Scotsman? .

**Doctor:** Yes, but I am a doctor. Actually, I'm a gynaecologist but that was my lunchhour.

**Milkman:** *(taking a card out of crate and showing it to the doctor)* What does this remind you of?.

**Doctor:** Two pints of cream.

**Milkman:** Right... well I should definitely say you're suffering from a severe personality disorder, sir, sublimating itself in a lactic obsession which could get worse depending on how much money you've got.

**Doctor:** Yes, yes, I see. And a pot of yogurt, please.

*(Cut to a psychiatrist called Dr Cream in his office.)*

**Dr Cream:** I would like to take this opportunity of complaining about the way in which these shows are continually portraying psychiatrists who make pat diagnoses of patients' problems without first obtaining their full medical history.

*(Cut back to milkman with doctor.)*

**Milkman:** *(handing over yogurt)* Mind you, that's just a pat diagnosis made without first obtaining your full medical history.

*(Cut to man at desk)*

**Man:** I feel the time has come to complain about people who make rash complaints without first making sure that those complaints are justified.

*(Cut to Dr Cream.)*

**Dr Cream:** Are you referring to me?

*(Cut back to man.)*

**Man:** Not necessarily, however, I would like to point out that the BALPA spokesman was wearing the British Psychiatric Association Dinner Dance Club cuff-links.

*(Cut to Dr Cream.)*

**Dr Cream:** Oh yes, I noticed that too.

*(Cut to BALPA man.)*

**BALPA Man:** These are not British Psychiatric Association Dinner Dance Club cuff-links.

*(Cut to man.)*

**Man:** Sorry.

*(Cut to BALPA man.)*

**BALPA Man:** They are in fact British Sugar Corporation Gilbert-and-Sullivan Society cuff-links. It is in fact a sort of in-joke with us lads here at BALPA. I think the last speaker should have checked his facts before making his own rash complaint.

*(Cut to Dr Cream.)*

**Dr Cream:** Yes, that'll teach him.

*(Cut to BALPA man.)*

**BALPA Man:** However, I would just like to add a complaint about shows that have too many



complaints in them as they get very tedious for the average viewer. *(Cut to another man.)*

**Another man:** I'd like to complain about people who hold things up by complaining about people complaining. It's about time something was done about it. *(the sixteen-ton weight falls on him)*

*(Cut to a street with milkman and lady riding on milk float. It comes to a halt. They get out, milkman hails a milkmaid with yoke and two pails.)*

**Milkman:** Nurse! Would you take Mrs Pim to see Dr Cream, please.

**Milkmaid:** Certainly, doctor. Walk this way, please.

**Lady:** Oh, if I could walk that way I...

**Milkman and Milkmaid:** Sssssh!

*(The milkmaid leads Mrs Pim into a building, and into a psychiatrist's office. Dr Cream is in a chair.)*

**Milkmaid:** Mrs Pim to see you, Dr Cream.

**Dr Cream:** Ah yes. I just want another five minutes with Audrey. Could you show Mrs Pim into the waiting room, please.

**Milkmaid:** Yes, doctor.

*(As milkmaid and Mrs Pim leave the room we see that there is a cow on the couch.)*

**Dr Cream:** Right, Audrey. When did you first start thinking you were a 'cow'?

*(Milkmaid and Mrs Pim emerge bin building through a herd of cows and we then have a montage of shots of them walking through countryside as in opening sequence of fiying lesson sketch at beginning of show.*



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# Déjà Vu

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 16

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The cast:

**BONIFACE**

Michael Palin

**MILKMAN**

Eric Idle

**DR. CREAM**

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(Caption on the screen: 'IT'S THE MIND -- A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THINGS PSYCHIATRIC'*  
*Cut to montage of photographs again with captions and music. Cut to a man sitting at usual desk.*  
*He is Mr Boniface.)*

**Boniface:** Good evening. Tonight on 'It's the Mind', we examine the phenomenon of déjà vu. That strange feeling we sometimes get that we've lived through something before, that what is happening now has already happened. Tonight on 'It's the Mind' we examine the phenomenon of déjà vu, that strange feeling we sometimes get that we've ... (looks puzzled for a moment) Anyway, tonight on 'It's the Mind' we examine the phenomenon of déjà vu, that strange...

*(Cut to opening title sequence with montage of psychiatric photos and the two captions and music over. Cut back to Mr Boniface at desk, shaken. Caption on screen: 'IT'S THE MIND')*

**Boniface:** Good evening. Tonight on 'It's the Mind' we examine the phenomenon of déjà vu, that strange feeling we sometimes get ... that ... we've lived through something...

*(Cut to opening titles again. Back then to Boniface, now very shaken. Caption on screen: 'IT'S THE MIND')*

**Boniface:** Good ... good evening. Tonight on 'It's the Mind' we examine the phenomenon of ddddddéjà vvvvvvvuu, that extraordinary feeling... quite extraordinary... *(he tails off, goes quiet, the phone rings, he picks it up)* No, fine thanks, fine. *(he rings off, a man comes in on the right and hands him glass of water and leaves)* Oh, thank you. That strange feeling we sometimes get that we've lived through something before. *(phone rings again; he picks it up)* No, fine thank you. Fine. *(he rings off a man comes in from right and hands him a glass of water; he jumps)* ... Thank you. That strange feeling ... *(phone rings; he answers)* No. Fine, thank you. Fine, *(ring off; a man enters and gives him glass of water)* thank you. *(he screams with fear)* Look, something's happening to me. I - I - urn, I think I'd better go and see someone. Goodnight.

*(Phone rings again. He leaps from desk and runs out of shot. He runs out of building into street and chases after passing milk float and leaps aboard.)*

**Milkman:** Oi, haven't I seen you somewhere before?

**Boniface:** No, doctor, no. Something very funny's happening to me.

*(Caption on the screen: 'IT'S THE MIND -- A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THINGS PSYCHIATRIC'*  
*Cut to montage of photographs again with captions and music. Cut to Boniface at desk. Boniface screams and runs out of shot. Cut to same piece of film as just previously, when he chases float, leaps on and the milkman says:)* **Milkman:** Oi, haven't I seen you somewhere before?

**Boniface:** No, doctor, no. Something very funny's happening to me. The milk float goes past in the background with the milkman and Boniface on it. We see the float go along the country lane past the clearing, past the bishop...

**Bishop:** *(camp)* 'Oh, Mr Belpit, your legs are so swollen'.

*(.. and the secretary at her desk, past a sign saying 'to the zoo' where explosions are heard, and stops outside Dr Cream's building... Boniface runs into building and enters Dr Cream's office.)*

**Dr Cream:** Ah, come in. Now what seems to be the matter?

**Boniface:** I have this terrible feeling of déjà vu.

*((Repeat same clip from Boniface entering.))*

**Dr Cream:** Ah, come in. Now what seems to be the matter?

**Boniface:** I have this terrible feeling of déjà vu..

*(Repeat clip again. Superimposed Credits)*

**Dr Cream:** Ah, come in. Now what seems to be the matter?

**Boniface:** I have this terrible feeling of déjà vu..

*(Clip starts to repeat again as the programme ends.)*



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# The Architects Sketch

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 17](#), it was also performed on their Albums - 'Another Monty Python Record' and 'Monty Python's The Final Ripoff', however the Album version was slightly different.

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## The cast:

**ANNOUNCER**

John Cleese

**MR. TID**

Graham Chapman

**MR. WIGGIN**

John Cleese

**CITY GENT #1**

Michael Palin

**CITY GENT #2**

Terry Jones

**MR. LEAVEY**

Eric Idle

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## The sketch:

**ANNOUNCER:** The BBC would like to apologise for the next announcement.

**GUMBYS:** Hello, and welcome to the show. Without more ado, the first item is a sketch about architects called 'The Architects Sketch'. 'The Architects Sketch'. 'The Architects Sketch!' 'The Architects Sketch'! Up there! Up there! Up there! Up there! The architects!...

*(Scene: A large, posh office. Two clients, well-dressed city gents, sit facing a large table at which stands Mr. Tid, the account manager of the architectural firm.)*

**MR. TID:** Gentlemen, we have two basic suggestions for the design of this--

**GUMBYS:** Up there!...

**MR. TID:** Gentlemen, we have two basic suggestions for the design of this--

**GUMBYS:** Architects! Up there! Up ther--

**MR. TID:** Shut up! Gentlemen, we have two basic suggestions--

**GUMBYS:** Boring! Boring! Boring! Boring!... *(splash)*

**MR. TID:** Gentlemen, we have two basic suggestions for the design of this architectural block, the residential block, and I thought it best that the architects themselves came in to explain the advantages of both designs.

*(knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock)*

That must be the first architect now. Ah, yes. It's Mr. Wiggin of Ironside and Malone.

**MR. WIGGIN:** Good morning, gentlemen. Uh, this is a twelve-storey block combining classical neo-Georgian features with all the advantages of modern design. Uhh, the tenants arrive in the entrance hall here, are carried along the corridor on a conveyor belt in extreme comfort and past

murals depicting Mediterranean scenes, towards the rotating knives. The last twenty feet of the corridor are heavily soundproofed. The blood pours down these chutes and the mangled flesh slurps into these large contain--

**CITY GENT #1:** Excuse me.

**MR. WIGGIN:** Hmm?

**CITY GENT #1:** Uh, did you say 'knives'?

**MR. WIGGIN:** Uh, rotating knives. Yes.

**CITY GENT #2:** Are you, uh, proposing to slaughter our tenants?

**MR. WIGGIN:** Does that not fit in with your plans?

**CITY GENT #1:** No, it does not. Uh, we-- we wanted a... simple... block of flats.

**MR. WIGGIN:** Ahh, I see. I hadn't, uh, correctly divined your attitude...

**CITY GENT #:** Uh, huh huh.

**MR. WIGGIN:** ...towards your tenants.

**CITY GENT #:** Huh huh.

**MR. WIGGIN:** You see, I mainly design slaughter houses.

**CITY GENT #1:** Yes. Pity.

**MR. WIGGIN:** Mind you, this is a real beaut. I mean, none of your blood caked on the walls and flesh flying out of the windows inconveniencing passers-by with this one. I mean, my life has been building up to this.

**CITY GENT #2:** Yes, and well done, huh, but we did want a block of flats.

**MR. WIGGIN:** Well, may I ask you to reconsider? I mean, you wouldn't regret it. Think of the tourist trade.

**CITY GENT #1:** No, no, it's-- it's just that we wanted a block of flats and not an abattoir.

**MR. WIGGIN:** Yes, well, that's the sort of blinkered, philistine pig ignorance I've come to expect from you non-creative garbage. You sit there on your loathsome, spotty behinds squeezing blackheads, not caring a tinker's cuss for the struggling artist. You excrement! You whining, hypocritical toadies, with your colour TV sets and your Tony Jacklin golf clubs and your bleeding Masonic secret handshakes! You wouldn't let me join, would you, you blackballing bastards! Well, I wouldn't become a freemason now if you went down on your lousy, stinking knees and begged me!

**CITY GENT #2:** Well, we're sorry you feel like that, but we, um, did... want... a block of flats.



Nice, though, the abattoir is. Huh huh.

**MR. WIGGIN:** Oh, p-p-p-p the abattoir.

*(He dashes forward and kneels in front of them.)*

That's not important, but if one of you could put in a word for me, I'd love to be a freemason. Freemasonry opens doors. I mean, um, I-- I was a bit on edge just now, but-- but if I was a mason, I'd just sit at the back and not get in anyone's way.

**CITY GENT #1:** Thank you.

**MR. WIGGIN:** I've got a second-hand apron.

**CITY GENT #2:** Thank you.

*(Mr. Wiggin hurries to the door but stops...)*

**MR. WIGGIN:** I nearly got in at Hendon.

**CITY GENT #1:** Thank you.

**MR. TID:** I'm sorry about that, gentlemen. The second architect is Mr. Leavey of Wymis and Dibble.

**CITY GENTS:** Oh.

*(Mr. Leavey enters, carrying his model with great care. He places it on the table.)*

**MR. LEAVEY:** Good morning, gentlemen.

**CITY GENTS:** Morning.

**MR. LEAVEY:** Uhh, this is a scale model of the block. Uh, there are twenty-eight storeys with two hundred and eighty modern apartments. There are three main lifts and two service lifts. Access would be from Dibblingley Road.

*(The model falls over. Mr. Leavey quickly places it upright again.)*

Uhh, the structure is built on a central pillar system, uh,...

*(The model falls over again. Mr. Leavey tries to make it stand up, but it won't, so he has to hold it upright.)*

...with cantilevered floors in pre-stressed steel and concrete. Uh, the dividing walls on each floor section are fixed with recessed magnolia flanged grooves.

*(The bottom ten floors of the model give way and it partly collapses.)*

(crick) Uh, by avoiding wood and timber derivatives and all other inflammables, uh,... (fsss) ...we have almost totally removed the risk... of--

*(The model is smoking. Flames can be seen. Mr. Leavey looks at the city gents.)*

Quite frankly, I think the central pillar system may need strengthening a bit. **CITY GENT #2:** Isn't that going to put the cost up?

**MR. LEAVEY:** Uh, it might.

**CITY GENT #2:** Well, I don't know whether I'd worry about strengthening that much. After all, they're not meant to be luxury flats. Huh.

**CITY GENT #1:** No, I quite agree. I mean, providing the tenants are of light build and relatively sedentary and, uhh,(er instead) given a spot of good weather, I think we're on to a winner here.

**CITY GENT #:** Yes.

**MR. LEAVEY:** Uh, thank you.

*(The model explodes.)*

**CITY GENT #2:** I quite agree. I quite agree.

**MR. LEAVEY:** Thank you very much. Thank you.

*(They all shake hands, giving the secret Mason's handshake. Mr. Wiggin then says to the camera...)*

**MR. WIGGIN:** It opens doors, I'm telling you.

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# How to give up being a Mason

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 17](#)

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**The cast:**

**FIRST VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

## SECOND VOICE OVER

John Cleese

---

### The sketch:

**First Voice Over:** What other ways are there of recognizing a mason?

*(Shot from camera concealed in a tar so we get reactions of passers-by. A busy city street- i.e. Threadneedle Street. In amongst the throng four city gents are leaping along with their trousers round their ankles. They are wearing bowler hats and pinstripes. Another city street or another part of the same street. Two city gents, with trousers rolled up to the knee, approach each other and go into the most extraordinary handshake which involves rolling on the floor etc.)*

**Second Voice Over:** Having once identified a mason immediate steps must be taken to isolate him from the general public. Having accomplished that it is now possible to cure him of these unfortunate Masonic tendencies through the use of behavioural psychotherapy. *(we see a cartoon city gent locked into a cell)* In this treatment the patient is rewarded for the correct response and punished for the wrong one. Let us begin. Would you like to give up being a mason? Think carefully. Think. Think.

**Cartoon City Gent:** No.

*(A large hammer attacks the city gent.)*

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# Motor Insurance Sketch

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 17

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**The cast:**

**DEVIOUS**

Michael Palin

MAN

Graham Chapman



**VICAR**

Eric Idle

**The sketch:**

*(A group of Gumbys shuffle into extreme left edge of frame. They do not move any further into the picture. After a bit of humming and harring:)*

**Gumbys:** Oh! And the next item is a sketch about insurance called 'Insurance Sketch'. 'Insurance Sketch'. 'Insurance Sketch'...

*(Cut to Mr Devious's insurance office. Devious and a man are sitting there.)*

**Devious:** What do you want?

**Man:** Well I've come about your special fully comprehensive motor insurance policy offer...

**Devious:** What was that?

**Man:** Fully comprehensive motor insurance for one-and-eight pence.

**Devious:** Oh, oh, yes ... yeah well, unfortunately, guv, that offer's no longer valid. You see, it turned out not to be economically viable, so we now have a totally new offer...

**Man:** What's that?

**Devious:** A nude lady.

**Man:** A nude lady?

**Devious:** Yes. You get a nude lady with a fully comprehensive motor insurance. If you just want third party she has to keep her bra on, and if it's just theft...

**Man:** No, no, I don't really want that, Mr er... Mr...

**Devious:** Devious.

**Man:** Mr Devious, I just want to know what it would cost me to have a fully comprehensive insurance on a 1970 Aston Martin,

**Devious:** Aston Martin?

**Man:** Yes.

**Devious:** *(quickly)* Five hundred quid.

**Man:** Five hundred quid?

**Devious:** Forty quid.

**Man:** Forty quid?

**Devious:** Forty quid and a nude lady.

**Man:** No, no, I'm not interested in a nude lady.

**Devious:** Dirty books?

**Man:** No, no, look, I'm not interested in any of that. I just want to know what it would cost me to have a fully comprehensive insurance on a 1970 Aston Martin. Can you please quote me your price.

*(Cut to outside the door of the office. A vicar stands there.)*

**Vicar:** Knock knock.

*(Cut to inside office)*

**Devious:** Who's there?

*(Cut to outside.)*

**Vicar:** The Reverend...

*(Cut to inside.)*

**Devious:** The Reverend who?

**Vicar:** The Reverend Morrison.

*(Cut to inside.)*

**Devious:** Oh, come in.

*(The vicar enters.)*

**Devious:** Now then, vic. What's the trouble?

**Vicar:** Well, it's about this letter you sent me.

**Man:** Excuse me, do I have any more lines?

**Devious:** I don't know, mush, I'll have a look in the script... *(he gets script out of drawer)* Where are we? Show 8. Are you 'man'?

**Man:** Yeah.

**Devious:** No... no, you've finished.

**Man:** Well, I'll be off then. *(he leaves)*

**Devious:** *(reading script)* 'The vicar sits'.

*(The vicar sits.)*

**Vicar:** 'It's about this letter you sent me regarding my insurance claim.

**Devious:** Oh, yeah, yeah - well, you see, it's just that we're not... as yet ... totally satisfied with the grounds of your claim.

**Vicar:** But it says something about filling my mouth in with cement.

**Devious:** Oh well, that's just insurance jargon, you know.

**Vicar:** But my car was hit by a lorry while standing in the garage and you refuse to pay my claim.

**Devious:** *(rising and crossing to a filing cabinet)* Oh well, Reverend Morrison ... in your policy... in your policy... *(he opens the drawer of the filing cabinets and takes out a shabby old sports jacket; he feels in the pocket and pulls out a crumpled dog-eared piece of paper then puts the coat back and shuts the filing cabinet)....* here we are. It states quite clearly that no claim you make will be paid.

**Vicar:** Oh dear.

**Devious:** You see, you unfortunately plumped for our 'Neverpay' policy, which, you know, if you never claim is very worthwhile ... but you had to claim, and, well, there it is.

**Vicar:** Oh dear, oh dear.

**Devious:** Still, never mind - could be worse. How's the nude lady?

**Vicar:** Oh, she's fine. *(he begins to sob)*

**Devious:** Look... Rev... I hate to see a man cry, so shove off out' office. There's a good chap.

*(The vicar goes out sobbing. Cut to outside. Vicar collects a nude lady sitting in a supermarket shopping trolley... and wheels her disconsolately away. Cut back to inside of office. Close-up on Devious. He gets out some files and starts writing. Suddenly a bishop's crook slams down on the desk in front of Devious. He looks up - his eyes register terror. Cut to reverse angle shot from below. The bishop in full mitre and robes.)* **Bishop:** OK, Devious... Don't move!

**Devious:** [The bishop!](#)

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# 'The Bishop'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 17

---

The cast:

**DEVIOUS**

Michael Palin

**BISHOP**

Terry Jones



**FIRST VICAR**  
Graham Chapman

**SECOND VICAR**

John Cleese

# THIRD VICAR

Eric Idle

---

## The sketch:

**Devious:** The bishop!

*Animated crime-series-type titles, with suitable music:*

'C. OF E. FILMS'  
'IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS BOARD'  
'PRESENT'  
'THE BISHOP'  
'STARRING THE REVEREND E, P. NESBITT'  
'AND INTRODUCING F. B. GRIMSBY URQHART-WRIGHT 4S THE VOICE OF GOD'  
'SPECIAL EFFECTS BY THE MODERATOR OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND'  
'DIRECTED BY PREBENDARY ~CHOPPER" HARRIS'

*(Exterior beautiful English church. Birds singing, a hymn bring sung. Suddenly, sound of a high-powered car roaring towards the church. Screech of tyres as a huge open-top American car screeches to a halt outside the church. The bishop leaps out. Behind him (as throughout the film) are his four henchmen... vicars with dark glasses. They wear clerical suits and dog collars. They leap out of their car and race up the drive towards the church. As they do so the hymn is heard to come to an end. Sound of people sitting down. Cut to interior of church. Vicar climbing up into pulpit. Cut back to exterior. The bishop and his vicars racing through the doors. Interior of church. Shot of vicar in pulpit.)* **First Vicar:** I take as my text for today...

*(Cut to bishop and vicars at doorway.)*

**Bishop:** The text, vic! Don't say the text!

*(Cut back to vicar.)*

**First Vicar:** Leviticus 3-14. . .

*(The pulpit explodes. Vicar disappears in smoke, flying up into the air. Cut to close-up of the bishop. Behind him there is smoke and people rushing about. Sound of people scrambling over pews in panic etc.)*

**Bishop:** We was too late. The Reverend Grundy bit the ceiling.

*(The end of the bishop's crook suddenly starts flashing. He lifts the flashing end off and it stops. Using it like a telephone receiver, he speaks into the staff.)*

**Bishop:** Hello? '... What?... We'll be right over!

*(Still of another church exterior. Crash zoom in on door. Cut to interior. A baptism party round the*

front. An innocent vicar is just testing the water. Pan across to the parents - a couple of shifty crooks - and two godmothers, obviously all-in wrestlers in drag (cauliflower ears etc.). As the vicar takes the baby it starts to tick loudly.) **First Vicar:** And it is for this reason that the Christian Church lays upon you, the godparents, the obligation of seeing this child is brought up in the Christian faith. Therefore, I name this child...

*(Cut to door of church. The bishop and vicars rush in.)*

**Bishop:** Don't say the kid's name, vic!

*(Cut back to vicar.)*

**First Vicar:** Francesco Luigi...

*(Explosion. Cut to close-up of bishop. Smoke and panic as before.)*

**Bishop:** We was too late... The Rev. Neuk saw the light.

*(Whip pan to interior of yet another church. A wedding. Bride and groom standing in front of a vicar. Cut to door of church. The bishop and vicars burst in.)*

**Bishop:** The ring, vic Don't touch the ring! Hey vic!

*(Cut to vicar taking the ring out of the bible. The ring is attached to a piece of string. A sixteen-ton weight falls on top of them with a mighty crunch - the camera shakes as it hits the floor. Cut to two bell ringers. One pulls his rope, and the other rises off the floor, hanged by the neck. The bishop arrives, just too late. Cut to another vicar at graveside.)* **Second Vicar:** ... dust to dust, ashes to ashes.

*(He sprinkles dust on the grave. A huge prop cannon rises up out of the grave until its mighty barrel (twelve inches wide) is pointing right in the vicar's face. He does not notice. Sound of car screeching to a halt. We pan away from grave to reveal the bishop leaping out of the car. Sound of an almighty blast from the cannon. The bishop gets back into the car immediately and turns it round.)* *(Cut to a street. Outside a cigarette shop the four clerics lounge against a wall. The bishop walks out rolling his own. Suddenly he stops. Close-up. He looks up as he hears a faint cry. Camera swings round and up - enormous zoom to high window in huge, drab city office block, where a vicar is looking out.)* **Third Vicar:** Help ... help... help... help... help... help...

*(Cut back to the bishop breaking into a run, throwing his cigarette into the gutter. Peter Gunn music. Hand-held shots of the bishop and the four vicars running through crowded streets. He reaches the office block, rushes in. Interior: a stair well. Right at the bottom we see the bishop and the vicars. Close-up hand-held shot of bishop running up stairs. Shadows running up the stair well. The bishop arrives on the top landing. Door of office. The bishop tries the door. It won't open. One vicar goes rigid. The other three take hold of him and use him as a battering ram and go straight through the balsa wood door first time.)* **Bishop:** OK, Devious, don't move!

**Devious:** The bishop!

*('The Bishop' titles again.)*



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# Living Room on Pavement

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 17

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## The cast:

**MR. POTTER**

Michael Palin

**MRS. POTTER**

Graham Chapman

**The sketch:**

*(A working-class lounge is arranged on the pavement. There are no walls, just the furnishings: settee, two armchairs, sideboard, table, standard lamp, a tiled fireplace with ornaments on it. There is also a free-standing inside door. Mr and Mrs Potter come out of the cinema and go straight to their chairs and sit down. Passers-by have to skirt the living-room furniture.)* **Mrs Potter:** *(settling into her chair)* Oh, it's nice to be home.

**Mr Potter:** *(looking round)* Builders haven't been then.

**Mrs Potter:** No.

*(A trendy interviewer with hand mike comes into shot.)*

**Interviewer:** These two old people are typical of the housing problem facing Britain's aged.

**Mrs Potter:** Here! Don't you start doing a documentary on us, young man.

**Interviewer:** Oh please ...

**Mrs Potter:** No, you leave us alone!

**Interviewer:** Oh, just a little one about the appalling conditions under which you live.

**Mrs Potter:** No! Get out of our house! Go on!

*(Interviewer turns, motions to his cameraman and sound man and they all trail off miserably)*

**Cameraman:** Oh all fight. Come on, George, pick it up.

**Mrs Potter:** Why don't you do a documentary about the drug problem round in Walton Street?

*(Cut to the camera crew. They stop, turn and mutter 'a drug problem!' and they dash off.)*

**Mrs Potter:** Oh, I'll go and have a bath.

*(She goes to the free-standing door and opens it. Beyond it we see the furnishings of a bathroom. In the bath is Alfred Lord Tennyson, fully clad As she opens the door we hear him reading... [continued](#))*

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# Poets / Choice of Viewing

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 17

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## The cast:

**MR. POTTER**

Michael Palin

**MRS. POTTER**

Graham Chapman

**SALES MANAGER**

John Cleese

**VOICE**

Eric Idle

**INSPECTOR**  
Michael Palin

**SHE**

Terry Jones

**WORDSWORTH**

Eric Idle

**CONTINUITY VOICE**

Eric Idle

**DEREK**

John Cleese



# NUDE MAN

Graham Chapman

---

## The sketch:

*(In the bath is Alfred Lord Tennyson, fully clad As she opens the door we hear him reading:)*

**Tennyson:** The splendour fans on castle walls And snowy summits old in story...

*(She slams the door.)*

**Mrs Potter:** 'Ere, there's Alfred Lord Tennyson in the bathroom.

**Mr Potter:** Well, at least the poet's been installed, then.

*(Cut to an officious-looking man in Gas Board type uniform and peaked cap. Caption on screen: 'SALES MANAGER EAST MIDLANDS POET BOARD')*

**Sales Martager:** Yes, a poet is essential for complete home comfort, and all-year round reliability at low cost. We in the East Midlands Poet Board hope to have a poet in every home by the end of next year.

*(ANIMATION: an advertisement.)*

**Voices:** *(singing)* Poets are both clean and warm And most are far above the norm Whether here, or on the roam Have a poet in every home.

*(Cut to middle-class hall. The front doorbell rings. Housewife opens door to Gas Board type inspector with bicycle clips, rubber mac and cap and notebook In the background we can hear muffled Wordsworth.)*

**Voice:** I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high...

**Inspector:** Morning, madam, I've come to read your poet.

**She:** Oh yes, he's in the cupboard under the stairs.

**Inspector:** What is it, a Swinburne? Shelley?

**She:** No, it's a Wordsworth.

**Inspector:** Oh, bloody daffodils.

*(He opens the door of the cupboard under the stairs. Inside is Wordsworth crouching and retiring.)*

**Wordsworth:** A host of golden daffodils Beside the lake, beneath the' trees Fluttering and dancing in the breeze

*(All this while the inspeaor is shining his torch over him and noting things on his clip board.)*

**Wordsworth:** Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle in the Milky Way They stretch in...

*(The inspector shuts the door in the middle of this and we hear Wordsworth reading on, though muffled, throughout the remainder of the sketch.)*

**Inspector:** Right. Thank you, madam.

*(He makes as if to go, but she seems anxious to detain him and bars his way.)*

**She:** Oh, not at all. Thank you... It's a nice day, isn't it?

**Inspector:** Yes, yes, the weather situation is generally favourable. There's a ridge of high pressure centred over Ireland which is moving steadily eastward bringing cloudy weather to parts of the West Country, Wales and areas west of the Pennines. On tomorrow's chart ... *(he reaches up and pulls down a big weather chart from the wall)* the picture is much the same. With this occluded front bringing drier, warmer weather. Temperatures about average for the time of year. That's three degrees centigrade, forty-four degrees fahrenheit, so don't forget to wrap up well. That's all from me. Goodnight.

*(Cut to BBC world symbol.)*

**Continuity Voice:** Now on BBC television a choice of viewing. On BBC 2 - a discussion on censorship between Derek Hart, The Bishop of Woolwich and a nude man. And on BBC 1 - me telling you this. And now...

*(Sound of TV set bring switched off. The picture reduces to a spot and we pull out to see that it was actually on a TV set which has just been switched off by the housewife. She and the gas man are now sitting in her living room. He is perched awkwardly on the edge of the sofa. He holds a cup often with a cherry on a stick in it.)* **She:** We don't want that, do we. Do you really want that cherry in your tea? Do you like doing this job?

**Inspector:** Well, it's a living, isn't it?

**She:** I mean, don't you get bored reading people's poets all day?

**Inspector:** Well, you know, sometimes ... yeah. Anyway, I think I'd better be going.

*(As he gets up she comes quickly to his side.)*

**She:** *(seductively)* You've got a nice torch, haven't you?

**Inspector:** *(looking at it rather baffled)* Er, yeah, yeah, it er... it er ... it goes on and off.

*(He demonstrates.)*

**She:** *(drawing closer becoming breathy)* How many volts is it?

**Inspector:** Er ... um... well, I'll have a look at the batteries. *(he starts unscrewing the end)*

**She:** Oh yes, yes.

**Inspector:** It's four and a half volts.

**She:** *(rubbing up against him)* Mmmm. That's wonderful. Do you want another look at the poet?

**Inspector:** No, no, I must be off, really.

**She:** I've got Thomas Hardy in the bedroom. I'd like you to look at him.

**Inspector:** Ah well, I can't touch him. He's a novelist.

**She:** Oh, he keeps mumbling all night.

**Inspector:** Oh well, novelists do, you see.

**She:** *(dragging him onto the sofa)* Oh forget him! What's your name, deary?

**Inspector:** Harness.

**She:** No, no! Your first name, silly!

**Inspector:** Wombat.

**She:** Oh, Wombat. Wombat Harness! Take me to the place where eternity knows no bounds, where the garden of love encloses us round. Oh Hamess!

**Inspector:** All right, I'll have a quick look at yer Thomas Hardy.

*(Cut to studio discussion. Caption on screen: 'DEREK HART')*

**Derek:** Nude man, what did you make of that?

**Nude Man:** Well, don't you see, that was exactly the kind of explicit sexual reference I'm objecting to. It's titillation for the sake of it. A deliberate attempt at cheap sensationalism. I don't care what the so-called avant-garde, left-wing, intellectual namby-pambies say... It is filth!

**Derek:** Bishop.

*(Cut to crook hitting desk in previous office)*

**Bishop:** Okay, don't anybody move!

*(Titles for 'The Bishop' start and then stop abruptly. Caption on the screen: 'AN APOLOGY')*

**Voice Over:** The BBC would like to apologize for the constant repetition in this show.

*(A different caption on the screen: 'AN APOLOGY')*

**Voice Over:** The BBC would like to apologize for the constant repetition in this show.

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# Chemist Sketch / Words not to be used again

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 17](#)

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**The cast:**

**CHEMIST**

John Cleese

**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

## The sketch:

*(Cut to the five Gumbys standing in a tight group.)*

**Gumbys:** Thank you. And now a sketch about a chemist called The Chemist Sketch.

*(A number of men and women are sitting around in an area by the counter where there is a large sign saying 'Dispensing Department'. A cheerful chemist appears at the counter.)*

**Chemist:** (JOHN) Right. I've got some of your prescriptions here. Er, who's got the pox? *(nobody reacts)* ... Come on, who's got the pox ... come on... *(a man timidly puts his hand up)* . .. there you go. *(throws bottle to the man with his hand up)* Who's got a boil on the bum... boil on the botty. *(throws bottle to the only man standing up)* Who's got the chest rash? *(a woman with a large bosom puts up hand)* Have to get a bigger bottle. Who's got wind? *(throws bottle to a man sitting on his own)* Catch.

*(Caption on the screen: 'THE CHEMIST SKETCH - AN APOLOGY')*

**Voice Over:** The BBC would like to apologize for the poor quality of the writing in that sketch. It is not BBC policy to get easy laughs with words like bum, knickers, bony or wee-wees. *(laughs off camera)* Ssssh!

*(Cut to a man standing by a screen with a clicker.)*

**BBC Man:** These are the words that are not to be used again on this programme.

*(He clicks the clicker. On screen appear the following slides:*

B\*M

B\*TTY

P\*X

KN\*CKERS

W\*\*-W\*\*

SEMPRINI

*(A girl comes into shot.)*

**Girl:** Semprini!?

**BBC Man:** (pointing) Out!

*(Cut back to the chemist's shop. The chemist appears again.)*

**Chemist:** Right, who's got a boil on his Semprini, then?

*(A policeman appears .and bundles him off.)*





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# After-Shave

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 17](#)

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**The cast:**

MAN

Eric Idle

**CHEMIST**  
Terry Jones

**CHEMIST**

Michael Palin

**FIRST GUMBY**

Michael Palin

**SECOND GUMBY**  
John Cleese

**CARDINAL XIMINEZ**  
Michael Palin



**ANOTHER MAN**

Graham Chapman

**The sketch:**

*(Scene: Another chemist's shop with a different chemist standing at the counter. A superimposed caption on the screen: 'A LESS NAUGHTY CHEMIST'S' A man walks in.)*

**Man:** Good morning.

**Chemist:** Good morning, sir.

**Man:** Good morning. I'd like some aftershave, please.

**Chemist:** Ah, certainly. Walk this way, please.

**Man:** If I could walk that way I wouldn't need aftershave.

*(The policeman runs into the shop and hauls the man off. Cut to shop again. Caption on screen: 'A NOT AT ALL NAUGHTY CHEMIST'S' Another chemist is standing with a large sign reading 'A Not At All Naughty Chemist'. Pull back to reveal sign above stock reads 'Not At All Naughty Chemists Ltd'. A man enters.)* **Man:** Good morning.

**Chemist:** *(puts down sign)* Good morning, sir. Can I help you?

**Man:** Yes. I'd like some aftershave.

**Chemist:** Ah. A toilet requisite-t-t-t-t-t... Would you like to try this, sir. It's our very, very latest, it's called Sea Mist.

**Man:** *(sniffs it)* I quite like it.

**Chemist:** How about something a little more musky? This one's called Mimmo.

**Man:**.. Not really, no. Have you anything a little more fishier?

**Chemist:** Fishier?

**Man:** Fishier.

**Chemist:** Fish, fish, fish. A fishy requisite-t-t-t-t-t...

**Man:** Like halibut or sea bass.

**Chemist:** Or bream?

**Man:** Yes.

**Chemist:** No, we haven't got any of that... ah, I've got mackerel... or cod... or hake...

**Man:** You haven't got anything a little more halibut-ish?

**Chemist:** Er... parrot? What's that doing there? Or skate with just a hint of prawn? Or crab, tiger and almonds, very unusual.

**Man:** I really had my heart set on halibut.

**Chemist:** Well, sir, we had a fishy consignment in this morning, so I could nip down to the basement and see if I can come up trumps on this particular requisite-t-t-t-t-t. So it was halibut... or... ?

**Man:** Sea bass.

**Chemist:** Sea bass. Won't be a moment.

*(The man waits for a few seconds, starts becoming uncomfortable, looks at watch, hums.)*

**Man:** *(to camera)* Sorry about this... pore pom pore... Normally we try to avoid these little ... pauses ... longeurs... only dramatically he's gone down to the basement, you see. 'Come, there isn't really a basement but he just goes off and we pretend... Actually what happens is he goes off there, off camera, and just waits there so it looks as though he's gone down ... to the basement. Actually I think he's rather overdoing it. Ah!

*(Long shot of the chemist with canon waiting off camera. Floor manager cues him and he walks to counter.)*

**Chemist:** Well, sorry, sir. *(out of breath)* Lot of steps. *(man winks at camera)* Well, I'm afraid it didn't come in this morning, sir. But we have got some down at our Kensington branch. I'll just nip down there and get it for you.

**Man:** How long will that be?

**Chemist:** Twenty minutes.

**Man:** Twenty minutes!

*(As he stands getting embarrassed, a girl hastily dressed as an assistant approaches him and hands him a message on a long stick.)*

**Man:** Oh... I wonder what other people use for aftershave lotion?

*(Cut to vox pops film.)*

**First Gumby:** I use a body rub called Halitosis to make my breath seem sweet.

**Second Gumby:** I use an aftershave called Semprini.

*(He is hauled off by policeman.)*

**Chemist:** (*hurrying Past*) I'm sorry, sorry - can't stop now, I've got to get to Kensington.

**Cardinal Ximiaz:** I use two kinds of aftershave lotions - Frankincense, Myrrh - three kinds of aftershave lotions, Frankincense, Myrrh, Sandalwood - four kinds of aftershave lotion. Frankincense, ....

**Another Man:** I have a cold shower every morning iust before I go mad, and then I go mad, 1. Mad, 2. Mad, 3. Mad, 4...

**Shabby:** I use Rancid Polecat number two. It keeps my skin nice and scaly.

**Chemist:** (*hurrying Past*) Sorry again. Can't stop - got to get back.

*(Cut back to chemist's where the man is at a clock on wall pushing minute hand round twenty minutes. He looks at the camera guiltily and returns to right side of counter. The chemist enters.)*

**Chemist:** Well I'm afraid they don't have any at our Kensington branch. But we have some down at the depot.

**Man:** Where's that?

**Chemist:** Aberdeen.

**Man:** Aberdeen?

**Chemist:** It's all fight. Wait here ... I've got a car.

**Man:** No, no, no. I'll take the other, the crab, tiger and...

**Chemist:** Almond requisite... t... t... ?

**Man:** I'll take it.

*(The chemist turns his back. A shoplifter enters. There is two men inside a large mac. He has false arms behind his back a la Duke of Edinburgh. The man watches him. He strolls to the counter and then two arms come out of coat and grab things from counter taking them inside the coat. Then these two arms are joined by a third arm which is black. All these arms steal stuff. The man taps the chemist and points at shoplifter. Chemist watches and then blows whistle. They wait for a tick. Then the policeman runs into the shop.)*



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# Police Constable Pan-Am

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 17

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**The cast:**

**POLICEMAN**  
Graham Chapman

**CHEMIST**

Michael Palin

**SHOPLIFTER**

Terry Gillam



# VOICE OVER

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

**Policeman:** Right. Right! RIGHT! Now then! Now then! Your turn.

**Chemist:** Aren't you going to say 'What's all this then?'?

**Policeman:** Oh! Right, what's all this, then?

**Chemist:** This man has been shoplifting, officer.

**Policeman:** Oh, he has? Yus?

**Chemist:** Yes.

**Policeman:** Are you trying to tell me my job?

**Chemist:** No, but he's been shoplifting.

**Policeman:** Look! I must warn you that anything you may say will be ignored and furthermore, given half a chance I'll put my fist through your teeth. F'tang. F'tang.

**Man:** But officer, this man here...

**Policeman:** I've had enough of you. You're under arrest.

*(He makes noises of plane flying and firing.)*

**Chemist:** Officer, it wasn't him. *(indicates shoplifter)* He's the shoplifter.

**Shoplifter:** No I'm not.

**Shoplifter's Mate:** *(sticking his head out of mac)* He's not ... I'm a witness.

**Policeman:** *(to chemist)* One more peep out of you and I'll do you for heresy.

**Chemist:** Heresy. Blimey. I didn't expect the Spanish Inquisition.

**Policeman:** Shut up! F'tang. F'tang. Oh, that's nice. *(he takes an object off the counter and pockets it)* Right. I'm taking you along to the station.

**Man:** What for?

**Policeman:** I'm charging you with illegal possession of whatever we happen to have down there. Right. *(makes plane noise again)* Lunar module calling Buzz Aldrin. Come in. Raindrops keep falling on my head... but that doesn't mean that my...

*(Caption appears on screen: 'AN APOLOGY')*

**Voice Over:** (JOHN) The BBC would like to apologize to the police about the character of Police Constable Pan Am. He was not meant to represent the average police officer. Similarly, the reference to Buzz Aldrin, the astronaut, was the product of a disordered mind and should not be construed as having any other significance. Photo of Buzz Aldrin.

*(Superimposed caption on the screen: 'THE BUZZ ALDRIN SHOW STARRING BUZZ ALDRIN WITH... (CREDITS)' Cut to Gumbys as at start of show.)*

**Gumbys:** And now for something completely different. *(jump cut to female Gumbys; then back to original shot)* Oh that was fun. And now *(CAPTION: 'THE END')* The end, The end! The end! The end!

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# Live from the Grill-o-Mat Snack Bar, Paignton

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 18

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

## The sketch:

*(Sketch opens with the BBC world symbol)*

**Voice Over:** Monty Python's Flying Circus tonight comes to you live from the Grillomat Snack Bar, Paignton.

*(Interior of a nasty snack bar. Customers around, preferably real people. Linkman sitting at one of the plastic tables.)*

**Linkman:** Hello to you live from the Grillomat Snack Bar, Paignton. And so, without any more ado, let's have the titles.

**It's Man Voice:** It's...

*(Animated titles. Back to the snack bar)*

**Linkman:** *(with rather forced bonhomie)* Well, those were the titles. And now for the first item this evening on the Menu - ha ha - the team have chosen as a little hors d'oeuvres an item - and I think we can be sure it won't be an ordinary item - in fact the team mid me just before the show that anything could happen, and probably would - so let's have ... the item.

*(Cut to the word '[Blackmail](#)' in letters)*

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# Blackmail!

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 18](#)

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 18](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'. It was also performed on their Albums - 'Monty Python Live at City Center' and US version of 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection'.

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## The sketch:

*(Music up-- wild applause and cheers from the audience)*

### Announcer (Michael Palin):

Hello! Hello! Hello! Thank you, thank you. Hello good evening and welcome, to BLACKMAIL! Yes, it's another edition of the game in which you can play with \*yourself\*. *(applause)* And to start tonight's show, let's see our first contestant, all the way from Manchester, on the big screen please: MRS. BETTY TEAL!

*(applause, which suddenly stops when the clap track tape breaks)* 'Ello, Mrs. Teal, lovely to have you on the show. Now Mrs. Teal, if you're looking in tonight, this is for 15 pounds: and is to stop us from revealing the name of your LOVER IN BOLTON!! So, Mrs. Teal, send us 15 pounds, by return of post please, and your husband Trevor, and your lovely children Diane, Janice, and Juliet, need never know the name... of your LOVER IN BOLTON!

*(applause; organ music. Shot of the organist, who is stark naked.)*

Thank you Onan! And now: a letter, a hotel registration book, and a series of photographs, which could add up to divorce, premature retirement, and possible criminal proceedings for a company director in Bromsgrove. He's a freemason, and a conservative M.P., so that's 3,000 pounds please Mr. S... thank you... to stop us from revealing:

Your name,

The name of the three other people involved,

The youth organization to which they belonged,

and The shop where you bought the equipment!

*(organ music)*

But right now, yes everyone is the moment you've all been waiting for; it's time for our Stop the Film spots! As you know, the rules are very

simple. We have taken a film which contains compromising scenes and unpleasant details which could wreck a man's career. (gasp) But, the victim may 'phone me at any moment, and stop the film. But remember the money increases as the film goes on, so-o-o-o: the longer you leave it, the \*more\* you have to pay! Tonight, Stop the Film visits the little Thames-side village of Thames Ditton.

*(music--announcer's voice over)*

Well, here we go, here we go now, let's see...where's our man. Oh yes, there he is behind the tree now.... Mm, boy, this is fun, this is good fun.... He looks respectable, so we should be in for some real...real chucks here.... A member of the government, could be a brain surgeon, they're the worst.... Whoa! Look at the \*size\* of that....briefcase. Aah, yes, he's, he's up to the door, rung the doorbell now.... O-oh, who's the little number with the nightie and the whip, eh? Heh-heh. Doesn't look like his mother....could be his sister.... If it is he's in real trouble....

And just look at that, they're upstairs already... whoah, boy, this is fun! A very brave man, our contestant tonight. Who-ho-ho!! This is no Tupperware party! Very brave man, they don't usually get this far... What's--what's that, what's she's doing to his.....is that a CHICKEN up there? No, no, it's just the way she's holding the grapefruit... Whoah, ho ho...

*('Phone rings; buzzer goes off; film stops. Applause)*

*(picking up 'phone)*

Hello sir...yes...aha-ha-ha...yes, just in time, sir, that was...what? No, no, sir, it's alright, we don't morally censor, we just want the money. Thank you sir, yes,....what? You.....okay....Thank you for playing the game, sir, very nice indeed, okay....okay, see you tonight, Dad, bye-bye.

Well, that's all from this edition of Blackmail. Join me next week, same time, same

channel....Join me, two dogs, and a vicar, when we'll be playing "Pedorasto", the game for all the family. Thank you, thank you, thank you...

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# **Society for Putting Things on Top of Other Things / Escape (from film)**

**As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 18**

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**The cast:**

**TOASTMASTER**  
Eric Idle

**SIR WILLIAM**

Graham Chapman

**MR. CUTLER**

John Cleese

**MR. BARNES**

Michael Palin

**FIRST GERMAN OFFICER**  
Ian Davidson

**SECOND GERMAN OFFICER**

Terry Gillam

**SERGEANT**  
Terry Jones

## The sketch:

**Toastmaster:** Gentlemen, pray silence for the President of the Royal Society for Putting Things on Top of Other Things.

*(There is much upper class applause and banging on the table as Sir William rises to his feet.)*

**Sir William:** I thank you, gentlemen. The year has been a good one for the Society (*hear, hear*). This year our members have put more things on top of other things than ever before. But, I should warn you, this is no time for complacency. No, there are still many things, and I cannot emphasize this too strongly, not on top of other things. I myself, on my way here this evening, saw a thing that was not on top of another thing in any way. (*shame!*) Shame indeed but we must not allow ourselves to become too despondent. For, we must never forget that if there was not one thing that was not on top of another thing our society would be nothing more than a meaningless body of men that had gathered together for no good purpose. But we flourish. This year our Australasian members and the various organizations affiliated to our Australasian branches put no fewer than twenty-two things on top of other things. (*applause*) Well done all of you. But there is one cloud on the horizon. In this last year our Staffordshire branch has not succeeded in putting one thing on top of another (*shame!*). Therefore I call upon our Staffordshire delegate to explain this weird behaviour.

*(As Sir William sits a meek man met at one of the side tables.)*

**Mr Cutler:** Er, Cutler, Staffordshire. Um ... well, Mr Chairman, it's just that most of the members in Staffordshire feel... the whole thing's a bit silly.

*(Cries of outrage. Chairman leaps to feet.)*

**Sir William:** Silly SILLY!! (*he pauses and thinks*) Silly! I suppose it is, a bit. What have we been doing wasting our lives with all this nonsense (*hear, hear*). Right, okay, meeting adjourned for ever.

*(He gets right up and walks away from the table to approving noises and applause. He walks to a door at the side of the studio set and goes through it. Exterior shot: a door opens and Sir William appears out of it into the fresh air. He suddenly halts.)*

**Sir William:** Good Lord. I'm on film. How did that happen?

*(He turns round and disappears into the building again. He reappears through door, crosses set and goes out through another door. Exterior.' he appears from the door into the fresh air and then stops.)*

**Sir William:** It's film again. What's going on?

*(He turns and disappears through the door again. Cut to him inside the building. He crosses to a window and looks out, then turns and says...)*

**Sir William:** Gentlemen! I have bad news. This room is surrounded by film.

**Members:** What! What!

*(Several members run to window and look out. Cut to film of them looking out of a window. Cut to studio: the members run to a door and open it. Cut to film: of them appearing at the door hesitating and then closing door. Cut to studio: with increasing panic they run to the second door. Cut to film: they appear, hesitate, and go back inside. Cut to studio: they run to Sir William in the centre of the room.)* **A Member:** We're trapped!

**Sir William:** Don't panic, we'll get out of this.

**A Member:** How?

**Sir William:** We'll tunnel our way out.

**Barnes:** Good thinking, sir. I'll get the horse.

**Sir William:** Okay Captain, you detail three men, start digging and load them up with cutlery, and then we'll have a rota, we'll have two hours digging, two hours vaulting and then two hours sleeping, okay?

*(Barnes and others carry a vaulting hone into shot. The members start vaulting over it Two Gestapo officers walk by.)*

**Mr Cutler:** All right, Medwin, leas see you get over that horse. Pick your feet up, Medwin. Come on, boy!

**1st German Officer:** Ze stupid English. Zey are prisoners and all they do is the sport.

**2nd German Officer:** One thing worries me, Fritz.

**1st German Officer:** Ja?

**2nd German Officer:** Where's the traditional cheeky and lovable Cockney sergeant?

**Sergeant:** *(donning tin helmet)* Cheer up, Fritz, it may never happen *(sing)* Maybe ies because I'm a Londoner...

**2nd German Officer:** Good. Everything seems to be in order.

*(The Gestapo officers leave. Mr Cutler runs up to Sir William.)*

**Mr Cutler:** Colonel! I've just found another exit, sir.

**Sir William:** Okay, quickly, run this way.

**Everyone:** If we could run that way . .. *(he stops them with a finger gesture)* sorry.



*(ANIMATION: A bleak landscape. A large foot with a Victorian lady on top of it comes hopping past. A door in a building opens and the society members (real people superimposed) run out, along the cartoon, and disappear, falling into nothingness. Cut to section of an oesophagus. The members (now animated cut-outs) fall down it into a stomach where they are joined by various large vegetables. Pull back to show that this is a cutaway view of an Edwardian gentleman. He belches.)* **Animation Voice:** Oh, I'm terribly sorry, excuse me.

*(He moves through a door marked 'gents'. We hear a lavatory flushing. Cut to linkman at table.)*

**Linkman:** Ah, hello. Well they certainly seem to be in a tight spot, and I spot... our next item - so let's get straight on with the fun and go over to the next item - or dish! Ha, ha!

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# Current Affairs

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 18](#)

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The cast:

**PRALINE**

John Cleese

**BROOKY**  
Eric Idle

# FLOOR MANAGER

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to a simple set with two chairs in it. Close up of Mr Praline.)*

**Praline:** Hello. 'Ow are you? I'm fine. Welcome to a new half-hour chat show in which me, viz the man what's talking to you now, and Brooky - to wit my flat mate - and nothing else, I'd like to emphasize that - discuss current affairs issues of burning import.

*(Pull back to show Brooky.)*

**Brooky:** Have you heard the one about the three nuns in the nudist colony?

**Praline:** Shut up. Tonight, the population explosion.

**Brooky:** Apparently there were these three nuns...

**Praline:** Shut up. Come the year 1991, given the present rate of increase in the world's population, the Chinese will be three deep. Another thing...

*(Floor manager comes in.)*

**Floor Manager:** Sorry, loves, sorry, the show is too long this week and this scene's been cut.

**Praline:** Lord Hill's at the bottom Of this.

**Floor Manager:** But if you can find a piano stool you can appear later on in the show on film.

**Brooky:** 'Ow much?

**Floor Manager:** Oh, about ten bob each.

**Praline:** I wouldn't wipe me nose on it.

**Brooky:** 'Ave you 'eard the one about these three nuns...

**Praline:** Sh. I can hear something. 'Ang about, we may still get in this show as a link.

*(Praline kneels and puts his ear to the floor. In the bottom section of the shot we see beneath the floor an animation of the unfortunate members of the Society for Putting Things on Top of Other Things bring flushed along a pipe.)*

**Brooky:** That's clever. How do they do that?

**Praline:** Colour separation, you cotton head.

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# Accidents Sketch

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 18](#)

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**The cast:**

**BUTLER**

Graham Chapman



MAN

Eric Idle

**MAID**

Carol Cleveland

**GREEN**

Terry Jones

# POLICEMAN

Michael Palin

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## The sketch:

*(Oak-panelled door with notice on it saying 'Prawn Salad Ltd'. The butler pushes it open and shows man into living room. The room is fairly large, containing at one end opposite the door a big window, making the room look quite high up - although it should be stately rather than modern. In the middle of the room's back wall there is a large ornate mirror, over a mantelpiece filled with objects. To the right of this wall there is a large bookshelf filled with books, and in front of it there is a drinks trolley.)* **Butler:** Well, if you'll just wait in here, sir, I'm sure Mr Thompson won't keep you waiting long.

**Man:** Fine. Thanks very much. He picks up a magazine. The mirror behind him without warning falls off the wall and smashes to the ground. The butler returns, and looks at the man enquiringly.

**Man:** The mirror fell off the wall.

**Butler:** Sir?

**Man:** The mirror fell off... off the wall... it fell.

**Butler:** *(polite but disbelieving)* I see. You'd better wait here. I'll get a cloth.

*(The butler just closes the door behind him and the bookcase detaches itself from the wall and comes sweeping down, bringing with it the drinks trolley. The butler opens the door.)*

**Man:** Ah, it ... it came off the wall.

**Butler:** Yes, sir?

**Man:** It just came right off the wall.

**Butler:** Really, sir.

**Man:** Yes, I ... I didn't touch it.

**Butler:** *(politely ironic)* Of course not. It just fell off the wall.

**Man:** Yes. It just fell off the wall.

**Butler:** Don't move. I'll get help.

*(He goes.)*

**Man:** Yes - er, fell off the wall.

*(A maid enters.)*

**Maid:** Oh my God, what a mess. 'Ere, did you do this?

**Man:** No, no. I didn't do all this. It... it did it all.

**Maid:** Oh? Well... 'ere, hold this. I'll get started.

*(She hands him a dagger.)*

**Man:** Oh, it's jolly nice. What is it?

**Maid:** It's a Brazilian dagger. Ooops.

*(She trips, falls lethally on to the dagger he is holding. She collapses at his feet. There is blood on the dagger and his hand. He is looking down at her, when he becomes aware of a man in a green baize apron at the door, who is looking at him in horror.)* **Man:** Er, she just fell on ... on to the dagger.

**Green:** *(soothingly)* Yes, of course she did, sir.

**Man:** Yes, just gave me the dagger and tripped, and went, 'Oops'.

*Green starts backing round the room away from him, but humouring him.*

**Green:** Yes sir, I understand.

**Man:** I mean, I didn't er...

**Green:** Oh no, no, of course not, sir, I understand.

**Man:** I mean she ... she just, er...

**Green:** Fell?

**Man:** Fell.

**Green:** *(backs off too far and falls backwards through the window)* Arrghh!

**Man:** *(to window)* I'm terribly sorry.

*(A policeman and the butler appear at the door.)*

**Butler:** That's him.

**Policeman:** Right, sir.

**Man:** Hello, officer. There seems to have been an accident. Well, several accidents actually.

**Policeman:** That's right, sir. Would you come this way, please. *(goes towards him)* Ahh! *(clutches chest)* It's me ... me heart, sir. *(collapses)*

**Butler:** You swine. I'll get you for that.

*(He is about to move forward when a large portion of the ceiling collapses on him. He goes down, too.)*

**Man:** Er, I won't wait. I'll phone.

*(He moves off through door. Large crashing sounds. He comes downstairs into a stretch of hall leading to an outside door. As he comes suits of amour collapse, bookcase glass smashes, a grandfather dock tips over and smashes, pictures fall off walls. All this quite quickly in sequence as he passes in horror. He gets to the main door. We see his relief. He doses the main door behind him, slamming it: it's a country-house-type entrance. Cut to stock film of country house being blown up. Cut back to man looking in horror, with dust and rubble swirling around. He is holding the remains of the door.)* **Man:** Sorry.

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# Seven Brides for Seven Brothers

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 18](#)

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**The cast:**

**HEADMASTER**

Graham Chapman



**FIRST SMITH**

Terry Jones

**SECOND SMITH**  
Terry Gillam

**THIRD SMITH**  
Eric Idle

**PADRE**

Michael Palin

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## **The sketch:**

*(A school hall with a stage. Mr Praline and Brooky enter. Praline sits at piano and plays something very badly; Brooky turns the pages for him. Music ends. Unseen schoolmaster announcer:)*

**Schoolmaster:** 'Seven Brides for Seven Brothers'. *(slight applause)*

*(The curtain pans. Enter headmaster in mortar board and gown.)*

**Headmaster:** 'Tis time the seven Smith brothers had brides. Fetch me Smith Major.

*(Enter Smith Major in short pants.)*

**First Smith:** Sir.

**Headmaster:** 'Tis time you and your six brothers were married.

**First Smith:** Thank you, Headmaster.

**Headmaster:** Fetch me your six brothers, that the seven brothers may be together.

*(Smith Major rings handbell. Three bays enter and stand next to him.)*

**Boys:** Behold, the seven brothers.

**Headmaster:** Right, I'll see Watson, Wilkins, and Spratt in my study afterwards.

**First Smith:** *(has to be prompted, then declaims badly)* But where shall we find seven brides for seven brothers?

**Second Smith:** The Sabine School for Girls.

**Third Smith:** Yes, and it's the Annual Dance.

**Headmaster:** Fetch hither the seven brides for seven brothers.

*(Enter two schoolgirls.)*

**Two Girls:** Behold the seven brides.

**Headmaster:** Fetch hither the padre that the seven brides may marry the seven brothers. *(nothing happens)* Fetch hither the master on duty that the seven brides may marry the seven brothers.

**Padre:** *(entering)* Sorry, I'm late, Headmaster - I've been wrestling with Plato.

**Headmaster:** What you do in your own time, Padre, is written on the wall in the vestry.

**Padre:** Right, do you four boys take these two girls to be your seven brides?

**Boys:** Yes, sir.

**Padre:** Right, go and do your prep.

*(The curtain comes across quickly.)*

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# The man who is alternately rude and polite

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 18

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**The cast:**

**GENT**

Michael Palin

# BUTCHER

Eric Idle

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## The sketch:

*(Animation sketch links us to a butcher's shop. Harmless looking city gent enters.)*

**Gent:** Good morning, I'd care to purchase a chicken, please.

**Butcher:** Don't come here with that posh talk you nasty, stuck-up twit.

**Gent:** I beg your pardon?

**Butcher:** A chicken, sir. Certainly.

**Gent:** Thank you. And how much does that work out to per pound, my good fellow?

**Butcher:** Per pound, you slimy trollop, what kind of a ponce are you?

**Gent:** I'm sorry?

**Butcher:** 4/6 a pound, sir, nice and ready for roasting.

**Gent:** I see, and I'd care to purchase some stuffing in addition, please.

**Butcher:** Use your own, you great poofy poonagger!

**Gent:** What?

**Butcher:** Ah, certainly sir, some stuffing.

**Gent:** Oh, thank you.

**Butcher:** 'Oh, thank you' says the great queen like a la-di-dah poofta.

**Gent:** I beg your pardon?

**Butcher:** That's all right, sir, call again.

**Gent:** Excuse me.

**Butcher:** What is it now, you great pillock?

**Gent:** Well, I can't help noticing that you insult me and then you're polite to me alternately.

**Butcher:** I'm terribly sorry to hear that, sir.

**Gent:** That's all right. It doesn't really matter.



**Butcher:** Tough titty if it did, you nasty spotted prancer.

---



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# Documentary on Boxer

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 18](#)

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## The cast:

**KEN CLEAN-AIR-SYSTEMS**

John Cleese

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

**MANAGER**

Graham Chapman

**MRS. CLEAN-AIR-SYSTEMS**

Eric Idle

**MOTHER**

Terry Jones

**TRAINER**

Michael Palin

**MAUREEN**  
Carol Cleveland

**PETULA**

Connie Booth



**COLONEL**

John Cleese

**The sketch:**

*(Film of a boxer (Ken Clean-Air-Systems) in training, running along a country road. All this is shot in 'Man Alive' style: plenty of hand-held documentary work. Sound of boxer's feet on the leaves and heavy breathing.)*

**Voice Over:** (MICHAEL) This is Ken Clean-air Systems, the great white hope of the British boxing world. After three fights - and only two convictions - his manager believes that Ken is ready to face the giant American, Satellite Five.

*(Cut to manager being driven in Rolls. Superimposed caption on screen: 'MR ENGLEBERT HUMPERDINCK - MANAGER')*

**Manager:** The great thing about Ken is that he's almost totally stupid.

*(Cut back to Ken jogging, the early morning sun filtering through the trees.)*

**Voice Over:** Every morning, he jogs the forty-seven miles from his two-bedroomed, eight-bathroom, six-up-two-down, three-to-go-house in Ryegate, to the Government's Pesticide Research Centre at Shoreham. Nobody knows why.

*(Cut to Ken's wife, a young married with her head in a scarf and curlers, hanging out the washing in a council estate. Caption appears on screen: 'MRS CLEAN-AIR SYSTEMS')*

**Mrs CAS:** Basically Ken is a very gentle, home-loving person. I remember when one of his stick insects had a knee infection. He stayed up all night rubbing it with germoline and banging its head on the table.

*(Cut to Ken's mother - an old lady in a wheelchair. Hand-held big close-up against the sky. Caption on screen: 'MRS NELLIE AIR-VENT, MOTHER')*

**Mother:** Oh he was such a pretty baby, always so kind and gentle. He was really considerate to his mother, and not at all the kind of person you'd expect to pulverize their opponent into a bloody mass of flesh and raw bone, spitting teeth and fragments of gum into a ring which had become one man's hell and Ken's glory.

*(The wheelchair moves away and we see that it is on top of a car. Cut to exterior of a semi-detached house. Night.)*

**Voice Over:** Every morning at his little three-room semi near Reading Ken gets up at three o'clock *(light goes on)* and goes back to bed again because it's far too early.

*(Light goes out. Close-up alarm clock at 7.05. General shot of room, Ken coming out of bathroom pulling his track-suit on.)*

**Voice Over:** At seven o'clock Ken gets up, he has a quick shower, a rub-down, gets into his track-suit, and goes back to bed again. *(shot of trainer running)* At 7.50 every morning Ken's trainer runs the 13,000 miles from his two-room lean-to in Bangkok and gets him up.

*(General shot of room to show his trainer standing over the sleeping Ken. He holds a large mallet and a steel peg.)*

**Trainer:** I used to wake Ken up with a crowbar on the back of the head. But I recently found that this was too far from his brain and I wasn't getting through to him anymore. So I now wake him up with a steel peg driven into his skull with a mallet.

*(Cut to the empty kitchen, shot from ground level. The camera pans across to show plate of food under an upright chair, and then pans across the room to the kitchen cupboard; Mrs Clean-Air Systems at the sink.)*

**Voice Over:** For breakfast every day, Ken places a plate of liver and bacon under his chair, and locks himself in the cupboard.

*(Cut to gym. Manager standing beside ropes of the ring. Again a hand-held 'Man Alive' type interview, with camera noise and all.)*

**Manager:** Well, he's having a lot of mental difficulties with his breakfasts, but this is temperament, caused by a small particle of brain in his skull, and once we've removed that he'll be perfectly all right.

*(Close-up alarm clock. Hands at 8.30)*

**Voice Over:** At 8.30 the real training begins. *(General shot of room. Ken asleep in bed)* Ken goes back to bed and his trainer gets him up. *(The door bursts open but we don't stay to see what happens. We cut immediately to outside of the house. His trainer pushes Ken out. Trainer goes back into the house (obviously to Ken's wife). Cut to Ken jogging through town. Hand held Ken finds his way blocked by a parked car. He stops and looks very puzzled, then instead of going round it turns and runs back the way he has come.)* At 10.30 every morning Ken arrives at what he thinks is the gym. Sometimes it's a sweetshop, sometimes it's a private house. Today its a hospital.

*(Ken turns into the gates or doors of a hospital. There is a slight pause, and a white-coated doctor arrives at the door and points right up the street.)*

**Doctor:** Urn, straight down there. Straight down there.

*(Ken follows his finger and looks very hard in that direction. When he is satisfied that Ken has understood where he is pointing, the doctor retires back inside. Ken turns and watches him as he does this, then turns and sets off in the opposite direction. Cut to a shot of a roadside diner.)*

**Voice Over:** For lunch Ken crouches down in the road and rubs gravel into his hair. *(Pan down to roadside to reveal Ken just finishing rubbing gravel into his hair; he stands up and hops over a railing to a riverside where a bed stands)* But lunch doesn't take long. Ken's soon up on his feet and back to bed. *(Ken hops into the bed)* And his trainer has to run the 49,000 miles from his two-bedroom, six-living-room tree-house in Kyoto to wake him up. *(Trainer runs into shot, pauses by*

bedside and turns to camera. He has large plumber's bag.) **Trainer:** Hello. When Ken is in a really deep sleep like this one, the only way to wake him up is to saw his head off.

*(Cut to stock close-up of punchbag and glove smashing into it. Continual hitting and impact-bang-bang-bang-bang throughout.)*

**Voice Over:** What is he like in the ring, this human dynamo, this eighteen-stone bantam weight battering-ram? We asked his sparring partner and one-time childhood sweetheart, Maureen Spencer.

*(Cut to medium close-up of Maureen, very busty in boxing gear and sparring helmet.)*

**Maureen:** Well, I think that if Ken keeps his right up, gets in with the left jab and takes the fight to his man - well, he should go for a cut eye in the third and put Wilcox on the canvas by six.

*(She goes back to sparring and we see it is she who is hitting the punchbag. Remaining on her we hear the voice Over.)*

**Voice Over:** Ken's opponent in Tuesday's fight is Petula Wilcox, the Birmingham girl who was a shorthand typist before turning pro in 1968. *(Cut to typical teenage girl's bedsit. Pin-ups of popstars on the walls. Teddy bears on the bed and gonks. Petula Wilcox is sitting up on the bed knitting.)* She's keen on knitting and likes Cliff Richard records. How does she rate her chances against Ken?

**Petula:** Well, I'm a southpaw and I think this will confuse him, particularly with his brain problem.

*(Cut to the ring. Floodlight. The night of the big fight. Murmur of a huge crowd. Excitement, cigar smoke rising in front of the camera. Bustle of activity all rounds. In medium close-up the master of ceremonies walks out into the middle of the ring, and takes the microphone.)* **Master of Ceremonies:** My lords, ladies and gentlemen... On my right, from the town of Reigate in the county of Kent, the heavyweight... *(unintelligible)* Mr Ken Clean-Air Systems!... *(applause, cut to Ken's corner; Ken raises his arms above his head)* and on my left! Miss Petula Wilcox.

*(Superimposed caption appears on the screen: ROUND 1 For the first time we see Petula dance out into the middle of the ring, frail and lovely in a white muslin dress, with a bow in her hair and boxing gloves. The referee brings them together, cautions them and then they separate. The bell goes. As speeded-up as we can manage and with the same stupendous sound effects as for all-in cricket, Ken belts the hell out of Petula. While this goes on, we hear a few voice overs.)* **Colonel Type:** I think boxing's a splendid sport - teaches you self-defence.

**Critic:** Obviously boxing must have its limits, but providing they're both perfectly fit I can see nothing wrong with one healthy man heating the bring daylights out of a little schoolgirl.

**Voice:** It's quick and it's fun.

*(Boxing match is still in full swing as we cut away to the Grillomatic snack bar. )*

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# 'It's a Living'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 19

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## The cast:

COMPÈRE

Eric Idle

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## The sketch:

*(Quiz show set-up. Two contestants either side, compere in the middle. On the back wall, in large letters, it says 'It's a living'. Music plays brightly. Track quickly into compere, losing contestants, as he starts his quick spiel. CAPTION: 'IT'S A LIVING')* **Compere:** Hello, good evening, and welcome to 'It's A Living'. The rules are very simple: each week we get a large fee; at the end of that week we get another large fee; if there's been no interruption at the end of the year we get a repeat fee which can be added on for tax purposes to the previous year or the following year if there's no new series. Every contestant, in addition to getting a large fee is entitled to three drinks at the BBC or if the show is over, seven drinks - unless he is an MP, in which case he can have seven drinks before the show, or a bishop only three drinks in toto. The winners will receive an additional fee, a prize which they can flog back and a special fee for a guest appearance on 'Late Night Line Up'. Well, those are the rules, that's the game, we'll be back again same time next week. Till then. Bye-bye.

*(Cut to [BBC world symbol](#).)*

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# The Time on BBC 1

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 19

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**The cast:**

**FIRST VOICE OVER**

Michael Palin



**SECOND VOICE OVER**

Terry Jones

**ANNOUNCER**

John Cleese

MAN

Terry Jones

## The sketch:

**1st Voice Over:** Well, it's five past nine and nearly time for six past nine. On BBC 2 now it'll shortly be six and a half minutes past nine. Later on this evening it'll be ten o'clock and at 10.30 we'll be joining BBC 2 in time for 10.33, and don't forget tomorrow when it'll be 9.20. Those of you who missed 8.45 on Friday will be able to see it again this Friday at a quarter to nine. Now here is a time check. It's six and a half minutes to the big green thing.

**2nd Voice Over:** You're a loony.

**1st Voice Over:** I get so bored. I get so bloody bored.

*(ANIMATION: for a minute or two strange things happen on animation until suddenly we find ourselves into the animated title sequence. Cut to the announcer in a silly location, sitting at his desk as usual.)*

**Announcer:** You probably noticed that I didn't say 'and now for something completely different' just now. This is simply because I am unable to appear in the show this week. *(looks closely at script, puzzled)* Sorry to interrupt you.

*(Cut to a man holding his mouth open to show the camera his teeth.)*

**Man:** I'm terribly sorry to interrupt but my tooth's hurting, just around here.

**Voice:** Get off.

**Man:** Oh, sorry.

*(Cut to pompous moustached stockbroker type.)*

**Nabarro:** I'm not sorry to interrupt - I'll interrupt anything if it gets people looking in my direction - like at my old school where, by a coincidence, the annual prize giving is going on at this very moment.

*(There is a ripple effect, and a muted trumpet plays a corny segue sequence.)*

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# School prize-giving

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 19

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The cast:

**FIRST BISHOP**

Michael Palin

**SECOND BISHOP**  
Eric Idle

**CHINAMAN**

Graham Chapman



**DETECTIVE**  
Terry Jones

# SOLDIER

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(We mix through to the trumpeter at a school prize giving. On the stage of the school hall there is a long table behind which are sitting several distinguished people. A bishop in a grey suit and purple stock and dog collar gets up.)*

**1st Bishop:** My Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, it gives me very great pleasure to return to my old school, to present the prizes in this centenary year. This school takes very justifiable pride in its fine record of... aaaaagh! *(Hands pull him down behind the table. Fighting, punching, struggle, grunts etc. No reaction at all from the distinguished guests. The bishop's head reappears for a moment.)* ... scholarship and sporting achievement in all... aaaagh!

*(He disappears again. More noises. Up comes another bishop dressed identically.)*

**2nd Bishop:** I'm, I'm afraid there's been a mistake. The man who has been speaking to you is an impostor. He is not in fact the 'Bishop of East Anglia, but a man wanted by the police. I am the Bishop of East Anglia and anyone who doesn't believe me can look me up in the book. Now then, the first prize is this beautiful silver cup, which has been won by me. *(he puts the silver cup into a sack)* Next we come to the Fairfax Atkinson Trophy for outstanding achievement in the field of Applied Mathematics. Well, there was no-one this year who reached the required standard so it goes in my sack. And by an old rule of the school all the other silver trophies also go in my sack ... aaagh!

*(He is dragged down by an unseen hand More sounds of fighting, noisier than before even. A Chinaman in Mao jacket and cap appears.)*

**Chinaman:** Velly solly for hold-up ... no ploblem now ... me are Bishop of East Anglia, now plesent plizes ... Eyes down for first plize ... The Fyffe-Chulmleigh Spoon for Latin Elegaic... 'goes to ... People's Republic of China! Aaaagh!

*(The Chinaman is dragged down beneath the table as were the others. Again sound of struggle, thumps etc. A plainclothes policeman stands up.)*

**Detective:** Good evening, everybody. My name's Bradshaw- Inspector Elizabeth Bradshaw, of the Special Branch Speech Day Squad, but I'd like you to think of me as the Bishop of East Anglia, and I'd like to present the first prize, the Grimwade Gynn Trophy to...

*(A shot. He leaps backwards. Sound of machine guns and exploding shells. Two men in any uniform with camouflage sticking out of tin helmets rush up to the table and exchange fire. They have a huge bazooka which they fire from time to time.)*

**Soldier:** *(appearing from beneath the table, shouting above the din of the battle)* Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, ladies, gentlemen and boys. Please do not panic. Please keep your heads right down now, and at the back please keep your heads right down. Do not panic, don't look round - this building is surrounded. There is nothing to worry about. I am the Bishop of East Anglia. Now the

first prize is the Granville Cup for French Unseen Translation ... *(explosion and smoke, debris over the stage)* and it goes to Forbes Minor... Forbes Minor ... right, give him covering fire ... *(explosion)* Come on Forbes. Come on boy. Come and get it. Keep down. *(a wretched schoolboy appears on the stage keeping his head down)* Well done... *(he manages to get the cup but as he stands to shake hands he is shot)* Oh... bad luck! The next prize...

*(Mix through to a picture on a TV monitor and pull out from monitor to reveal a studio set as for a [late-night discussion programme.](#))*

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**'If' - a Film by Mr. Dibley /**  
**Rear Window - a Film by Mr Dibley /**  
**'Finian's Rainbow' (staring the man from the off-  
licence**

*As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 19*

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**The cast:**

## INTERVIEWER

Graham Chapman

## L.F. DIBLEY

Terry Jones

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### The sketch:

*(Mix through to a picture on a TV monitor and pull out from monitor to reveal a studio set as for a late-night discussion programme.)*

**Interviewer:** Mr L.F. Dibley's latest film 'if'. *(he turns to Dibley)* Mr Dibley, some people have drawn comparisons between your film, 'if', which ends with a gun battle at a public school, and Mr Lindsay Anderson's film, 'if', which ends with a gun battle at a public school.

**Dibley:** Oh yes, well, I mean, there were some people who said my film 'aooz - A Space Odyssey', was similar to Stanley Kubrick's. I mean, that's the sort of petty critical niggling that's dogged my career. It makes me sick. I mean, as soon as I'd made 'Midnight Cowboy' with the vicar as Ratso Rizzo, John Schlesinger rushes out his version, and gets it premiered while mine's still at the chemist's.

**Interviewer:** Well, we have with us tonight one of your films, 'Rear Window', which was to become such a success for Alfred Hitchcock a few weeks later. Now this is a silent film, so perhaps you could talk us through it...

*(Cut to a dim, shaky 8mm shot of a window. It is open. After a few seconds a man appears and looks out. He then performs over-exaggerated horror and points, looking at camera. Then he disappears and then he reappears.)*

**Dibley:** Yes, well, let's see now ... there's the rear window. There's the man looking out of the window. He sees the murder. The murderer's come into the room to kill him, but he's outwitted him and he's all right. The End. I mean, Alfred Hitchcock, who's supposed to be so bloody wonderful, padded that out to one and a half hours ... lost all the tension ... just because he had bloody Grace Kelly he made £3 million more than I did. Mind you, at least she can act a bit, I could have done with her in 'Finian's Rainbow' ... The man from the off-licence was terrible ... a real failure that was - ten seconds of solid boredom.

*(Cut to shaky titles: Mr Dibley's 'Finian's Rainbow starring the man from the off-licence'. Cut to the man from the off-licence standing by a tennis-court. He wears a dress and appears to be trying to say something - he has forgotten his words. He does an unconvincing little dance. CAPTION: 'THE END') Dibley:* Bloody terrible.

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# Foreign Secretary

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 19

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The cast:

**INTERVIEWER**

Graham Chapman

**DAME IRENE**

Michael Palin



**HOSTESS**

Rita Davies

**The sketch:**

**Interviewer:** Mr L. F. Dibley's 'Finian's Rainbow'. And now over to me. (*close-up of interviewer*) Exclusively on the programme today we have the Foreign Secretary, who has just returned from the bitter fighting in the Gulf of Amman. He's going to tell us about canoeing. (*On the bank of a river seen from the other side. There is a canoe on the bank a man in a pinstripe suit stands beside it. Superimposed caption: 'THE FOREIGN SECRETARY' He gives a little rough and gets in. Two Arabs run in from other side of frame, lift up the canoe and throw it and the Foreign Secretary into the water. Cut back to the interviewer.*) **Interviewer:** That gives you just some idea of what's going on out there. Today saw the long-awaited publication of the Portman Committee's Report on Industrial Reorganization... (*CAPTION: 'SOMETHING SILLY'S GOING TO HAPPEN'*) **Interviewer:** It's taken five years to prepare and it's bound to have an enormous impact on the future of industrial relations in this country. In the studio tonight Lord Porlman, Chairman of the Committee, Sir Charles Avery, Employers' Reorganization Council, and Ray Millichope, leader of the Allied Technicians' Union. And they're going to make a human pyramid. (*Three men in shorts run on to accompaniment of tinkling music and form a pyramid As they complete it we cut to film of Vatican crowds and dub on enormous ovation.*) **Interviewer:** .Bra... vo. Now the President of the Board of Trade... (*Cut back to the same river bank shot from across the river. The President of the Board of Trade in pinstripes is standing beside a hamper. He smiles and gets in, and lowers the lid. Once again two Arabs run in from either side and throw it in. All these sequences are speeded up.*) **Interviewer:** Now here's the Vice-Chairman of ICI. (*Cut back to same river bank. A head looking out of the hamper. It disappears as two Arabs run in and toss it in.*) **Interviewer:** Well, so much for politics and the problems of Britain's industrial reorganization. Now we turn to the lighter subject of sport, and Reg Harris, the former world cycling sprint champion, talks to us about the psychological problems of big race preparation. (*Reg and his bike are thrown in the river by the Arabs*) And now the world of song - Anne Zeigler and Webster Booth. (*two hampers thrown in river by four Arabs*) Well, all good things must come to an end, and that's all for this week. But to close our programme, Dame Irene Stoat, who celebrates her eighty-fifth birthday this month, reads one of her most famous poems. (*Cut to the river bank. An old lady is standing beside it, but this time on the bank of the river nearest the camera. On the other bank we see the Arabs run into shot, realize they've been foiled and leap up and down in anger.*) **Dame Irene:** Who shall declare this good, that ill When good and ill so intertwine But to fulfil the vast design Of an omniscient will. When seeming again but turns to loss When earthly treasure proves but dross And what seems lost but turns again To high eternal gain. (*The Arabs run out of vision. Suddenly, from right beside the camera, with a bloodcurdling scream a Samurai warrior with drawn sword leaps upon her and hurls her backwards into the water. The warrior then strikes up a fierce heroic pose for the camera. Superimposed caption on screen: 'NEWHAVEN - LE HAVRE. GETAWAY TO THE CONTINENT'*)

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# Dung / Dead Indian

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 19

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**The cast:**

**HOST**

Michael Palin

**HOSTESS**

Rita Davies

**MAN**

John Cleese

**GAS MAN**

Graham Chapman



**POLICEMAN**  
Eric Idle

**INSPECTOR**  
Terry Jones

# VOICE OVER

Michael Palin

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to a smart dinner party. There are two couples in evening dress at the table. Candles burning on the polished wood, a fire burning in the grate. Muted music and sophisticated lighting.)*

**Hostess:** We had the most marvellous holiday. It was absolutely fantastic.

**Host:** Absolutely wonderful.

**Hostess:** Michael, you tell them about it.

**Host:** No, darling, you tell them.

**Hostess:** You do it so much better.

*(The doorbell rings.)*

**Host:** Excuse me a moment.

*(The host goes and answers the door of the fiat, which opens straight into the dining room. Standing at the door is a large grubby man carrying a tin bath on his shoulder. There are flies buzzing around him. He walks straight in.)*

**Man:** Dung, sir.

**Host:** What?

**Man:** We've got your dung.

**Host:** What dung?

**Man:** Your dung. Three hundredweight of heavy droppings. Where do you want it? *(he looks round for a likely place)*

**Host:** I didn't order any dung.

**Man:** Yes you did, sir. You ordered it through the Book of the Month Club.

**Host:** Book of the Month Club?

**Man:** That's right, sir. You get 'Gone with the Wind', 'Les Miserables' by Victor Hugo, 'The French Lieutenant's Woman' and with every third book you get dung.

**Host:** I didn't know that when I signed the form.

**Man:** Well, no, no. It wasn't on the form - they found it wasn't good for business. Anyway, we've got three hundredweight of dung in the van. Where do you want it?

**Host:** Well, I don't think we do. We've no garden.

**Man:** Well, it'll all fit in here - it's top-class excrement.

**Host:** You can't put it in here, we've having a dinner party!

**Man:** 'S alright. I'll put it on the telly.

*(He brings it into the dining room. The guests ignore him.)*

**Host:** Darling... there's a man here with our Book of the Month Club dung.

**Hostess:** We've no room, dear.

**Man:** Well, how many rooms have you got, then?

**Host:** Well, there's only this room, the bedroom, a spare room.

**Man:** Oh well, I'll tell you what, move everything into the main bedroom, then you can use the spare room as a dung room.

*(The doorbell goes and there standing at the door which hasn't been closed is a gas board official with a dead Indian over his shoulders.)*

**Host:** Yes.

**Gas Man:** Dead Indian.

**Host:** What?

**Gas Man:** Have you recendy bought a new cooker, sir?

**Host:** Yes.

**Gas Man:** Ah well, this is your free dead Indian, as advertised...

**Host:** I didn't see that in the adverts...

**Gas Man:** No, it's in the very small print, you see, sir, so as not to affect the sales.

**Host:** We've no room.

**Man:** That's all right - you can put the dead Indian in the spare room on top of the dung.

**Dead Indian:** Me ... heap dizzy.

**Host:** He's not dead!

**Gas Man:** Oh well, that's probably a faulty cooker.

*(The phone rings. The wife goes to answer it.)*

**Man:** Have you, er... you read and enjoyed 'The French Lieutenant's Woman', then?

**Host:** No.

**Man:** No... still, it's worth it for the dung, isn't it?

**Hostess:** Darling, it's the Milk Marketing Board. For every two cartons of single cream we get the M4 motorway.

*(Cut to host and hostess standing bewildered in the middle of a motorway. Beside them is a steaming pile of dung, and a dead Indian. They look round in amazement. A police car roars up to them and two policemen leap out.)*

**Policeman:** Are you Mr and Mrs P. Forbes of 7, the Studios, Elstree?

**Host:** Yes.

**Policeman:** Right, well, get in the car. We've won you in a police raffle.

*(Speeded up, they are bundled into the car. Cut to inspector.)*

**Inspector:** Yes! This couple is just one of the prizes in this year's Police Raffle. Other prizes include two years for breaking and entering, a crate of search warrants, a 'What's all this then?' T-shirt and a weekend for two with a skinhead of your own choice.

*(Caption on screen: 'STOP-PRESS')*

**Voice Over:** And that's not allr Three fabulous new prizes have just been added, a four-month supply of interesting . undergarments (*picture*), a fully motorized pig (*picture?*), and a hand-painted scene of Arabian splendour, complete with silly walk.



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# Timmy Williams Interview

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 19

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The cast:

**TIMMY**

Eric Idle

**NIGEL**

Terry Jones



**REPORTER**

Graham Chapman

**PETER**

John Cleese

**WAITER**

Michael Palin

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## **The sketch:**

*(Animation sketch leading to a booth in a quite expensive looking coffee shop, Italian style. Nigel is sitting there. Timmy William comes in. He has just the faintest passing resemblance to David Frost.)*

**Timmy:** Nigel! Wonderful to see you, super, super, super. Am I a teeny bit late?

**Nigel:** A bit, an hour.

**Timmy:** Oh, super! Only Snowdon's been re-touching my profile and we can't upset the lovely Snowdon, can we?

**Nigel:** Gosh, no.

*(A man passes.)*

**Timmy:** *(gets up and clasps his hands)* ... David Bloggs ... the one and only ... super to see you. Who are you working for? Come and work for me, I'll call you tomorrow. *(sits down)* It's really lovely to have this little chat with you.

**Nigel:** Well, I...

**Timmy:** It is so nice to have this little talk about things. I heard a teeny rumourlette that you were married.

**Nigel:** Well, not quite, no. My wife's just died, actually.

**Timmy:** Oh dear. *(sees another man passing)* Brian! *(extends his arm)* We must get together again soon. See you. Bye. *(to Nigel)* Well, perhaps we could do a tribute to her on the show.

**Nigel:** Well, no. I...

**Timmy:** I'll get Peter, William, Arthur, Alex, Joan, Ted, Scott, Will, John and Ray to fix it up. It is so nice having this little chat.

**Nigel:** Well, actually Timmy, I'm glad to get you on your own...

*(A reporter comes up to the table.)*

**Timmy:** You don't mind if Peter just sits in, do you?

**Nigel:** Well, actually...

**Timmy:** Only he's doing an article on me for the 'Mail'. He's such a lovely person.

**Reporter:** Hello.

**Timmy:** Peter, this is one of the nicest people in the world, Nigel Watt. *(Peter scribbles it down)* W-A-double T. That's right, yes.

**Nigel:** Well, actually, Timmy, the thing is, it's a bit private.

*(A writer comes to the table.)*

**Timmy:** Oh, you don't mind if Peter just sits in, do you? Only Peter's writing a book on me. Peter, you know Tony from the 'Mail', don't you?

**Peter:** Yes, we met in the Turkish bath yesterday.

**Timmy:** Super, super. Did it come up well in the writing yesterday?

**Peter:** Great, great, great.

**Timmy:** You took out the tummy references? *(makes fatness signs)*

**Peter:** Yes, I did.

**Timmy:** Super, super, super. Just to fill you in, this is Nigel Watt and we are having a little heart-to-hem. H-E-A-R-T. Smashing. Do go on, Nigel.

*(They both start writing.)*

**Nigel:** Well, well, the thing is, Timmy, um er...

*(Timmy is smiling and posing. Nigel stops and looks. There is a photographer, hovering.)*

**Timmy:** Do carry on, it's the 'TV Times', only they syndicate these photographs to America. Would you mind if we just er... *(grabs him by the hand and poses hearty friendship photo)* Super, super. One over here, I think, Bob. A little smile, please, smashing, smashing. Feel free, Bob, to circulate, won't you. Do go on, this is most interesting.

**Nigel:** Well, the thing is, Timmy, I'm a bit embarrassed.

**Waiter:** *(coming to table)* Oh, Mr Willimas, it's so nice to see you. Will you sign this for my little daughter, please?

**Timmy:** Hello, Mario. Super, wonderful. *(signs)* Just two lovely coffees, please. *(Director comes in.)*

**Director:** Sorry, sorry, Timmy. Can we just go from where Mario comes in, we're getting bad sound, OK?

**Timmy:** It's German television. Isn't it exciting, Nigel? They're doing a prize-winning documentary on me.

*(We see a film camera and the whole crew gathered round.)*

**Clapper Boy:** 'The Wonderful Mr Williams', scene 239, take 2.

**Director:** Action!

**Timmy:** *(taking the cue, switches)* Mario, how super to see you. How are the lovely family? Please give your little daughter this. *(hands him a five pound note)* Thank you. And just two lovely coffees, please.

**Mario:** Yes, sir.

**Timmy:** *(to Nigel)* Such a lovely waiter. Now, go on please, this is most interesting.

**Nigel:** Well ... er... as I was saying, Timmy, my wife's gone... gone. *(close-up on him)* I've got three children and I'm at my wits' end. No job, no insurance, no money at all. I'm absolutely fiat broke, I just don't know where to turn. I... I'm absolutely at the end of my tether. You're my only chance. Can you help me, please, Timmy?

*(He looks up, Timmy isn't there. Timmy comes bounding back.)*

**Timmy:** Sorry, I was on the phone to America. It's been super having this lovely little chat. We must do this again more often. Er... will you get the toffees? I'm afraid I must dash, I'm an hour late for the Israeli Embassy. *(there is a shot; Nigel slumps over the table, gun in his hand)* Er... did you get that shot all right, sound?

**Sound Man:** *(off screen)* Yes, fine.

**Timmy:** It... it wasn't a bit too wicked, was it? I mean, it wasn't too cruel?

**Tony and Peter:** No, no, no. It was great.

**Timmy:** No, super... well, er... I think it shows I'm human, don't you?

**Tony and Peter:** Yes, great.

**Timmy:** Super, super. Well, the charabanc's here. Go on, everybody. Bye. *(he waves)*

*(They all troop off after him. Theme music starts to come up, we pull back and see the camera set-up. Credits start to roll:)*

**Voice Over:** Timmy Wilhams' Coffee Time' was brought to you live from Woppi's in Holborn.

*(Credits continue to roll:)*

THEME SCRIPT BY *(enormous letters)* TIMMY WILLIAMS  
ENTIRELY WRITTEN BY *(enormous letters)* TIMMY WILLIAMS  
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL BY: *(these go straight through very fast)*  
PETER WRAY

LEN ASHLEY  
GEOFFREY INGERSOLL  
GEORGE HERBERT  
HARRY LOWALL  
RALPH EMERSON  
HATTY STARR  
FRANK PICKSLEY  
JOHN STAMFORD  
SHELLEY BUNHEUR  
MALCOLM KERR  
JAMES BEACH  
ALAN BAILEY  
BRIAN FELDMAN  
STIRLING HARTLEY  
ADRIAN BEAMISH  
GUY WARING  
MARK TOMKINS  
SIDNEY SMITH  
RICHARD HOVEY  
EDMUND GOSSE  
JONATHAN ASHMORE  
BILL WRIGHT  
ARTHUR FULLER  
RICHARD SAVAGE  
MICHAEL WHITEMORE  
BUDGE RYAN  
CEDRIC HAZLETT  
TERRY JONES  
MICHAEL PALIN  
JOHN GAYNOR  
GEORGE COLEMAN  
SAMUEL SPURGEON  
THOMAS MASSINGER  
STEPHEN DAVIS  
WALTER CHAPMAN  
REGINALD MARWOOD  
DAVID GOSCHEN  
PETER SCHULMAN  
DENNIS FRANKEL  
DAVID ROBINSON  
PAUL RAYMOND  
JOHN WILLDER  
JOHNNY LYNN  
JOE SHAW  
SIMON SMITH  
MONTY PYTHON  
MICHAEL LAPIN

SYDNEY LOTTERBY  
IAN MATHERSON  
HUMPHREY BARCLAY  
BURT ANCASTER  
KIRK OUGLAS  
KEN SMITH  
GEOFFREY HUGHES  
BRIAN FITZJONES  
MICHAEL GOWERS  
JOHN PENNYCATE  
PETER BAKER  
NEIL SHAND

*(Fade out.)*

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# Raymond Luxury-Yacht

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 19

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The cast:



## INTERVIEWER

Michael Palin

## RAYMOND LUXURY-YACHT

Graham Chapman

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### The sketch:

*(Fade in on ordinary interview set. Interviewer sitting with man with large Semitic (Jewish) polystyrene nose.)*

**Interviewer:** Good evening. I have with me in the studio tonight one of Britain's leading skin specialists - Raymond Luxury Yacht.

**Raymond:** That's not my name.

**Interviewer:** I'm sorry - Raymond Luxury Yach-t.

**Raymond:** No, no, no - it's spelt Raymond: Luxury Yach-t, but it's pronounced 'Throatwobbler Mangrove'.

**Interviewer:** You're a very silly man and I'm not going to interview you.

**Raymond:** Ah, anti-semitism!

**Interviewer:** Not at all. It's not even a proper nose. *(takes it off)* It's polystyrene.

**Raymond:** Give me my nose back.

**Interviewer:** You can collect it at reception. Now go away.

**Raymond:** I want to be on the television.

**Interviewer:** Well you can't.

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# Registry Office

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 19

---

**The cast:**

**FIRST MAN**  
Terry Jones



**SECOND MAN**

Michael Palin

# THIRD MAN

Graham Chapman

**FOURTH MAN**  
John Cleese

## VOICE OVER

John Cleese

---

### The sketch:

*(A large sign saying 'Registry Office ', 'Marriages' etc. A man is talking to the registrar.)*

**First Man:** Er, excuse me, I want to get married.

**Registrar:** I'm afraid I'm already married, sir.

**First Man:** Er, no, no. I just want to get married.

**Registrar:** I could get a divorce, I suppose, but it'll be a bit of a wrench.

**First Man:** Er, no, no. That wouldn't be necessary because...

**Registrar:** You see, would you come to my place or should I have to come to yours, because I've just got a big mortgage.

**First Man:** No, no, I want to get married here.

**Registrar:** Oh dear. I had my heart set on a church wedding.

**First Man:** Look, I just want you to marry me... to...

**Registrar:** I want to marry you too sir, but it's not as simple as that. You sure you want to get married?

**First Man:** Yes. I want to get married very quickly.

**Registrar:** Suits me, sir. Suits me.

**First Man:** I don't want to marry you!

**Registrar:** There is such a thing as breach of promise, sir.

**First Man:** Look, I just want you to act as registrar and marry me.

**Registrar:** I will marry you sir, but please make up your mind. Please don't trifle with my affections.

**First Man:** I'm sorry, but...

**Registrar:** That's all right, sir. I forgive you. Lovers' tiff. But you're not the first person to ask me today. I've turned down several people already.

**First Man:** Look, I'm already engaged.



**Registrar:** *(agreeing and thinking)* Yes, and I'm already married. Still we'll get round it.

**Second Man:** *(entering)* Good morning. I want to get married.

**Registrar:** I'm afraid I'm already marrying this gentleman, sir.

**Second Man:** Well, can I get married after him?

**Registrar:** Well, divorce isn't as quick as that, sir. Still, if you're keen.

**Third Man:** *(entering)* I want to get married, please.

**Registrar:** Heavens, it's my lucky day, isn't it. All right, but you'll have to wait until I've married these two, sir.

**Third Man:** What, those two getting married... Nigel What are you doing marrying him?

**Registrar:** He's marrying me first, sir.

**Third Man:** He's engaged to me.

**Fourth Man:** *(big and butch)* Come on, Henry.

**Registrar:** Blimey, the wife.

**Second Man:** Will you marry me?

**Fourth Man:** I'm already married.

*(Cut to a photo of all five of them standing happily outside a house.)*

**Voice Over:** Well, things turned out all right in the end, but you musn't ask how 'cos it's naughty. They're all married and living quite well in a council estate near Dulwich.



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# Election Night Special

From 'Monty Python Live at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane'

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only was performed on their album 'Monty Python live at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane', it also appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 19](#). It was also featured on their other album - 'Monty Python's The Final Ripoff'. Please note that the actors that played the roles in the Album versions differs from the TV Series version. To avoid confusion instead of showing the characters names, I have shown the actors names.

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## The sketch:

*(Racy music)*

**Cleese:** (talking very fast, as do all the commentators): Hello, good evening and welcome to Election Night Special. There's tremendous excitement here at the moment and we should be getting the first results through any moment now. We're not sure where it will be from, it might be Leicester or from West Byfleet, the polling's been quite heavy in both areas. Ah, I'm just getting... I'm just getting... a buzzing noise in my left ear. Urgh, argh! *(removes insect and stamps on it)*. And now let's go straight over to Leicester.

**Palin:** And it's a straight fight here at Leicester and we're expecting the result any moment now. There with the Returning Officer is Arthur Smith the sensible candidate and next to him is Jethro Q. Walrustitty the silly candidate with his agent and his silly wife.

**Idle:** *(clears throat)* Here is the result for Leicester. Arthur J. Smith...

**Cleese:** Sensible Party

**Idle:** ...30,612. *(applause)* Jethro Q. Bunn Whackett Buzzard Stubble and Boot Walrustitty...

**Cleese:** Silly Party

**Idle:** ...33,108. *(applause)*

**Cleese:** Well there we have the first result of the election and the Silly party has held Leicester. Norman.

**Palin:** Well pretty much as I predicted, except that the Silly party won. Er, I think this is largely due to the number of votes cast. Gerald.

**Chapman:** Well there's a big swing here to the Silly Party, but how big a swing I'm not going to tell you.

**Palin:** I think one should point out that in this constituency since the last election a lot of very silly people have moved into new housing estates with the result that a lot of sensible voters have moved further down the road the other side of number er, 29.

**Cleese:** Well I can't add anything to that. Colin?

**Idle:** Can I just say that this is the first time I've been on television?

**Cleese:** No I'm sorry, there isn't time, we're just going straight over to Luton.

**Chapman:** Well here at Luton it's a three-cornered contest between, from left to right, Alan Jones (Sensible Party), [Tarquin Fin-tim-lim-bim-lim-bin- bim-bin-bim bus stop F'tang F'tang Olé Biscuitbarrel](#) (Silly Party), and Kevin Phillips Bong, who is running on the Slightly Silly ticket. And here's the result.

**Woman:** Alan Jones...

**Cleese:** Sensible

**Woman:** ...9,112. Kevin Phillips Bong...

**Cleese:** Slightly Silly

**Woman:** Nought. Tarquin Fin-tim-lin-bin-whin-bim-lim bus stop F'tang F'tang Olé Biscuitbarrel...

**Cleese:** Silly

**Woman:** 12,441. (applause)

**Cleese:** Well there you have it, the first result of the election as the Silly Party take Luton. Norman.

**Palin:** Well this is a very significant result. Luton, normally a very sensible constituency with a high proportion of people who aren't a bit silly, has gone completely ga-ga.

**Cleese:** And we've just heard that James Gilbert has with him the winning Silly candidate at Luton.

**Idle:** Tarquin, are you pleased with this result?

**Palin:** Ho yus, me old beauty, I should say so. *(Silly noises including a goat bleating)*.

**Cleese:** And do we have the swing at Luton?

**Chapman:** Er... no.

**Cleese:** *(pause)* Right, well I can't add anything to that. Colin?

Ford every stream...

**Cleese:** A very brave Kevin Phillips Bong there. Norman.

**Palin:** And I've just heard from Luton that my aunt is ill. Possibly gastro-enteritis, possibly just catarrh. Gerald.

**Cleese:** Right. Er, Colin?

**Idle:** Can I just say that I'll never appear on television again?

**Cleese:** No I'm sorry, there isn't time, we have to pick up a few results you may have missed. A little pink pussy-cat has taken Barrow-in-Furness -- that's a gain from the Liberals there. Rastus Odinga Odinga has taken Wolverhampton Southwest, that's Enoch Powell's old constituency -- an important gain there for Darkie Power. Arthur Negus has held Bristols -- that's not a result, that's just a piece of gossip. Sir Alec Douglas Home has taken Oldham for the Stone Dead party. A small piece of putty about that big, a cheese mechanic from Dunbar and two frogs -- one called Kipper the other not -- have all gone "Ni ni ni ni ni ni!" in Blackpool Central. And so it's beginning to look like a Silly landslide, and with the prospect of five more years' Silly government facing us we... Oh I don't want to do this any more, I'm bored!

**Palin:** He's right you know, it is a bloody waste of time.

**Chapman:** Absolute waste of time.

**Palin:** I wanted to be a gynaecologist...

The Album versions continue with Michael Palin moving into the [The lumberjack Song](#)

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# 'The Attila the Hun Show'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 20](#)

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**The cast:**

**FIRST VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**SECOND VOICE OVER**

Michael Palin



**ATTILA THE HUN**

John Cleese

**MRS. ATTILA**

Carol Cleveland

JENNY

Graham Chapman

**ROBIN**

Michael Palin

**UNCLE TOM**  
Eric Idle

# ANNOUNCER

John Cleese

---

## The sketch:

*(Stock film of fast moving Huns thundering around on horseback.)*

**1st Voice Over:** In the fifth century, as the once-mighty Roman Empire crumbled, the soft underbelly of Western Europe lay invitingly exposed to the barbarian hordes to the East. Alaric the Visigoth, Galseric the Vandal and Theodoris the Ostrogoth in turn swept westward in a reign of terror. But none surpassed in power and cruelty the mighty Attila the Hun.

**2nd Voice Over:** Ladies and gentlemen, it's the 'The Attila the Hun Show'.

*(Cut to film. Music plays: 'The Debbie Reynolds Show' theme - 'With a little love, just a little love'. We see Attila the Hun running towards Mrs Attila the Hun in slow motion, laughing and smiling. Caption on screen: 'THE ATTILA THE HUN SHOW' Attila and his wife frolic and fall over in slow motion for a bit (copying Debbie Reynolds credits as closely as possible). Captions:*

*'STARRING ATTILA THE HUN'*

*'AND RAY SLUDGE AS MRS ATTILA THE HUN'*

*'WITH TY GUDRUN AND NIK CON AS JENNY AND ROBIN ATTILA THE HUN'*

*'MUSIC BY THE HUNLETS'*

*Cut to stock film of fast-moving Huns on horseback.)* **1st Voice Over:** In the second quarter of the fifth century, the Huns became a byword for merciless savagery. Their Khan was the mighty warrior Attila. With his devastating armies he swept across Central Europe.

*(Cut to American-living-room-type set. Doorbell rings. Attila the Hun enters the door.)*

**Attila:** Oh darling, I'm home.

**Mrs Attila:** Hello darling. Had a busy day at the office?

**Attila:** Not at all bad. *(playing to camera)* Another merciless sweep across Central Europe.

*(Canned laughter.)*

**Ms Attila:** I won't say I'm glad to see you, but boy, am I glad to see you.

*(Enormous canned laughter and applause. Enter two kids.)*

**Jenny:** Hi, daddy.

**Robin:** Hi, daddy.

**Attila:** Hi, Jenny, hi, Robby. *(brief canned applause)* Hey, I've got a present for you two kids in that bag. *(they pull out a severed head)* I want you kids to get a-head.

*(Enormous shriek of canned laughter and applause. Enter one of us blacked up like Rochester,*

*holding a tray of drinks.)*

**Uncle Tom:** Hear you are, Mr Hun!

*(Masses of dubbed applause.)*

**Atila:** Hi, Uncle Tom.

**Uncle Tom:** There's a whole horde of them marauding Visigoths to see y'all.

*(Cut to more stock film of these Huns rushing about on their horses. Superimposed image of announcer at his desk.)*

*Announcer:* And now for something completely different.

**It's Man:** It's ...

*(Massive canned applause. Animated credit titles.)*

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# Attila the Nun

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 20](#)

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**The cast:**

**FIRST VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese



**SECOND VOICE OVER**

Michael Palin

**DOCTOR**

Graham Chapman

## **The sketch:**

*(Cut to a country road. After three seconds a motorbike appears in the distance and speeds towards the camera. We see that a wild-looking nun is riding it.)*

**1st Voice Over:** Yes, it's Attila the Nun.

*(Attila the Nun flashes past the camera, There is a loud sound of the bike crashing off camera.)*

**2nd Voice Over:** A simple country girl who took a vow of eternal brutality.

*(Attila the Nun on a hospital bed, struggling wildly with two doctors and a nurse who are trying to hold her down. She looks really fearsome. Another doctor enters and summons the nurse away.)*

**Doctor:** Nurse!

*(The camera tracks away and comes up on another bed in which is sitting a beautiful girl revealing more than a patient normally would and endowed with Carol's . . . undoubted attributes. Screens are placed around her. The doctor and nurse come in through the screens.)* **Doctor:** Hello, Miss Norris. How are you?

**Miss Norris:** Not too bad, thank you, doctor.

**Doctor:** Yes, well I think I'd better examine you.

*(Cut to a line of half a dozen shabby men in filthy macintosh coats down to the floor and caps, who shuffle in through the screens and stand at the foot of the bed leering.)*

**Miss Norris:** What are they doing here?

**Doctor:** It's all right, they're students. Um... light please, nurse. *(a single red spotlight fills down on the girl; cut back to the men leering)* Oh... and... er... music, too. *(nurse presses a switch beside bed; stripper music; very loud; cut. to line of men getting very exalted - hands deep in pockets)* Breathe in ,.. out ... in ... out...

*(After about five seconds the music reaches a climax and ends. The men in macs all applaud.)*

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# Secretary of State striptease / Vox pops on Politicians

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 20

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**The cast:**

**COMPÈRE**

Eric Idle

**MINISTER**  
Terry Jones

**VOICE OVER**

Graham Chapman

**FIRST GIRL**  
Eric Idle

**SECOND GIRL**

Graham Chapman



**THIRD GIRL**  
Michael Palin

## **FOURTH GIRL**

John Cleese

## **MR. CONCRETE**

Terry Jones

### **The sketch:**

*(Cut to reverse angle to show that we are no longer in a hospital but in a seedy strip club. The curtains have just swished shut.)*

**Compere:** Thank you, thank you. Charles Crompton, the Stripping Doctor. And next, gentlemen and ladies, here at the Peephole Club for the very first time - a very big welcome please for the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Affairs.

*(Curtains open. The compere leaves the stage. A man in city gent's outfit walks into the spotlight.)*

**Minister:** Good evening. Tonight I'd like to restate our position on agricultural subsidies, *(soft breathy jazzy music creeps in behind his words and he starts to strip as he talks)* and their effect on our Commonwealth relationships. Now although we believe, theoretically, in ending guaranteed farm prices, we also believe in the need for a corresponding import levy to maintain consumer prices at a realistic level. But this would have the effect of consolidating our gains of the previous fiscal year, prior to the entry. But I pledge that should we join the Common Market - even maintaining the present position on subsidies - we will never jeopardize, we will never compromise our unique relationship with the Commonwealth countries. A prices structure related to any import charges will be systematically adjusted to the particular requirements of our Commonwealth parreefs *(he has now removed all his clothes apart from a tassel on each nipple and one on the front of some skin-tight briefs; he starts to revolve the tassels on his nipples)* - so that together we will maintain a positive, and mutually beneficial alliance in world trade *(he turns revealing a tassle on each buttock which he also revolves)* and for world peace. Thank you and goodnight.

*(He removes the last tassle from his G-string with a flourish. Blackout and curtains quickly close. Compere bounces back on stage.)*

**Compere:** Wasn't he marvellous? The Secretary of State for Commonwealth Affairs! And now gentlemen and ladies, a very big welcome please for the Minister of Pensions and Social Security!

*(Burst of Turkish music and curtains swish back as another bowler-hatted pinstriped minister enters doing a Turkish dance. Cut to still of Houses of Parliament. Slow track in. Music changes to impressive patriotic music.)*

**Voice Over:** Yes, today in Britain there is a new wave of interest in politics and politicians.

*(Cut to vox pops outside Houses of Parliament. Caption: 'A GROUPIE')*

**First Girl:** Well, we're just in it for the lobbying, you know. We just love lobbying.

**Second Girl:** And the debates - you know a good debate ... is just... fabulous.

**Third Girl:** Well, I've been going with ministers for five years now and, you know... I think they're wonderful.

**Fourth Girl:** Oh yes, I like civil servants.

**Third Girl:** Oh yes, they're nice.

**Fifth Girl:** I like the Speaker.

**Fourth Girl:** Oh yes.

**Second Girl:** I like Black Rod.

**Voice Over:** What do their parents think?

*(Cut to suburban house. Mr Concrete standing in front of door of outside loo.)*

**Mr Concrete:** Well she's broken our hearts, the little bastard. She's been nothing but trouble and if she comes round here again I'll kick her teeth in.

*(He turns and goes in.)*

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# Ratcatcher / Wainscotting

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 20

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## The cast:

**MR. CONCRETE**

Terry Jones

**MRS. CONCRETE**

Michael Palin

**RATCATCHER**

Graham Chapman

# CRICKETER

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to interior: the Concrete's sitting room. Mrs Concrete is sitting on the sofa, knitting. Mr Concrete enters.)*

**Mrs Concrete:** Have you been talking to television again, dear?

**Mr Concrete:** Yes, I bloody told 'em.

**Mrs Concrete:** What about?

**Mr Concrete:** I dunno.

**Mrs Concrete:** Was it Reginald Bosanquet?

**Mr Concrete:** No, no, no.

**Mrs Concrete:** Did he have his head all bandaged?

**Mr Concrete:** No, it wasn't like that. They had lots of lights and cameras and tape recorders and all that son of thing.

**Mrs Concrete:** Oh, that'll be Ray Baxter and the boys and girls from 'Tomorrow's World'. Oh, I prefer Reginald Bosanquet, there's not so many of them. *(the doorbell ring)* Oh - that'll be the ratcatcher. *(she lets the ratcatcher in)* **Ratcatcher:** Hello - Mr and Mrs Concrete?

**Both:** Yes.

**Ratcatcher:** Well, well, well, well, well, well, well, well, well, well, how very nice. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Leslie Ames, the Chairman of the Test Selection Committee, and I'm very pleased to be able to tell you that your flat has been chosen as the venue for the third test against the West Indies.

**Mrs Concrete:** Really?

**Ratcatcher:** No, it was just a little joke. Actually, I am the Council Ratcatcher.

**Mrs Concrete:** Oh yes, we've been expecting you.

**Ratcatcher:** Oh, I gather you've got a little rodental problem.

**Mrs Concrete:** Oh, blimey. You'd think he was awake all the night, scrabbling down by the wainscoting.

**Ratcatcher:** Um, that's an interesting word, isn't it?

**Mrs Concrete:** What?

**Ratcatcher:** Wainscotting ... Wainscotting ... Wainscotting ... sounds like a little Dorset village, doesn't it? Wainscotting.

*(Cut to the village of Wains Cotting. A woman rushes out of a house.)*

**Woman:** We've been mentioned on telly!

*(Cut back to Concretes' house.)*

**Ratcatcher:** Now, where is it worst?

**Mrs Concrete:** Well, down here. You can usually hear them.

*(Indicates base of wall, which has a label on it saying 'Wainscotting'.)*

**Ratcatcher:** SsssH

**Voice Over:** Baa ... baa ... baa ... baa ... baa ... baa...

**Ratcatcher:** No, that's sheep you've got there.

**Voice Over:** Baa ... baa.

**Ratcatcher:** No, that's definitely sheep. A bit of a puzzle, really.

**Mrs Concrete:** Is it?

**Ratcatcher:** Yeah, well, I mean it's (a) not going to respond to a nice piece of cheese and (b) it isn't going to fit into a trap.

**Mrs Concrete:** Oh - what are you going to do?

**Ratcatcher:** Well, we'll have to look for the hole.

*(We follow them as they look along the wainscotting.)*

**Mrs Concrete:** Oh yeah. There's one here.

*(She indicates a small black mousehole.)*

**Ratcatcher:** No, no, that's mice.

*(He reaches in and pulls out a line of mice strung out on a piece of elastic. Then he lets go so they shoot in again. The ratcatcher moves on. He moves a chair, behind which there is a three-foot-high black hole.)*

**Ratcatcher:** Ah, ,this is what we're after.

*(The baaings get louder. At this point six cricketers enter the room.)*

**Cricketer:** Excuse me, is the third test in here?

**Mr Concrete:** No - that was a joke - a joke!

**Cricketer:** Oh blimey, *(exeunt)*

**Ratcatcher:** Right. Well, I'm going in the wainscoting.

*(Cut to 'Wains Cotting' woman, who rushes out again.)*

**Woman:** They said it again.

*(Back to the sitting room.)*

**Ratcatcher:** I'm going to lay down some sheep poison.

*(He disappears into the hole. We hear:)*

**Voice Over:** Baa, baa, baa.

*(A gunshot. The ratcatcher reappears clutching his arm.)*

**Ratcatcher:** Aagh. Ooh! It's got a gun!

**Mrs Concrete:** Blimey.

**Ratcatcher:** Now, normally a sheep is a placid, timid creature, but you've got a [killer](#).

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# Killer Sheep

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 20

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The cast:

**PROFESSOR**  
Eric Idle

**VIKING**

Terry Gilliam

# CRICKETER

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(Poster: 'Wanted For Armed Robbery - Basil' with a picture of a sheep. Exciting crime-type music. Mix through to newspaper headlines: 'Farmers Ambushed in Pen', 'Merino Ram in Wages Grab'. Eerie science fiction music; mix through to a laboratory. A scientist looking through microscope and his bushy attractive assistant.)* **Professor:** It's an entirely new strain of sheep, a killer sheep that can not only hold a rifle but is also a first-class shot.

**Assistant:** But where are they coming from, professor?

**Professor:** That I don't know. I just don't know. I really just don't know. I'm afraid I really just don't know. I'm afraid even I really just don't know. I have to tell you I'm afraid even I really just don't know. I'm afraid I have to tell you... *(she hands him a glass of water which she had been busy getting as soon as he started into this speech)* ... thank you ... *(resuming normal breezy voice)* ... I don't know. Our only clue is this portion of wolf's clothing which the killer sheep ...

*(Cut to Viking.)*

**Viking:** ... was wearing...

*(Cut back to sketch.)*

**Professor:** ... in yesterday's raid on Selfridges.

**Assistant:** I'll carry out tests on it straight away, professor.

*(She opens a door to another lab; but it is full of cricketers.)*

**Cricketer:** Hello, is the third test in here, please?

*(She slams the door on them.)*

**Assistant:** Professor, there are some cricketers in the laboratory.

**Professor:** This may be even more serious than even I had at first been imagining. What a strange... strange line. There's no time to waste. Get me the Chief Commissioner of Police.

**Assistant:** Yes, sir!

*(She opens a cupboard and slides out the Chief Commissioner of Police on a sort of slab. He grins and waves cheerily. 'This is Your Lift' music and applause.)*

**Professor:** No, no, on the phone.

**Assistant:** Oh... *(she pushes him back in)*

**Professor:** Look of fear! *(he is staring transfixed at something in the doorway)* Another strange line. Look out, Miss Garter Oil!

**Assistant:** Professor! What is it? What have you seen?

**Professor:** Look - there, in the doorway.

*(Cut to doorway: through it is animation of a huge sheep with an eye patch.)*

**Assistant:** Urghhh! Arthur X! Leader of the Pennine Gang!

*(ANIMATION: perhaps even mixed with stock film - as the fevered mind of Gilliam takes it - sheep armed to the teeth, sheep executing dangerous raids, Basil Cassidy and the Sundance Sheep, sheep with machine gun coming out of its arse etc. At the end of the animation, cut to studio. A narrator sitting in what could be a news set at a desk.)* **Narrator:** But soon the killer sheep began to infect other animals with its startling intelligence. Pussy cats began to arrange mortgages, cocker spaniels began to design supermarkets...

*(Cut back to the animation again: a parrot.)*

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# The News for Parrots / The News for Gibbons

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 20

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**The cast:**

**NARRATOR**  
Michael Palin

**DARNAY**

Graham Chapman



**LUCY**

Carol Cleveland

## **The sketch:**

*(Cut back to the animation again: a parrot.)*

**Parrot:** And parrots started to announce television programmes. It's 8 o'clock and time for the News.

*(Cut back to the same narrator at desk.)*

**Narrator:** Good evening. Here is the News for parrots. No parrots were involved in an accident on the M1 today, when a lorry carrying high octane fuel was in collision with a bollard ... that is a bollard and not a parrot. A spokesman for parrots said he was glad no parrots were involved. The Minister of Technology *(photo of minister with parrot on his shoulder)* today met the three Russian leaders *(cut to photograph of Brahnev, Podgomy and Kosygin all in a group and each with a parrot on his shoulder)* to discuss a £4 million airliner deal ... *(cut back to narrator)* None of them went in the cage, or swung on the little wooden trapeze, or ate any of the nice millet seed yam, yam. That's the end of the news. Now our programmes for parrots continue with part three of 'A Tale of Two Cities' specially adapted for parrots by Joey Boy. The story so far ... Dr Manette is in England after eighteen years *(as he speaks French Revolution type music creeps in under his words)* in the Baslille. *(cut through to a Cruikshank engraving of London)*. His daughter Lucy awaits her lover Charles Damay, whom we have just learnt is in fact the nephew of the Marquis de St Evremond, whose cruelty had placed Manette in the Bastille. Darnay arrives to find Lucy tending her aged father...

*(Superimposed caption: 'LONDON 1793' Music reaches a climax and we mix slowly through to an eighteenth-century living room. Lucy is nursing her father. Some low music continues over. Suddenly the door bursts open and Charles Darnay enters.)*

**Darnay:** *(in parrot voice)* 'Allo, 'allo.

**Lucy:** 'Allo, 'allo, 'allo.

**Old Man:** 'Allo, 'allo, 'allo.

**Darnay:** Who's a pretty boy, then?

**Lucy:** 'Allo, 'allo, 'allo.

*(And more of the same. Cut back to the narrator.)*

**Narrator:** And while that's going on, here is the news for gibbons. No gibbons were involved today in an accident on the M 1 ...

*(The narrator's voice fades.)*

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# Today in Parliament / The News for Gibbons

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 20

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
Terry Jones

**CYRIL**

Eric Idle

## NARRATOR

Michael Palin

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### The sketch:

*(Man sitting at a desk; the set behind him says 'Today in Parliament'.)*

**Cyril:** In the debate a spokesman accused the Government of being silly and doing not at all gbod things. The member accepted this in a spirit of healthy criticism, but denied that he'd ever been naughty with a choirboy. Angry shouts of 'what about the watermelon, then?' were ordered by the Speaker to be stricken from the record and put into a brown paper bag in the lavvy. Any further interruptions would be cut off and distributed amongst the poor. For the Government a Front Bench Spokesman said the agricultural tariff would have to be raised, and he fancied a bit. Furthermore, he argued, this would give a large boost to farmers, and a lot of fun to him, his friend and Miss Moist of Knightsbridge. From the back benches there were opposition shouts of 'postcards for sale' and a healthy cry of 'who likes a sailor, then?' from the Minister without Portfolio. Replying, the Shadow Minister said, he could no longer deny the rumours but he and the dachshund were very happy; and, in any case, he argued, rhubarb was cheap and what was the harm in a sauna bath.

*(Cut to narrator. Caption on screen: '7 HOURS LATER')*

**Narrator:** ... were not involved. The Minister of Technology *(cut to photograph of minister with a wombat on his shoulder)* met the three Russian leaders today *(Russian leaders again all with wornbats on their shoulders)* to discuss a £4 million airliner deal. None of them were indigenous to Australia, carried their babies in pouches or ate any of those yummy eucalyptus leaves. Yum, yum. That's the news for wornbats, and now [Attila the Bun!](#)

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# Attila the Bun / The Idiot in Society

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 20

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**The cast:**



**FIRST VOICE OVER**

John Cleese

**SECOND VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

**FIGGIS**

John Cleese

**MR. JENKINS**

Michael Palin

**BANK MANAGER**  
Graham Chapman

**THIRD VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

**CLERK**

Terry Jones

**OLD IDIOT**  
Eric Idle

**KEVIN**

John Cleese



**IDIOT**

John Cleese

**FIRST CITY IDIOT**

John Cleese

**SECOND CITY IDIOT**  
Michael Palin

**THIRD CITY IDIOT**  
Graham Chapman

**FOURTH CITY IDIOT**

Terry Jones

**INTERVIEWER**

Graham Chapman

**FIRST IDIOT**  
Michael Palin

**SECOND IDIOT**

Graham Chapman



**THIRD IDIOT**  
Eric Idle

**FOURTH IDIOT**  
John Cleese

# FIFTH IDIOT

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(Animation: a vicious rampaging bun)*

**Voice Over:** Well that's all for Attila the Bun, and now - idiots!

*(A village idiot in smock and straw hat, red cheeks, straw in mouth, sitting on a wall, mah'ng funny noises and rolling his eyes.)*

**1st Voice Over:** Arthur Figgis is an idiot. A village idiot. Tonight we look at the idiot in society.

*(Cut to close-up of Figgis talking to camera. Very big close-up losing the top and bottom of his head.)*

**Figgis:** *(educated voice)* Well I feel very keenly that the idiot is a pan of the old village system, and as such has a vital role to play in a modern rural society, because you see ... *(suddenly switches to rural accent)* ooh ar ooh ar before the crops go grey are in the medley and the birds slides nightly on the oor ar ... *(vicar passes and gives him sixpence)* Ooh ar thankee, Vicar ... *(educated voice)* There is this very real need in society for someone whom almost anyone can look down on and ridicule. And this is the role that ... ooh ar naggy gamly rangle tandie oogly noogle Goblief oog ... *(passing lady gives him sixpence)* Thank you, Mrs Thompson... this is the role that I and members of my family have fulfilled in this village for the past four hundred years... Good morning, Mr Jenkins, ICI have increased their half-yearly dividend, I see.

*(We see Mr Jenkins pass, he is also an idiot, identically dressed.)*

**Mr Jenkins:** Yes, splendid.

**Figgis:** That's Mr Jenkins - he's another idiot. And so you see the idiot does provide a vital psycho-social service for this community. Oh, excuse me, a coach party has just arrived. I shall have to fall off the wall, I'm afraid.

*(He falls backwards off the wall. Cut to Figgins in idiot's costume coming out of a suburban home. He walks on to the lawn on which are several pieces of gym equipment. He rum head-on into horse (speeded up) and falls over, concussed.)*

**2nd Voice Over:** Arthur takes idiotting seriously. He is up at six o'clock every morning working on special training equipment designed to keep him silly. And of course he takes great pride in his appearance.

*(Figgis, dressed in nice clean smock, jumps into a pond He immediately scrambles up, pulls out a mirror and pats mud an his face critically, as if making-up.)*

**2nd Voice Over:** Like the doctor, the blacksmith, the carpenter, Mr Figgis is an important figure in

this village and - like them - he uses the local bank.

*(Village square. A bank. Figgis is walking towards it. People giggling and pointing. He goes into a silly routine. Figgis enters the bank. Cut to bank manager standing outside bank. Caption on screen: 'M. BRANDO - BANK MANAGER')*

**Bank Manager:** Yes, we have quite a number of idiots banking here.

**3rd Voice Over:** What kind of money is there in idiotting?

**Manager:** Well nowadays a really blithering idiot can make anything up to ten thousand pounds a year - if he's the head of some big industrial combine. But of course, the more old-fashioned idiot still refuses to take money.

*(We see Figgis handing over a cheque to cashier; cashier pushes across a pile of moss, pebbles, bits of wood and acorns.)*

**Manager:** *(voice over)* He takes bits of string, wood, dead budgerigars, sparrows, anything, but it does make the cashier's job very difficult; but of course they're fools to themselves because the rate of interest over ten years on a piece of moss or a dead vole is almost negligible.

*(A clerk appears at door of bank.)*

**Clerk:** Mr Brando.

**Manager:** Yes?

**Clerk:** Hollywood on the phone.

**Manager:** I'll take it in the office.

*(Cut to a woodland glade.)*

**3rd Voice Over:** But Mr Figgis is no ordinary idiot. He is a lecturer in idiocy at the University of East Anglia. Here he is taking a class of third-year students.

*(Half a dozen loonies led by Figgis come dancing through the glade singing tunelessly. They are wearing long University scarves.)*

**3rd Voice Over:** After three years of study these apprentice idiots receive a diploma of idiocy, a handful of mud and a kick on the head.

*(A vice-chancellor stands in a University setting with some young idiots in front of him. They wear idiot gear with BA hoods. One walks forward to him, he gets a diploma, a handful of mud and stoops to receive his kick on the head. Cut to happy parents smiling proudly.)* **3rd Voice Over:** But some of the older idiots resent the graduate idiot.

**Old Idiot:** I'm a completely self-taught idiot. I mean, ooh arh, nob arhh, nob arhh .... nobody does that anymore. Anybody who did that round here would be laughed off the street. No, nowadays people

want something wittier.

*(Wife empties breakfast over him. Cut to idiot falling repeatedly off a wall.)*

**3rd Voice Over:** Kevin O'Nassis works largely with walls.

**Kevin:** *(voice over)* You've got to know what you're doing. I mean, some people think I'm mad. The villagers say I'm mad, the tourists say I'm mad, well I am mad, but I'm naturally mad. I don't use any chemicals.

**3rd Voice Over:** But what of the idiot's private life? How about his relationship with women?

*(Idiot in bed. Pull back to reveal he shares it with two very young, thin, nude girls.)*

**Idiot:** Well I may be an idiot but I'm no fool.

**Voice Over:** But the village idiot's dirty smock and wall-falling are a far cry from the modern world of the urban idiot. *(stock film of city gents in their own clothes pouring out of trains)* What kinds of backgrounds do these city idiots come from?

*(Vox pops film of city gents. Subtitles explain their exaggerated accents.)*

**First City Idiot:** Eton, Sandhurst and the Guards, ha, ha, ha, ha.

**Second City Idiot:** I can't remember but I've got it written down some where.

**Third City Idiot:** Daddy's a banker. He needed a wastepaper basket.

**Fourth City Idiot:** Father was Home Secretary and mother won the Derby.

*(Cut to a commentator with mike in close-up. Pull back in his speech, to discover he is standing in front of the main gate at Lords cricket ground.)*

**Interviewer:** The headquarters of these urban idiots is here in St John's Wood. Inside they can enjoy the company of other idiots and watch special performances of ritual idiotting.

*(Cut to quick wide-shot of cricket match being played at Lords. Cut to five terribly old idiots watching.)*

**First Idiot:** Well left.

**Second Idiot:** Well played.

**Third Idiot:** Well well.

**Fourth Idiot:** Well bred.

**Fifth Idiot:** *(dies)* Ah!

*(Another very quick wide-shot of Lords. There is nothing at all happening and we can 't*

*distinguish anyone.)*

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# Test Match / The Epsom Furniture Race

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 20](#)

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**The cast:**

**JIM**

John Cleese



**PETER**

Graham Chapman

**BRIAN**

Eric Idle

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

## The sketch:

*(Cut to three TV commentators in modern box, with sliding window open. They are surrounded by bottles.)*

**Jim:** 00HN) Good afternoon and welcome to Lords on the second day of the first test. So far today we've had five hours batting from England and already they're nought for nought. Cowdrey is not out nought. Naughton is not in. Knott is in and is nought for not out. Naughton of Northants got a nasty knock on the nut in the nets last night but ies nothing of note. Next in is Nat Newton of Notts. Not Nutring - Nutting's at nine, er, Nutring knocked neatie nighty knock knock...*(another commentator nudges him)* ... anyway England have played extremely well for nothing, not a sausage, in reply to Iceland's first innings total of 722 for 2 declared, scored yesterday disappointingly fast in only twenty-one overs with lots of wild slogging and boundaries and all sorts of rubbishy things. But the main thing is that England have made an absolutely outstanding start so far, Peter?

**Peter:** Splendid. Just listen to those thighs. And now it's the North East's turn with the Samba. Brian.

**Brian:** *(he has an enormous nose)* Rather. *(opens book)* I'm reminded of the story of Gubby Allen in '32. ..

**Jim:** Oh, shut up or we'll close the bar. And now Bo Wildeburg is running up to bowl to Cowdrey, he runs up, he bowls to Cowdrey...

*(Cut to fast bowler. He bowls the ball but the batsman makes no move whatsoever. The ball passes the off stump.)*

**Jim:** ... and no shot at all. Extremely well not played there.

**Peter:** Yes, beautifully not done anything about.

**Brian:** A superb shot of no kind whatsoever. I well remember Plum Warner leaving a very similar ball alone in 1732.

**Jim:** Oh shut up, long nose. *(Peter falls off his chair.)* And now it's Bo Wildeburg running in again to bowl to Cowdrey, he runs in. *(bowler bowls us before; ball goes by as before)* He bowls to Cowdrey - and no shot at all, a superb display of inertia there... And that's the end of the over, and drinks.

**Peter:** Gin and tonic please.

**Jim:** No, no the players are having drinks. And now, what's happening? I think Cowdrey's being taken off. *(Two men in white coats, a la furniture removers, so maybe they're brown coats, are carrying the batsman off. Two men pass them with a green Chesterfield sofa making for the wicket.)* Yes, Cowdrey is being carried off. Well I never. Now who's in next, it should be number

three, Natt Newton of Notts... get your hand off my thigh, West... no I don't think it is... I think it's er, it's the sofa ... no it's the Chesterfield! The green Chesterfield is coming in at number three to take guard now.

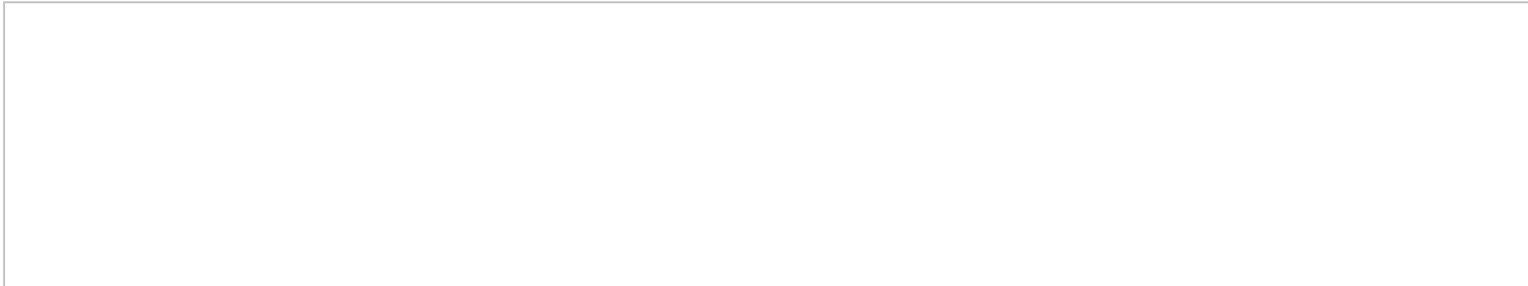
**Brian:** I well remember a similar divan being brought on at Headingley in 9 BC against the darkies.

**Jim:** Oh, shut up, elephant snout. And now the green Chesterfield has taken guard and Iceland are putting on their spin dryer to bowl.

*(Furniture fielding. The whole pitch is laid out with bits of furniture in correct positions. Three chairs in the slips; easy chair keeping wicket; bidet at mid on; TV set at cover; bookcase at mid off,' roll-top writing desk at square leg; radiator at mid wicket etc. The spin dryer moves forward and bowls a real ball with its snuzzle to a table, which is at the batting end with cricket pads on the hits the table on the pad. Appeal.)* **Jim:** The spin dryer moves back to his mark, it runs out to the wicket, bowls to the table... a litde bit short but it's coming in a bit there and it's hit him on the pad... and the table is out, leg before wicket. That is England nought for one.

*(Cut to a race course. Furniture comes into shot racing the last fifty yards to the finishing post.)*

**Commentator:** Well here at Epsom we take up the running with fifty yards of this mile and a half race to go and it's the wash basin in the lead from WC Pedestal. Tucked in nicely there is the sofa going very well with Joanna Southcott's box making a good run from hat stand on the rails, and the standard lamp is failing fast but it's wash basin definitely taking up the running now being strongly pressed by ... At the post it's the wash basin from WC then sofa, hat stand, standard lamp and lastly Joanna Southcott's box.



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# 'Take Your Pick'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 20](#)

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**The cast:**

**MICHAEL MILES**  
John Cleese

**HOSTESS**

Graham Chapman



**WOMAN**

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(A simple 'Take Your Pick' style set with Michael Miles grinning type monster standing at centre of it.)*

**Michael Miles:** And could we have the next contender, please? *(a pepperpot walks out into the set towards Michael Miles)* Ha ha ha... Good evening, madam, and your name is?

**Woman:** Yes, yes;

**Michael Miles:** And what's your name?

**Woman:** I go to church regularly.

**Michael Miles:** Jolly good, I see, and which prize do you have particular eyes on this evening?

**Woman:** I'd like the blow on the head.

**Michael Miles:** The blow on the head.

**Woman:** Just there.

**Michael Miles:** Jolly good. Well your first question for the blow on the head this evening is: what great opponent of Cartesian dualism resists the reduction of psychological phenomena to physical states?

**Woman:** I don't know that!

**Michael Miles:** Well, have a guess.

**Woman:** Henri Bergson.

**Michael Miles:** Is the correct answer!

**Woman:** Ooh, that was lucky. I never even heard of him.

**Michael Miles:** Jolly good.

**Woman:** I don't like darkies.

**Michael Miles:** Ha ha ha. Who does! And now your second question for the blow on the head is: what is the main food that penguins eat?

**Woman:** Pork luncheon meat.

**Michael Miles:** No.

**Woman:** Spam?

**Michael Miles:** No, no, no. What do penguins eat? Penguins.

**Woman:** Penguins?

**Michael Miles:** Yes.

**Woman:** I hate penguins.

**Michael Miles:** No, no, no.

**Woman:** They eat themselves.

**Michael Miles:** No, no, what do penguins eat?

**Woman:** Horses! ... Armchairs!

**Michael Miles:** No, no, no. What do penguins eat?

**Woman:** Oh, penguins.

**Michael Miles:** Penguins.

**Woman:** Cannelloni.

**Michael Miles:** No.

**Woman:** Lasagna, moussaka, lobster thermidor, escalopes de veau a l'estragon avec endives gratineed with cheese.

**Michael Miles:** No, no, no, no. I'll give you a clue. (*mimes a fish swimming*)

**Woman:** Ah! Brian Close.

**Michael Miles:** No. no.

**Woman:** Brian Inglis, Brian Johnson, Bryan Forbes.

**Michael Miles:** No, no!

**Woman:** Nanette Newman.

**Michael Miles:** No. What swims in the sea and gets caught in nets?

**Woman:** Henri Bergson.

**Michael Miles:** No.

**Woman:** Goats. Underwater goats with snorkels and flippers.

**Michael Miles:** No, no.

**Woman:** A buffalo with an aqualung.

**Michael Miles:** No, no.

**Woman:** Reginald Maudling.

**Michael Miles:** Yes, that's near enough. I'll give you that. Right, now, Mrs Scum, you have won your prize, do you still want the blow on the head?

**Woman:** Yes, yes.

**Michael Miles:** I'll offer you a poke in the eye.

**Woman:** No! I want a blow on the head.

**Michael Miles:** A punch in the throat.

**Woman:** No.

**Michael Miles:** All fight then, a kick in the kneecap.

**Woman:** No.

**Michael Miles:** Mrs Scum, I'm offering you a boot in the teeth and a dagger up the strap.

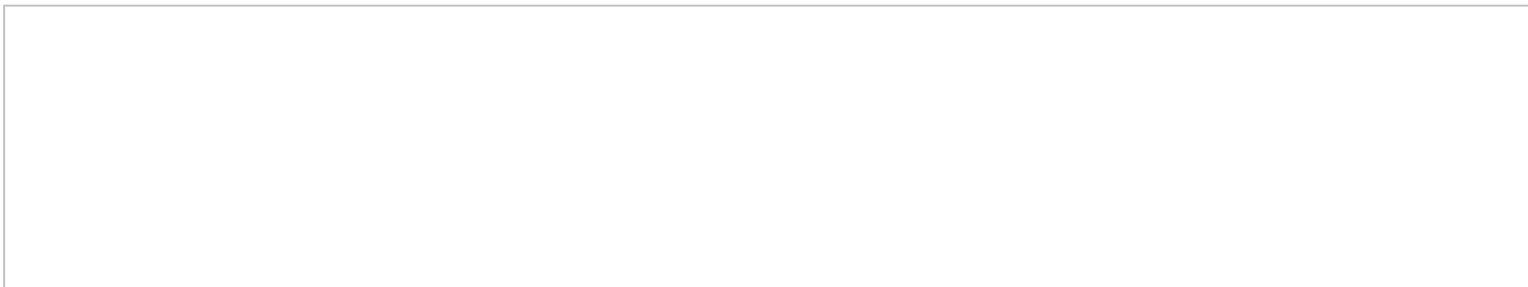
**Woman:** Er...

**Voices:** Blow on the head! Take the blow on the head!

**Woman:** No, no. I'll take the blow on the head.

**Michael Miles:** Very well then, Mrs Scum, you have won tonight's star prize, the blow on the head.

*(He strikes her on head with an enormous mallet and she falls unconscious. A sexily dressed hostess in the background strikes a small gong. The three bishops rush in and jump on her.)*





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# Trailer

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 21

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## The sketch:

*(BBC 2 World symbol.)*

**Voice Over (Eric Idle):** Here is a preview of some of the programmes you'll be able to see coming shortly on BBC Television. To kick off with there's variety ... *(still picture of Peter West and Brian Johnston)* Peter West and Brian Johnston star in 'Rain Stopped Play', a whacky new comedy series about the gay exploits of two television cricket commentators *(photo of E. W. Swanton)* with E. W. Swanton as Aggie the kooky Scots maid. For those of you who don't like variety, there's variety, with Brian Close at the Talk of the Town. *(Brian Close in cricket whites on a stage)* And of course there'll be sport. The Classics series *(engraving of London and caption: 'The Classics')* return to BBC 2 with twenty-six episodes of John Galsworthy's 'Snooker My Way' *(composite photo of Nyree Dawn Porter holding a snooker cue)* with Nyree Dawn Porter repeating her triumph as Joe Davis. And of course there'll be sport. Comedy is not forgotten *(Caption: 'Comedy')* with Jim Laker *(photo of Laker)* in 'Thirteen Weeks of Off-spin Bowling'. Jim plays the zany bachelor bowler in a new series of 'Owzat', with Anneley Brummond-Haye on Mr Softee *(photo of same)* as his wife. And of course there'll be sport. 'Panorama' will be returning, introduced *('Panorama' caption with photo of Tony Jacklin)* as usual by Tony Jacklin, and Lulu *(photo of Lulu)* will be tackling the Old Man of Hoy *(photo of same)*. And for those of you who prefer drama - there's sport. On 'Show of the Week' Kenneth Wostenholme sings. *(still of him, superimposed over Flick Colby Dancers, Pans People, ono)* And for those of you who don't like television there's David Coleman. *(picture of him smiling)* And of course there'll be sport. But now for something completely different - sport.

*('Grandstand' signature tune starts and then abruptly cuts into the usual animated credit titles.)*

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# 'Archeology Today'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 21](#)

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**The cast:**

**INTERVIEWER**  
Michael Palin

**PROFESSOR KASTNER**

Terry Jones



**SIR ROBERT EVERSLEY**

John Cleese

**DANIELLE**

Carol Cleveland

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## **The sketch:**

*(ANIMATION: a sketch about an archaeological find leads to a caption on screen: 'ARCHAEOLOGY TODAY' Interview set for archaeology programme. Chairman and two guests sit in chain in front of a blow-up of an old cracked pot.)*

**Interviewer:** Hello. On 'Archaeology Today' tonight I have with me Professor Lucien Kastner of Oslo University.

**Kastner:** Good evening.

**Interviewer:** How tall are you, professor?

**Kastner:** ... I beg your pardon?

**Interviewer:** How tall are you?

**Kastner:** I'm about five foot ten.

**Interviewer:** ... and an expert in Egyptian 'tomb paintings. Sir Robert... *(turning to Kastner)* are you really five foot ten?

**Kastner:** Yes.

**Interviewer:** Funny, you look much shorter than that to me. Are you slumped forward in your chair at all?

**Kastner:** No, er I...

**Interviewer:** Extraordinary. Sir Robert Eversley, who's just returned from the excavations in El Ara, and you must be well over six foot. Isn't that right, Sir Robert?

**Sir Robert:** *(puzzled)* Yes.

**Interviewer:** In fact, I think you're six foot five aren't you?

**Sir Robert:** Yes.

*(Applause. Sir Robert looks up in amazement.)*

**Interviewer:** Oh, that's marvellous. I mean you're a totally different kind of specimen to Professor Kastner. Straight in your seat, erect, firm.

**Sir Robert:** Yes. I thought we were here to discuss archaeology.

**Interviewer:** Yes, yes, of course we are, yes, absolutely, you're absolutely right! That's positive thinking for you. *(to Kastner)* You wouldn't have said a thing like that, would you? You five-foot-ten weed. *(he turns his back very ostentatiously on Kustner)* Sir Robert Eversley, (who's very interesting) what have you discovered in the excavations at El Ara?

**Sir Robert:** *(picking up a beautiful vase)* Well basically we have found a complex of tombs...

**Interviewer:** Very good speaking voice.

**Sir Robert:** ... which present dramatic evidence of Polynesian influence in Egypt in the third dynasty which is quite remarkable.

**Interviewer:** How tall were the Polynesians?

**Kastner:** They were...

**Interviewer:** Sh!

**Sir Robert:** Well, they were rather small, seafaring...

**Interviewer:** Short men, were they... eh? All squat and bent up?

**Sir Robert:** Well, I really don't know about that...

**Interviewer:** Who were the tall people?

**Sir Robert:** I'm afraid I don't know.

**Interviewer:** Who's that very tall tribe in Africa?

**Sir Robert:** Well, this is hardly archaeology.

**Interviewer:** The Watutsi! That's it - the Watutsi! Oh, that's the tribe, some of them were eight foot tall. Can you imagine that. Eight foot of Watutsi. Not one on another's shoulders, oh no - eight foot of solid Watutsi. That's what I call tall.

**Sir Robert:** Yes, but it's nothing to do with archaeology.

**Interviewer:** *(knocking Sir Robert's vase to the floor)* Oh to hell with archaeology!

**Kastner:** Can I please speak! I came all the way from Oslo to do this programme! I'm a professor of archaeology. I'm an expert in ancient civilizations. All right, I'm only five foot ten. All right my posture is bad, all right I slump in my chair. But I've had more women than either of you two! I've had half bloody Norway, that's what I've had! So you can keep your Robert Eversley! And you can keep your bloody Watutsi! I'd rather have my little body... my little five-foot-ten-inch body... *(he breaks down sobbing)* **Sir Robert:** Bloody fool. Look what you've done to him.

**Interviewer:** Don't bloody fool me.

**Sir Robert:** I'll do what I like, because I'm six foot five and I eat punks like you for breakfast.

*(Sir Robert floors the interviewer with an almighty punch. Interviewer looks up rubbing his jaw.)*

**Interviewer:** I'll get you for that, Eversley! I'll get you if I have to travel to the four corners of the earth!

*(Crash of music. Music goes into theme and film titles as for a Western. Caption on screen: 'FLAMING STAR - THE STORY OF ONE MAN'S SEARCH FOR VENGEANCE IN THE RAW AND VIOLENT WORLD OF INTERNATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGY' Cut to stock film of the pyramids (cica 1920). Superimposed caption: 'EGYPT- 1920' An archaeological dig in a fiat sandy landscape. All the characters are in twenties' clothes. Pan across the complex of passages and trenches.)*

**Danielle:** (voice over) The dig was going well that year, We had discovered some Hittire baking dishes from the fifth dynasty, and **Sir Robert:** was happier than I had ever seen him.

*(Camera comes to rest on Sir Robert Eversley digging away. We close in on him as he sings to Hammond organ accompaniment.)*

**Sir Robert:** Today I hear the robin sing Today the thrush is on the wing Today who knows what life will bring Today...

*(He stops and picks up an object, blows the dust off it and looks at it wondrously.)*

**Sir Robert:** Why, a Sumerian drinking vessel of the fourth dynasty. *(sings!)* Today!!!! *(speaks)* Catalogue this pot, Danielle, it's fourth dynasty.

**Danielle:** Oh, is it... ?

**Sir Robert:** Yes, it's... Sumerian.

**Danielle:** Oh, how wonderful! Oh, I am so happy for you.

**Sir Robert:** I'm happy too, now at last we know there was a Sumerian influence here in Abu Simnel in the early pre-dynastic period, two thousand years before the reign of Tutankhamun, *(he breaks into song again) (singing)* Today I hear the robin sing Today the thrush is on the wing *(Danielle joins in)* Today who knows what life will bring.

*(They are just about to embrace, when there is a jarring chord and long crash. The interviewer, in the clothes he wore before, is standing on the edge of the dig.)*

**Interviewer:** All right Eversley, get up out of that trench.

**Sir Robert:** Don't forget... rm six foot five.

**Interviewer:** That doesn't worry me... Kastner.

*(He snaps his fingers. From behind him Professor Kastner appears, fawningly)*

**Kastner:** Here Lord.

**Interviewer:** Up!

*(He snaps his fingers and Kastner leaps onto his shoulders.)*

**Sir Robert:**.. Eleven foot three!

**Kastner:** I'm so tall! I am so tall!

**Sir Robert:** Danielle!

*(Danielle leaps on his shoulders.)*

**Interviewer:** Eleven foot six - damn you! Abdul

*(A servant appears on Kastner's shoulders.)*

**Sir Robert:** Fifteen foot four! Mustapha!

*(A servant appears on Danielle's shoulders.)*

**Interviewer:** Nineteen foot three... damn you!

*(The six of them charge each other. They fight in amongst the trestle tables with rare pots on them breaking and smashing them. When the fight ends everyone lies dead in a pile of broken pottery. The interviewer crawls up to camera and produces a microphone from his pocket. He is covered in blood and in his final death throes.)* **Interviewer:** And there we end this edition of 'Archaeology Today'. Next week, the Silbury Dig by Cole Porter with Pearl Bailey and Arthur Negus. *(He dies.)*

---



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# Silly Vicar

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 21

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

# REVEREND BELLING

Graham Chapman

---

## The sketch:

**Voice Over:** And now an appeal for sanity from the Reverend Arthur Belling.

*(Cut to studio. A vicar sitting facing camera. He has an axe in his head.)*

**Reverend Belling:** You know, there are many people in the country today who, through no fault of their own, are sane. Some of them were born sane. Some of them became sane later in their lives. It is up to people like you and me who are out of our tiny little minds to try and help these people overcome their sanity. You can start in small ways with ping-pong ball eyes and a funny voice and then you can paint half of your body red and the other half green and then you can jump up and down in a bowl of treacle going 'squawk, squawk, squawk...' And then you can go 'Neurhhh! Neurhh!' and then you can roll around on the floor going 'pting pting pting' ... *(he rolls around on the floor)* **Voice Over:** The Reverend Arthur Belling is Vicar of St Loony Up The Cream Bun and Jam. And now an appeal on behalf of the National Trust.

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# Leapy Lee

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 21

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**The cast:**

**WOMAN**

Eric Idle

## BOXER

Terry Gillam

---

### The sketch:

*(Caption on screen: 'AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE NATIONAL TRUSS' Cut to a smartly dressed woman.)*

**Woman:** Good evening. My name is Leapy Lee. No, sorry. That's the name of me favourite singer. My name is Mrs Fred Stone. No, no, Mrs Fred Stone is the wife of me favourite tennis player. My name is Bananas. No, no, that's me favourite fruit. I'm Mrs Nice- evening-out-at-the-pictures-then-perhaps-a-dance-at-a-club-and- back-to-his-ponce-for-a-quick-cup-of-coffee-and-little-bit-of- no! No, sorry, that's me favourite way of spending a night out. Perhaps I am Leapy Lee? Yes! I must be Leapy Lee! Hello fans! Leapy Lee here! *(sings)* Little arrows that will... *(phone rings, she answers)* Hello? ... Evidently I'm not Leapy Lee. I thought I probably wouldn't be. Thank you, I'll tell them. *(puts phone down)* Hello. Hello, Denis Compton here. No no... I should have written it down. Now where's that number? *(as she looks in her bag she talks to herself)* I'm Moo Tse Tung... I'm P. P. Arnold... I'm Margaret Thatcher ... I'm Sir Gerald Nabarro ... *(she dials)* Hello? Sir Len Hutton here. Could you tell me, please ... oh, am I? Oh, thank you. *(puts phone down)* Good evening. I'm Mrs What-number-are- you-dialling-please?

*(A boxer rushes in and falls her with one blow. Women's Institute applauding)*

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# Registrar (wife swap)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 21

---

**The cast:**



# REFEREE

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(We see a man coming through a door with a neat little bride in a bridal dress. The man walks up to the registrar who is sitting at his desk with a sign saying 'Registrar of Marriages '.)*

**Man:** Good morning.

**Registrar:** Good morning.

**Man:** Are you the registrar?

**Registrar:** I have that function.

**Man:** I was here on Saturday, getting married to a blond girl, and I'd like to change please. I'd like to have this one instead please.

**Registrar:** What do you mean?

**Man:** Er, well, the other one wasn't any good, so I'd like to swap it for this one, please. Er, I have paid. I paid on Saturday. Here's the ticket. *(gives him the marriage licence.)*

**Registrar:** Ah, oh, no. That was when you were married.

**Man:** Er, yes. That was when I was married to the wrong one. I didn't like the colour. This is the one I want to had;e, so if you could just change the forms round I can take this one back with me now.

**Registrar:** I can't do that.

**Man:** Look, make it simpler, I'll pay again.

**Registrar:** No, you can't do that.

**Man:** Look, all I want you to do is change the wife, say the words, blah, blab, blah, back to my place, no questions asked.

**Registrar:** I'm sorry sir, but we're not allowed to change.

**Man:** You can at Harrods.

**Registrar:** You can't.

**Man:** You can. I changed my record player and there wasn't a grumble.

**Registrar:** It's different.

**Man:** And I changed my pet snake, and I changed my Robin Day tie.

**Registrar:** Well, you can't change a bloody wife!

**Man:** Oh, all right! Well, can I borrow one for the weekend.

**Registrar:** No!

**Man:** Oh, blimey, I only wanted a jolly good...

*(A whistle blows. A referee runs on, takes his book out and proceeds to take the name of the man in the registry office, amidst protests.)*

**Referee:** All right, break it up. What's your number, then? All right. Name?

**Man:** Cook.

*(Cut to the two in the next sketch waiting. Cut back to referee, who finishes booking the man and blows his whistle. [The show continues...](#) )*

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# Silly Doctor Sketch (immediately abandoned)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 21](#)

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**The cast:**



**DOCTOR**

Michael Palin

**WATSON**

Graham Chapman

---

## The sketch:

*(Cut to the two waiting. On the sound of a referee's whistle they start acting.)*

**Doctor:** Next please. Name?

**Watson:** Er, Watson.

**Doctor:** (writing it down) Mr Watson.

**Watson:** Ah, no, Doctor.

**Doctor:** Ah, Mr Doctor.

**Watson:** No, not Mr, Doctor.

**Doctor:** Oh, Doctor, Doctor.

**Watson:** No, Doctor Watson.

**Doctor:** Oh, Doctor Watson Doctor.

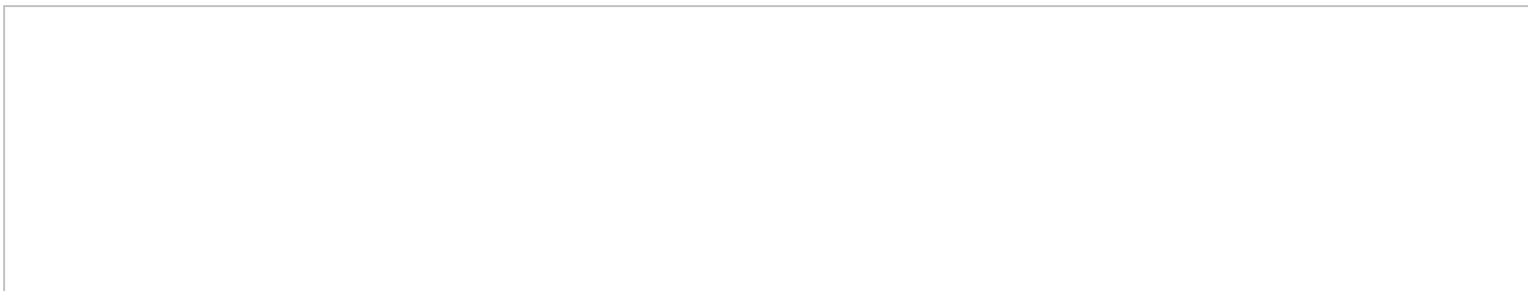
**Watson:** Oh, just call me darling.

**Doctor:** Hello, Mr Darling.

**Watson:** No, Doctor.

**Doctor:** Hello Doctor Darling.

*(Sound of whistle. Instant cut to caption on screen: 'THAT SKETCH HAS BEEN ABANDONED')*





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# Mr. and Mrs. Git

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 21

---

The cast:

**HOST**

Graham Chapman

**MR. GIT**

Terry Jones

**JOHN**

Michael Palin

**MRS. GIT**

John Cleese

**MRS. STOKES**

Carol Cleveland

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

WATSON

Graham Chapman



**The sketch:**

*(A cocktail party in Dulwich. Quiet party-type music. Constant chatter.)*

**Host** Ah, John. Allow me to introduce my next-door neighbour. John Stokes, this is A Snivelling Little Rat-Faced Git. Ah!

**Mr Git:** Hello, I noticed a slight look of anxiety cross your face for a moment just then, but you needn't worry - I'm used to it. That's the trouble of having a surname like Git.

**John:** Oh ... yes, yes.

**Mr Git:** We did think once of having it changed by deed-poll, you know - to Watson or something like that. But A Snivelling Little Rat-Faced Watson's just as bad eh?

**John:** Yes, yes, I suppose so.

*(Mrs Git approaches.)*

**Mr Git:** Oh, that's my wife. Darling! Come and meet Mr... what was it?

**John:** Stokes-John Stokes.

**Mr Git:** Oh yes. John Stokes, this is my wife, Dreary Fat Boring Old.

**John:** Oh, er, how do you do.

**Mrs Git:** How do you do.

*(Mrs Stokes appears.)*

**Mrs Stokes:** Darling, there you are!

**John:** Yes, yes, here I am, yes.

**Mr Git:** Oh, is this your wife?

**John:** Yes, yes, yes, this is the wife. Yes. Um darling, these, these are the Gits.

**Mrs Stokes:** *(slightly shocked)* What?

**John:** The Gits.

**Mr Git:** Oh, heaven's sakes we are being formal. Does it have to be surnames?

**John:** Oh, no, no. Not at all. No. Um, no, this... this... this is my wife Norah, er, Norah Jane, Norah Jane Stokes. This is Snivelling Little Rat-Faced Git. And this is his wife Dreary Fat Boring Old Git.

**Mr Git:** I was just telling your husband what an awful bore it is having a surname like Git.

**Mrs Stokes:** *(understanding at last)* OH Oh well, it's not that bad.

**Mr Git:** Oh, you've no idea how the kids get taunted. Why, only last week Dirty Lying Little Two-Faced came running home from school, sobbing his eyes out, and our youngest, Ghastly Spotty Horrible Vicious Little is just at the age when taunts like 'she's a git' really hun. Yes.

*(Mrs Git gobs colourfully into her handbag.)*

**John:** Do ... do you live round here?

**Mr Git:** Yes, we live up the road, number 49 - you can't miss it. We've just had the outside painted with warm pus.

**John:** *(with increasing embarrassment)* Oh.

**Mr Git:** Yes. It's very nice actually. It goes nicely with the vomit and catarrh we've got smeared all over the front door.

**Mrs Stokes:** I think we ought to be going. We have two children to collect.

**Mr Git:** Oh, well, bring them round for tea tomorrow.

**Mrs Stokes:** Well...

**Mr Git:** It's Ghastly Spotty Cross-Eyed's birthday and she's having a disembowelling party for a few friends. The Nauseas will be there, and Doug and Janice Mucus, and the Rectums from Swanage.

**Voice Over:** *(and caption)* 'And Now a Nice Version of That Same Sketch'

*(Cut to exactly the same set-up as before.)*

**Host:** John! Allow me to introduce our next-door neighbour. John, this is Mr Watson.

**Watson:** Hello. I noticed a slight look of anxiety cross your face just then but you needn't worry.

*(Cut to nun.)*

**Nun:** I preferred the dirty version.

*(She is knocked out by the boxer. Cut to Women's Institute applause film.)*

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# Mosquito Hunters

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 21

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**The cast:**

**HANK**

Graham Chapman

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**The sketch:**

*(Big close-up Hank Spire (face only). He is obviously walking along, the camera is following him hand held.)*

**Hank:** Well, I've been a hunter all my life. I love animals. That's why I like to kill 'em. I wouldn't kill an animal I didn't like. Goodday Roy.

*(Pull back to reveal he is walking with his brother in fairly rough country location. They pull a small trailer with 'high explosives' written in large letters on the side. The trailer has bombs in it. Hank takes a bazooka from the trailer.)*

**Voice Over:** (JOHN) Hank and Roy Spire are tough, fearless backwoodsmen who have chosen to live in a violent, unrelenting world of nature's creatures, where only the fittest survive. Today they are off to hunt mosquitoes.

*(Big close-up Roy Spira. He is obviously searching for something.)*

**Roy:** *(voice over)* The mosquito's a clever little bastard. You can track him for days and days until you really get to know him like a friend. He knows you're there, and you know he's there. It's a game of wits. You hate him, then you respect him, then you kill him.

*(Cut to Hank Spire who stands peering toward the horizon. Suddenly he points.)*

**Voice Over:** Suddenly Hank spots the mosquito they're after.

*(Dramatic music. Crash zoom along Hank's eye-line to as big a close-up as we can get of a patch in a perfectly ordinary field. Cut back to Hank and Roy starting to crawl towards some bushes.)*

**Voice Over:** Now more than ever, they must rely on the skills they have learnt from a lifetime's hunting. *(tense music, as they worm their way forward)* Hank gauges the wind. *(shot of Hank doing complicated wind gauging biz.)* Roy examines the mosquito's spoor. *(shot of Roy examining the ground intently)* Then ... *(Roy fires a bazooka. Hank fires off a machine gun; a series of almighty explosions in the small patch of field; the gunfire stops and the smoke begins to clear)* It's a success. The mosquito now is dead. *(Hank and Roy approach the scorched and blackened patch in the field)* But Roy must make sure. *(Roy points machine gun at head of mosquito and fires off another few rounds)* **Roy:** There's nothing more dangerous than a wounded mosquito.

**Voice Over:** But the hunt is not over. With well practiced skill Hank skins the mosquito. *(Hank produces an enormous curved knife and begins to start skinning the tiny mosquito)* The wings of a fully grown male mosquito can in fact fetch anything up to point eight of a penny on the open market. *(shot of them walking, carrying weapons)* The long day is over and it's back to base camp for a night's rest. *(inside villa; Hank is cleaning bazooka)* Here, surrounded by their trophies Roy and Hank prepare for a much tougher ordeal - a moth hunt.

**Hank:** Well, I follow the moth in the helicopter to lure it away from the flowers, and then Roy comes along in the Lockheed Starfighter and attacks it with air-to-air missiles.

**Roy:** A lot of people have asked us why we don't use fly spray. Well, where's the sport in that?

*(Shot of them driving in Land Rover heavily loaded with weapons.)*

**Voice Over:** For Roy, sport is everything. Ever since he lost his left arm battling with an ant, Roy has risked his life in the pursuit of tiny creatures. *(a peaceful river bank; Roy and Hank are fishing)* But it's not all work and for relaxation they like nothing more than a day's fishing. *(Hank presses a button and there is a tremendous explosion in the water)* Wherever there is a challenge, Hank and Roy Spim will be there ready to carry on this primordial struggle between man and inoffensive, tiny insects.

*(Pull out to reveal the brothers standing on a tank. Heroic music reaches a climax.)*

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# Poofy Judges

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 21

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The cast:

**FIRST JUDGE**  
Eric Idle

## SECOND JUDGE

Michael Palin

---

### The sketch:

*(Apropos of nothing cut to oak-paneled robing chamber in the Old Bailey. Two Judges in full wigs and red robes enter.)*

**First Judge:** *(very camp)* Oh, I've had such a morning in the High Court. I could stamp my little feet the way those QC's carry on.

**Second Judge:** *(just as camp)* Don't I know it, love.

**First Judge:** Objection here, objection there! And that nice policeman giving his evidence so well - beautiful speaking voice ... well after a bit all I could do was bang my little gavel.

**Second Judge:** You what, love?

**First Judge:** I banged me gavel. I did me 'silence in court' bit. Ooh! If looks could kill that prosecuting counsel would be in for thirty years. How did your summing up go?

**Second Judge:** Well, I was quite pleased actually. I was trying to do my butch voice, you know, 'what the jury must understand', and they loved it, you know. I could see that foreman eyeing me.

**First Judge:** Really?

**Second Judge:** Yes, cheeky devil.

**First Judge:** Was he that tall man with that very big... ?

**Second Judge:** No, just a minute - I must finish you know. Anyway, I finished up with 'the actions of these vicious men is a violent stain on the community and the full penalty of the law is scarcely sufficient to deal with their ghastly crimes', and I waggled my wig! Just ever so slightly, but it was a stunning effect.

**First Judge:** Oh, I bet it was... like that super time I wore that striped robe in the Magistrates Court.

**Second Judge:** Oh, aye.

*(Fade out.)*

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# Mrs. Thing and Mrs. Entity

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 21

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## The cast:

**FIRST PEPPERPOT (MRS. ENTITY)**

Eric Idle

**SECOND PEPPERPOT (MRS. THING)**

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

*(Fade into a bench in a public park, garden or square. A pepperpot is sitting on the bench, another pepperpot comes by pushing a shopping trolley.)*

**First Pepperpot:** Hello, Mrs Thing.

**Second Pepperpot:** Hello, Mrs Entity.

**First Pepperpot:** How are you then?

**Second Pepperpot:** Oh, I have had a morning.

**First Pepperpot:** Busy?

**Second Pepperpot:** Busy - huh! I got up at five o'clock, I made myself a cup of tea, I looked out of the window. Well, by then I was so worn out I had to come and have a sit-down. I've been here for seven hours.

**First Pepperpot:** You must be exhausted.

**Second Pepperpot:** Mm. Oh, have you been shopping?

**First Pepperpot:** No, I've been shopping.

**Second Pepperpot:** Funny.

**First Pepperpot:** I'm worn out. I've been shopping for six hours.

**Second Pepperpot:** What have you bought, then?

**First Pepperpot:** Nothing. Nothing at all. A complete waste of time.

**Second Pepperpot:** Wicked, isn't it?

**First Pepperpot:** Wicked. It'll be worse when we join the Common Market.

**Second Pepperpot:** That nice Mr Heath would never allow that.

**First Pepperpot:** It's funny he never married.

**Second Pepperpot:** He's a bachelor.

**First Pepperpot:** Oooh! That would explain it, Oh dear me, this chatting away wears me out.

**Second Pepperpot:** Yes. I bet Mrs Reginald Maudling doesn't have to put up with all this drudgery, getting up at five in the morning, making a cup of tea, looking out of the window, chatting away.

**First Pepperpot:** No! It'd all be done for her.

**Second Pepperpot:** Yes, she'd have the whole day free for playing snooker.

**First Pepperpot:** She probably wouldn't go through all the drudgery of playing snooker, day in, day out.

**Second Pepperpot:** No, it would all be done for her. She wouldn't even have to lift the cue. **First Pepperpot:** She probably doesn't even know where the billiard room is.

**Second Pepperpot:** No, still, it's not as bad as the old days. Mrs Stanley Baldwin used to have to get up at five o'clock in the morning and go out and catch partridges with her bare hands.

**First Pepperpot:** Yes... and Mrs William Pitt the Elder used to have to get up at three o'clock and go burrowing for truffles with the bridge of her nose.

**Second Pepperpot:** Mrs Beethoven used to have to get up at midnight to spur on the mynah bird.

**First Pepperpot:** Lazy creatures, mynah birds,...

**Second Pepperpot:** Yes. When Beethoven went deaf the mynah bird just used to mime.

*(The picture begins to wobble as in flashback ' ; appropriate dreamy music effect)*

**First Pepperpot:** *(looking at camera)* Ooh! What's happening?

**Second Pepperpot:** It's all right. It's only a flashback.



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# Beethoven's Mynah Bird

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 21

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The cast:

**BEETHOVEN**

John Cleese

**MRS. BEETHOVEN**

Graham Chapman

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**The sketch:**

*(Cut to Beethoven's living room. A model mynah bird is opening and shutting its beak. Beethoven is sitting at the piano.)*

**Beethoven:** You don't fool me, you stupid mynah bird. I'm not deaf yet.

**Mynah:** Just you wait... ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! *(Beethoven pulls a revolver and shoots the bird which falls to the ground)* Oh! Bugger...

**Beethoven:** Shut up!

**Mynah:** Right in the wing.

**Beethoven:** Shut your beak. Gott in Himmel... I never get any peace here.

*(He plays the first few notes of the fifth symphony, trying vainly to get the last note. Mrs Beethoven enters.)*

**Mrs Beethoven:** Ludwig!

**Beethoven:** What?

**Mrs Beethoven:** Have you seen the sugar bowl?

**Beethoven:** No, I haven't seen the bloody sugar bowl.

**Mrs Beethoven:** You know ... the sugar bowl.

**Beethoven:** Sod the sugar bowl... I'm trying to finish this stinking tune! It's driving me spare ... so shut up! *(she leaves; he goes into opening bars of 'Washington Post March')* No, no, no, no, no.

*(Mrs Beethoven comes back in.)*

**Mrs Beethoven:** Ludwig, have you seen the jam spoon?

**Beethoven:** Stuff the jam spoon!

**Mrs Beethoven:** It was in the sugar bowl.

**Beethoven:** Look, get out you old rat-bag. Buzz off and shut up.

**Mrs Beethoven:** I don't know what you see in that piano. *(she goes)*

**Beethoven:** Leave me alone!! ... *(gets the first eight notes right at last)* ... Ha! ha! ha! I've done it, I've done it!

*(Mrs Beethoven comes in again.)*

**Mrs Beethoven:** Do you want peanut butter or sandwich spread for your tea?

**Beethoven:** What!!!!

**Mrs Beethoven:** PEANUT BUTTER...

**Beethoven:** I've forgotten it. *(plays a few wrong notes)* I had it! I had it!

**Mrs Beethoven:** Do you want peanut butter or sandwich spread?

**Beethoven:** I don't care!!

Mrs Beethoven Ooooh! I don't know. *(she goes out)*

**Beethoven:** I had it. I had it you old bag. *(at the same moment as he gets it right again, the door flies open and Mrs Beethoven charges in with a very loud Hoover)* Mein lieber Gott! What are you doing? *(a terrible clanking and bonking comes from the wall)* What's that! What's that!

**Mrs Beethoven:** *(still Hoovering loudly)* It's the plumber!

*(A jarring ring of the doorbell adds to the din.)*

**Beethoven:** Gott in Himmel, I'm going out.

**Mrs Beethoven:** Well, if you're going out don't forget we've got the Mendelssohns coming for tea so don't forget to order some pikelets.

**Beethoven:** Pikelets, pikelets. Shakespeare never had this trouble.

*([Shakespeare washing up at a sink present day](#)).*



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# Shakespeare / Michaelangelo / Colin Mozart (Ratcatcher)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 21

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**The cast:**

**SHAKESPEARE**

Eric Idle

**BEETHOVEN**

John Cleese

**MICHELANGELO**  
Terry Jones

**MOZART**

Michael Palin

**COLIN MOZART**

Michael Palin

**MRS. BEETHOVEN**

Graham Chapman

---

## The sketch:

*(Shakespeare washing up at a sink present day)*

**Shakespeare:** You wanna bet? Incidentally, its da-da-da-dum, da-da-da-dum.

*(Cut to Beethoven.)*

**Beethoven:** You're right. Oh, incidentally, why not call him Hamlet?

*(Cut back to Shakespeare)*

**Shakespeare:** Hamlet I like much better than David. *(he shouts through , open window next to sink)* Michelangelo You can use David. I won't sue

*(Cut to Michelangelo's studio. Michelangelo is in middle of feeding and looking after at least six screaming little babies. His statue of David is in the foreground.)*

**Michelangelo:** Thanks, but I've had a better idea.

*Camera pans down to show engraved on plinth beneath statue the words Michelangelo's fifth symphony '.)*

**Wife:** *(off-screen)* Michelangelo!

**Michelangelo:** Yes, dear!

**Wife:** I've had another son.

**Michelangelo:** Oh, my life.

*(Cut to Mozart. He is scrubbing the floor. Caption: 'W. A. MOZART')*

**Mozart:** *(Jewish accent)* Composer? Huh! I wouldn't wish it on my son. He's a sensitive boy, already. I'd rather he was a sewage attendant or a ratcatcher.

*(Cut to street with old-fashioned shops. Exterior. Camera tracks in to a shopfront with a large sign outside: 'Rodent Exterminating Boutique - Colin "Chopper" Mozart (Son Of Composer) Ratcatcher To The Nobility And Ordinary People, Too - Ici On Parle Portugaise'. At the door of shop stands Colin Mozart. A kid runs up to him bearing a long cleft stick, Mozart takes the note from the cleavage and reads it.)* **Colin Mozart:** Aha! Rats at 42a Kartoffelnstrasse. Hey Mitzi! I gotta go to Potato Street.

**Mitzi:** *(off-screen)* Put your galoshes on.

*(Mozart leaps on to a bike carrying two shrimp-nets, and rides off. Superimposed caption: 'MUNICH 1821')*

**Colin Mozart:** *(shouting)* Depressed by rats? Do mice get you down? Then why not visit Colin Mozart's Rodent Extermination Boutique. Rats extirpated, mice punished, voles torn apart by Colin Mozart, Munich's leading furry animal liquidator.

*(Colin Mozart cycles up to Beethoven's house. Outside is a notice board saying*

MR AND MRS EMMANUEL KANT  
FRAU MITZI HANDGEPACKAUFBEWAHRUNG  
MR DICKIE WAGNER  
K. TYNAN (NO RELATION)  
MR AND MRSJ. W. VON GOETHE AND DOG  
HERR E. W. SWANTON  
MR AND MRS P. ANKA

MR AND MRS LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770-1827) ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

*Caption on screen: '613.4 SECONDS LATER' Beethoven's front door is opened by Mrs Beethoven.)*

**Mrs Beethoven:** Yes?

**Colin Mozart:** Colin Mozart.

**Mrs Beethoven:** Oh, thank goodness you've come. We're having a terrible time with them bleeding rats. I think they live in his stupid piano already.

*(They go into the house. We hear the first two bars of Beethoven's Fifth counter pointed by loud squealing.)*

**Beethoven's Voice:** Get out the bloody piano you stupid furry bucktoothed gits! Get out! Gott in Himmel. Get your stinking tail out of my face.

*(Mrs Beethoven opens the door and we see for the first time a strange sight. Rats are flying across the room (thrown from out of vision) others scuttle across floor (pulled by strings) others up wall. One sits on Beethoven's head. The squealing is deafening. Beethoven plays on relentlessly.. Mozart and Mrs Beethoven run into room and start trying to catch the rats with the shrimp-nets. Caption: '13.4 MINUTES LATER' Colin Mozart is sitting on the piano. He rakes the rat-infested room with machine-gunfire.)* **Beethoven:** Shut up!

*(The picture starts to wobble and mixes back to the two pepperpots.)*

**Second Pepperpot:** So anyway, Beethoven was rather glad when he went deaf.

*(Mix to Beethoven pushing the keys of the keyboard which is all that remains of his piano. He listens vainly. The mynah bird opens and shuts its beak. In the corner an old horn gramophone*

*plays. We hear Jimmy Durante singing the end of 'I'm the guy that found the lost chord'.)*

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# Judges

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 21

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## About the Sketch:

A similar sketch involving two camp judges was also heard on the album - Another Monty Python Record'. It featured the same two actors however the material was totally different.

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## The cast:

**FIRST JUDGE**  
Eric Idle

## SECOND JUDGE

Michael Palin

---

### The sketch:

*(Cut to judges' robing room. Both Judges talking in a very camp voice)*

**First Judge:** Well, I was ever so glad they abolished hanging, you know, because that black cap just didn't suit me.

**Second Judge:** Yes. Do you remember the Glasgow treason trial?

**First Judge:** Oh yes, I wore a body stocking all through it.

**Second Judge:** No, hen, with the party afterwards.

**First Judge:** Oh, that's right. You were walking out with that very butch Clerk of the Court.

**Second Judge:** That's right. Ooh, he made me want to turn Queen's evidence.

*(Superimposed credits. Theme tune heard quietly as judges continue.)*

**First Judge:** Oh, me too. One summing up and I'm anybody's.

**Second Judge:** Anyway, Bailie Anderson.

**First Judge:** Ooh, her?

**Second Judge:** Yes. She's so strict. She was on at me for giving dolly sentences, you know, specially in that arson case.

**First Judge:** What was the verdict?

**Second Judge:** They preferred the brown wig.

**First Judge:** Mm. I love the Scottish Assizes. I know what they mean by a really well-hung jury.

**Second Judge:** Oohl Get back in the witness box, you're too sharp to live!

**First Judge:** I'll smack your little botty!

**Second Judge:** Ooh! and again.

**First Judge:** Have you tried that new body rub JP's use?

**Second Judge:** I had a magistrate in Bradford yesterday.

**First Judge:** Funnily enough I felt like one in a lunchtime recess today. *(credits end)* But the ones I

really like are those voice over announcers on the BBC after the programmes are over.

**Second Judge:** Oh, aye, of course, they're as bent as safety pins.

**First Judge:** I know, but they've got beautiful speaking voices, haven't they? 'And now a choice of viewing on BBC Television.'

**Second Judge:** 'Here are tonight's football results.'

**First and Second Judges:** Mmm.

*(Fade out.)*



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# 'How to recognise different parts of the body'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 22](#)

---

## The sketch:

**Voice Over (John Cleese):** How to recognize different parts of the body.

*(Hold long enough to read this new title before the foot comes down, stays in shot long enough for voice over to say:)*

**Voice Over:** Number one. The foot.

*(A little arrow points to the foot simultaneously. Cut to picture of Venus de Milo (top half). Superimposed little white arrow pointing to shoulder.)*

**Voice Over:** Number two. The shoulder.

*(Cut to picture of a foot cut off at the ankle. Cigarettes are parked in the top Superimposed arrow.)*

**Voice Over:** And number three. The other foot.

*(Cut to profile picture of strange person (Terry Gilliam) Superimposed arrow pointing to bridge of nose.)*

**Voice Over:** Number four. The bridge of the nose.

*(Cut to picture, full length, of man wearing polka-dotted Bermuda shorts. arrow superimposed points to shorts.)*

**Voice Over:** Number five. The naughty bits.

*(Cut to picture of crooked elbow. Superimposed arrow pointing just above the elbow.)*

**Voice Over:** Number six. Just above the elbow.

*(Cut to closer picture of different person in identical Bermuda shorts. Superimposed arrow pointing to top of groin.)*

**Voice Over:** Number seven. Two inches to the right of a very naughty bit indeed.

*(Cut to close-up of a real knee. Arrow superimposed pointing to knee.)*

**Voice Over:** Number eight. The kneecap.

*(Pull back to reveal the knee belongs to '[Bruce](#)', an Australian in full Australian outback gear.)*



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# Bruces

From 'Monty Python Live at City Center'

---

## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 22](#), but also on their album 'Monty Python Live at City Center' and performed live in the Movie - 'Live at the Hollywood Bowl'. It was also featured on other albums - 'The Monty Python Matching Tie and Handkerchief', 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection (first version)', 'Monty Python's Final Ripoff' and 'The Ultimate Monty Python Ripoff'. A shortened and different version was also performed on their live album 'Monty Python live at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane'.

---

## The cast:

**FIRST BRUCE**  
Eric Idle



**SECOND BRUCE**

Graham Chapman

**THIRD BRUCE**  
Michael Palin

**FOURTH BRUCE**

John Cleese

**MICHAEL**

Terry Jones

---

## **The sketch:**

**Second Bruce:** G'day, Bruce!

**First Bruce:** Oh, Hello Bruce!

**Third Bruce:** How are you Bruce?

**First Bruce:** A bit crook, Bruce.

**Second Bruce:** Where's Bruce?

**First Bruce:** He's not 'ere, Bruce.

**Third Bruce:** Blimey, it's hot in here, Bruce.

**First Bruce:** Hot enough to boil a monkey's bum!

**Second Bruce:** That's a strange expression, Bruce.

**First Bruce:** Well Bruce, I heard the Prime Minister use it. "It's hot enough to boil a monkey's bum in here, your Majesty," he said and she smiled quietly to herself.

**Third Bruce:** She's a good Sheila Bruce, and not at all stuck up.

**Second Bruce:** Here! Here's the boss-fellow now! - how are you bruce?

*(Enter fourth Bruce with English person, Michael)*

**Fourth Bruce:** 'Ow are you, Bruce?

**First Bruce:** G'day Bruce!

**Fourth Bruce:** Bruce.

**Second Bruce:** Hello Bruce.

**Fourth Bruce:** Bruce.

**Third Bruce:** How are you, Bruce?

**Fourth Bruce:** G'day Bruce.

**Fourth Bruce:** Gentleman, I'd like to introduce man from Pommeyland who is joinin' us this year in the philosophy department at the University of Walamaloo.

**Everybruce:** G'day!

**Michael:** Hello.

**Fourth Bruce:** Michael Baldwin, Bruce. Michael Baldwin, Bruce. Michael Baldwin, Bruce.

**First Bruce:** Is your name not Bruce?

**Michael:** No, it's Michael.

**Second Bruce:** That's going to cause a little confusion.

**Third Bruce:** Mind if we call you "Bruce" to keep it clear?

**Fourth Bruce:** Gentlemen, I think we better start the faculty meeting. Before we start, though, I'd like to ask the padre for a prayer.

**First Bruce:** Oh Lord, we beseech Thee, Amen!!

**Everybruce:** Amen!

**Fourth Bruce:** Crack tubes! (*Sound of cans opening*) Now I call upon Bruce to officially welcome Mr. Baldwin to the philosophy faculty.

**Second Bruce:** I'd like to welcome the pommey bastard to God's own Earth, and remind him that we don't like stuck-up sticky-beaks here.

**Everybruce:** Hear, hear! Well spoken, Bruce!

**Fourth Bruce:** Bruce here teaches classical philosophy, Bruce there teaches Haegelian philosophy, and Bruce here teaches logical positivism. And is also in charge of the sheep dip.

**Third Bruce:** What's New-Bruce going to teach?

**Fourth Bruce:** New-Bruce will be teaching political science, Machiavelli, Bentham, Locke, Hobbes, Sutcliffe, Bradman, Lindwall, Miller, Hassett, and Benaud.

**Second Bruce:** Those are all cricketers!

**Fourth Bruce:** Aww, spit!

**Third Bruce:** Hails of derisive laughter, Bruce!

**Everybruce:** Australia, Australia, Australia, Australia, we love you amen!

**Fourth Bruce:** Bruce: Crack tube! (*Sound of cans opening*) Any questions?

**Second Bruce:** New-Bruce, are you a Poofter?

**Fourth Bruce:** Are you a Poofter?

**Michael:** No!

**Fourth Bruce:** No. Right, I just want to remind you of the faculty rules: Rule One!

**Everybruce:** No Poofers!

**Fourth Bruce:** Rule Two, no member of the faculty is to maltreat the Abbos in any way at all -- if there's anybody watching. Rule Three?

**Everybruce:** No Poofers!!

**Fourth Bruce:** Rule Four, now this term, I don't want to catch anybody not drinking. Rule Five,

**Everybruce:** No Poofers!

**Fourth Bruce:** Rule Six, there is NO ... Rule Six. Rule Seven,

**Everybruce:** No Poofers!!

**Fourth Bruce:** Right, that concludes the readin' of the rules, Bruce.

**First Bruce:** This here's the wattle, the emblem of our land. You can stick it in a bottle, you can hold it in your hand.

**Everybruce:** Amen!

**(NB: The Album versions continue with the [Philosopher's song](#) The TV version continues below....)**

**First Bruce:** Right, let's get some Sheilas.

*(An Aborigine bunts in with an enormous tray full of enormous steaks.)*

**Fourth Bruce:** OK.

**Second Bruce:** Ah, elevenses.

**Third Bruce:** This should tide us over 'til lunchtime.

**Second Bruce:** Reckon so, Bruce.

**First Bruce:** Sydney Nolan! What's that! *(points)*

*(Cut to dramatic close-up of Fourth Bruce's ear. Hold close-up. The superimposed arrow pointing to the ear.)*

**Voice Over:** Number nine. The ear.

**\*\*\*\*\*Album Version Continued\*\*\*\*\***

*(And now all four Bruces launch into the Philosopher's song)*

Immanuel Kant was a real piss-ant who was very rarely stable.  
Heidegger, Heidegger was a boozy beggar who could think you under the table.  
David Hume could out-consume Wilhelm Freidrich Hegel.  
And Whittgenstein was a beery swine who was just as sloshed as Schlegel.  
There's nothing Niezsche couldn't teach 'ya 'bout the raising of the wrist.  
Socrates, himself, was permanently pissed.  
John Stewart Mill, of his own free will, after half a pint of shanty was particularly ill.  
Plato, they say, could stick it away, half a crate of whiskey every day!  
Aristotle, Aristotle was a bugger for the bottle,  
And Hobbes was fond of his Dram.  
And Rene Descartes was a drunken fart:  
"I drink, therefore I am."  
Yes, Socrates himself is particularly missed;  
A lovely little thinker, but a bugger when he's pissed.

[\(Continues\)](#)



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# Naughty Bits

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 22

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to picture of big toe. Superimposed arrow.)*

**Voice Over (John Cleese):** Number ten. The big toe.

*(Cut to picture of another man in Bermuda shorts. Superimposed arrow pointing at shorts.)*

**Voice Over:** Number eleven. More naughty bits.

*(Cut to full length shot of lady in Bermuda shorts and Bermuda bra. Superimposed arrow on each side of her body. One points to the bra, one to the Bermuda shorts.)*

**Voice Over:** Number twelve. The naughty bits of a lady,

*(Cut to picture of a horse wearing Bermuda shorts. Superimposed arrow.)*

**Voice Over:** Number thirteen. The naughty bits of a horse,

*(Cut to picture of an ant. In the very corner of a blank area. It is very tiny. Superimposed enormous arrow.)*

**Voice Over:** Number fourteen. The naughty bits of an ant.

*(Cut to picture of Reginald Maudling with Bermuda shorts, put on by Terry Gilliam, over his dark suit. Superimposed arrow pointing to shorts.)*

**Voice Over:** Number fifteen. The naughty bits of Reginald Maudling.

*(Cut to close-up of false hand sticking out of a sleeve. Superimposed arrow.)*

**Voice Over:** Number sixteen. The hand.

*(Pull back to reveal that the hand appears to belong to a standard interviewer in two shot. Chair set up with standard interviewee. The interviewer suddenly pulls the hand off, revealing that he has a hook. He throws the hand away and [starts the interview](#).)*

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# The Man Who Contradicts People

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 22](#), it also appeared on their album 'Monty Python's Previous Record'.

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## The cast:

**HOST**

John Cleese (on the record)

**HOST**

Michael Palin (in the TV Series)

**NORMAN POLEVAULTER**

Graham Chapman (on the record)

# NORMAN POLEVaulter

Terry Jones (in the TV Series)

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## The sketch:

**Host:** With me now is Norman St. John Polevaulter, who for the last few years has been contradicting people. St. John Polevaulter, why do you contradict people?

**Polevaulter :** I don't!

**Host:** But you... you told me that you did.

**Polevaulter:** I most certainly did not!

**Host:** Oh. I see. I'll start again.

**Polevaulter:** No you won't!

**Host:** Ssh! I understand you don't contradict people.

**Polevaulter:** Yes I do!

**Host:** And when didn't you start contradicting them?

**Polevaulter:** I did! In 1952!

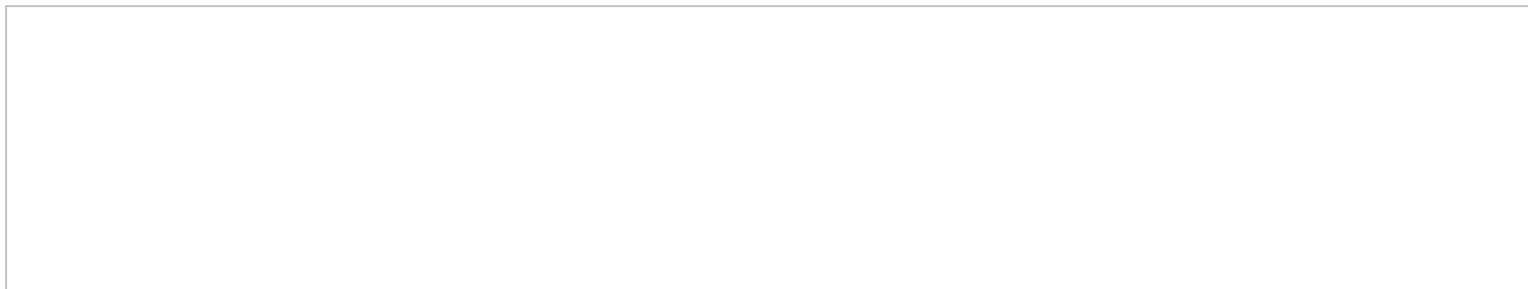
**Host:** 1952.

**Polevaulter:** 1947!

**Host:** 23 years ago.

**Polevaulter:** No!

*(GONG!)*





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# Cosmetic Surgery

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 22](#)

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The cast:



**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

## SPECIALIST

John Cleese

## RAYMOND LUXURY-YACHT

Graham Chapman

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### The sketch:

*(Cut to profile of Raymond Luxury Yacht from next sketch who has an enormous false polystyrene nose. Superimposed arrow pointing at nose.)*

**Voice Over:** Number nineteen. The nose.

*(A man sitting behind a desk in a Harley Street consulting room. Close-up of the name plate on desk in front of him. Although the camera does not reveal this for a moment, this name plate, about two inches high, continues all along the desk, off the side of it at the same height and halfway round the room. We start to track along this name plate on which is written: 'Professor Sir Adrian Furrows F.R.S. F.R.C.S. F.R.C.P. M.D.M.S. (Oxon), M.D. (Cantab), Ph.D. (Syd), ER.G.S., F.R.C.O.G., F. FM.R.C.S., M.S. (Birm), M.S. (Liv), M.S. (Guadalajara), M.S. (Karach), M.S. (Edin), B.A. (Chic), B. Litt. (Phil), D. Litt (Phil), D. Litt (Arthur and Lucy), D. Litt (Ottawa), D. Litt (All other places in Canada except Medicine Hat, B. Sc. 9 Brussels, Liege, Antwerp, Asse, (and Grower) '. There is a knock on the door.)* **Specialist:** Come in.

*(The door opens and Raymond Luxury Yacht enters. He cannot walk straight to the desk as his passage is barred by the strip of wood carrying the degrees, but he discovers the special hinged part of it that opens like a door. Mr Luxury Yacht has his enormous polystyrene nose. It is a foot long.)* **Specialist:** Ah! Mr Luxury Yacht. Do sit down, please.

**Mr Luxury Yacht:** Ah, no, no. My name is spelt 'Luxury Yacht' but it's pronounced Throatwobbler Mangrove.

**Specialist:** Well, do sit down then Mr Throatwobbler Mangrove.

**Mr Luxury Yacht:** Thank you.

**Specialist:** Now, what seems to be the trouble?

**Mr Luxury Yacht:** Um, I'd like you to perform some plastic surgery on me.

**Specialist:** I see. And which particular feature of your anatomy is causing you distress?

**Mr Luxury Yacht:** Well, well for a long time now, in fact, even when I was a child ... I ... you know, whenever I left home to ... catch a bus, or... to catch a train... and even my tennis has suffered actually...

**Specialist:** Yes. To be absolutely blunt you're worried about your enormous hooter.

**Mr Luxury Yacht:** No!

**Specialist:** No?

**Mr Luxury Yacht:** Yes.

**Specialist:** Yes, and you want me to hack a bit off.

**Mr Luxury Yacht:** Please.

**Specialist:** Fine. It is a startler, isn't it. Er, do you mind if I... er.

**Mr Luxury Yacht:** What?

**Specialist:** Oh, no nothing, then, well, I'll just examine your nose. *(he does so; as he examines it the nose comes off in his hand)* Mr Luxury Yacht, this nose of yours is false. It's made of polystyrene and your own hooter's a beaut. No pruning necessary.

**Mr Luxury Yacht:** I'd still like the operation.

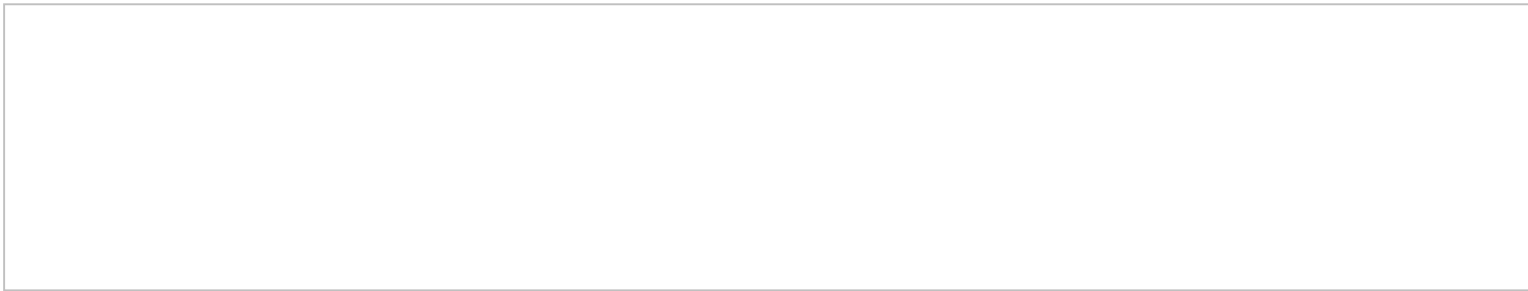
**Specialist:** Well, you've had the operation, you strange person.

**Mr Luxury Yacht:** Please do an operation.

**Specialist:** Well, all right, all right, but only ... if you come on a camping holiday with me.

**Mr Luxury Yacht:** He asked me! He asked me!

*(Cut to lyrical film of Luxury Yacht and specialist, frolicking in countryside in slow motion.)*



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# Camp Square-bashing

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 22](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'

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## The cast:

**INTERVIEWER**  
Michael Palin

## VOICE OVER

John Cleese

---

### The sketch:

*(Cut to interviewer at desk.)*

**Interviewer:** Next week we'll be showing you how to pick up an architect, how to pull a prime minister, and how to have fun with a wholesale poulterer. But now the men of the Derbyshire Light Infantry entertain us with a precision display of bad temper.

**Voice Over:** Attention

*(Eight soldiers in two ranks of four, They halt, and start to chant with precision.)*

**Soldiers:** bly goodness me, I am in a bad temper today all right, two, three, damn, damn, two, three, I am vexed and ratty. *(shake fists)* Two, three, and hopping mad. *(stamp feet)*

*(Cut to interviewer.)*

**Interviewer:** And next the men of the Second Armoured Division regale us with their famous close order swanning about.

*(Cut to sergeant with eight soldiers.)*

**Sergeant:** Squad. Camp it ... up!

**Soldiers:** *(mincing in unison)* Oooh get her! Whoops! I've got your number ducky. You couldn't afford me, dear. Two three. I'd scratch your eyes out. Don't come the brigadier bit with us, dear, we all know where you've been, you military fairy. Whoops, don't look now girls the major's just minced in with that dolly colour sergeant, two, 'three, ooh-ho!

*(Cut to interviewer.)*

**Interviewer:** And finally...

*(ANIMATION: dancing generals, then the story of the killer cars.)*

---



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# Cut-price Airlines

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 22](#)

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**The cast:**

**MAN**

Eric Idle

**MR. IRRELEVANT**

Graham Chapman

**MRS. IRRELEVANT**

Carol Cleveland



**VICAR**

Michael Palin

**MRS. TURPIN**

Terry Jones

# VOICE OVER

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to air terminal. Pan along official air-terminal-type signs saying BEA, TWA, Air India, BOAC, the Verrifast Plaine Company Ltd. Pan down to reveal a checking-in desk. A man with porter's cap comes in, carrying two bags. He is followed by Mr and Mrs Irrelevant. He puts their cases down, hangs around and gets a tip. He goes behind the counter, takes off his porter's hat, puts on an airline-pilot-type cap, and puts on a moustache. There is a vicar standing next to him with an eye patch.)* **Man:** Morning sir, can I help you?

**Mr Irrelevant:** Er, yes, we've booked on your flight for America.

**Man:** Oh, we don't fly to America ... *(vicar nudges him)* Oh, the American flight... Er, on the plane ... oh yes, oh we do that, all right. Safe as houses, no need to panic.

**Mrs Irrelevant:** Is it really 37/6d?

**Man:** Thirty bob. I'm robbing myself.

**Mr Irrelevant:** Thirty bob!

**Man:** Twenty-five. Two quid the pair of yer. Er, that's without insurance.

**Mr Irrelevant:** Well, how much is it with insurance?

**Man:** Hundred and two quid. That's including the flight.

**Mr Irrelevant:** Do we really need insurance?

**Man:** No. *(vicar nudges him)* Yes, essential.

**Mr Irrelevant:** Well, we'll have it with insurance please.

**Man:** Right - do you want it with the body and one relative flown back, or you can have both bodies flown back and no relatives, or four relatives, no bodies, and the ashes sent by parcel post.

**Mr Irrelevant:** How long will it take?

**Man:** Er, let me put it this way - no idea.

**Vicar:** Six hours.

**Mr Irrelevant:** Six?

**Man:** Five, ten for the pair of you.

**Mrs Irrelevant:** Oh, is it a jet?

**Man:** Well, no ... It's not so much of a jet, it's more your, er, Triumph Herald engine with wings.

**Mr Irrelevant:** When are you taking off?

**Man:** 3300 hours.

**Mr Irrelevant:** What?

**Man:** 2600 hours for the pair of you.

**Mrs Irrelevant:** What?

**Man:** Have the injections, you won't care.

**Mr Irrelevant:** What injections?

**Man:** Barley sugar injections. Calm you down. They're compulsory - Board of Trade. Promise. *(he holds up his crossed fingers)*

**Mrs Irrelevant:** Oh, I don't like the sound of injections.

**Man:** *(making a ringing sound)* Brrp, brrp. *(picks up phone)* Hello, yes right. *(puts phone down)* You've got to make your mind up straight away if you're coming or not.

**Mr and Mrs Irrelevant:** Yes.

**Man:** Right, you can't change your mind. I'll ring the departure lounge. *(picks up phone)* Hello? Two more on their way, Mrs Turpin.

*(Cut to Mrs Turpin sitting in a suburban lounge. A big sign saying 'Intercontinental Arrivals ', in airport writing, hangs from the ceiling. Mr and Mrs Irrelevant arrive and sit down.)*

**Mrs Turpin:** Now, the duty-free trolley is over there ... there's some lovely drop scones and there's duty-free broccoli and there's fresh eccles cakes. You're allowed two hundred each on the plane. *(she picks up teacup and speaks into it)* The Verrifast Plane Company announce the departure of flight one to over the hills and far away. Will passengers for flight one, please assemble at gate one. Passengers are advised that there is still plenty of time to buy eccles cakes.

*(Man and vicar enter carrying a large wing.)*

**Man:** Nearly ready.

*(They take the wing through. Hammering is heard.)*

**Mrs Turpin:** *(speaking into cup)* All passengers please get ready for their barley sugar injections.

*(Japanese pilot comes in.)*

**Kamikaze:** Today we all take vow. Today we smash the enemy fleet... we smash, smash.

*(Man and vicar grab him and take him back.)*

**Mrs Turpin:** That's Mr Kamikaze, the pilot, he's very nice really, but make sure he stays clear of battleships.

*(Cut to stock film of battleships, steaming on the seas. Stirring music plays over.)*

**Voice Over:** There have been many stirring tales told of the sea and also some fairly uninteresting ones only marginally connected with it, like this one. Sorry, this isn't a very good announcement. Sorry.

---



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# Batley Townswomen's Guild presents the first heart transplant

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 22](#)

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**The cast:**

**ANNOUNCER**

John Cleese

**RITA FAIRBANKS**

Eric Idle

## VOICE OVER

Michael Palin

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### The sketch:

*(Cut to quick clip of the [Battle of Pearl Harbour from show eleven, first series](#). Beginning with Eric blowing the whistle and the two sides rushing at each other. Cut back to announcer.)*

**Announcer:** That was last year's re-enactment of the Battle of Pearl Harbour performed by the Batly Townswomen's Guild. It was written, directed and produced by Mrs Rita Fairbanks.

*(Cut to Rita Fairbanks on the beach.)*

**Rita:** Hello again.

**Voice Over:** And what are your ladies going to do for us this year.

**Rita:** Well, this year we decided to re-enact something with a more modern flavour. We had considered a version of Michael Stewart's speech on Nigeria and there were several votes on the Committee for a staging of Herr Willi Brandt's visit to East Germany, but we've settled instead for a dramatization of the first heart transplant. Incidentally my sister Madge will be playing the plucky little springbok pioneer Christian Barnard.

**Voice Over:** Well off we go, then with the Barley Townswomen's Guild re-enactment of the first heart transplant.

*(Rita Fairbanks blows her whistle. The two groups of ladies rush at each other. They end up in the sea, rolling about splashing, and thumping each other with handbags.)*

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# The first underwater production of 'Measure for Measure'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 22

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The cast:

**ANNOUNCER**

John Cleese

FIRST SHAKESPEARIAN ACTOR

Michael Palin

## SECOND SHAKESPEARIAN ACTOR

Terry Jones

---

### The sketch:

**Announcer:** *(his desk now surrounded by sea)* The first heart transplant. But this is not the only open-air production here that has used the sea. Theatrical managers in this area have not been slow to appreciate the sea's tremendous dramatic value. And somewhere, out in this bay, is the first underwater production of 'Measure for Measure'.

*(Expanse of sea water, nothing eke at air Dubbed over this is muffled, watery Shakespearian blank verse. We zoom in. Two Shakespearian actors leap up. They take a deep breath and go under again. The dialogue carries on muted. Pull out to see a rowing boat. Shakesperian characters are sitting there waiting for their cue. One of the two characters leaps up and shouts:)*

**2nd Shakespearian Actor:** Servant ho!

*(He then goes underwater again. The servant in the boat steps into the water and goes under. Cut to announcer, now up to his waist in sea.)*

**Announcer:** The underwater version of 'Measure for Measure', and further out to sea 'Hello Dolly' is also doing good business.

*(We see a buoy, on the top of which is a stiff piece of card which reads 'Hello Dolly, Tonight 7.30 ' . There is a muffled watery snatch of Hello Dolly. Swing round to a patch of open sea.)*

**Announcer:** . . . and over there on the oyster beds Formula 2 car racing.

*(underwater noises of Formula 2 cars. ANIMATION; a racing car moves over a naked lady, going past a sign saying 'Pit Stop'.)*

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# Death of Mary, Queen of Scots/Exploding Penguin on TV Set

From 'Another Monty Python Record'

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch was not only shown in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 22](#), it was performed on their Albums - 'Another Monty Python Record' and- 'Monty Python live at City Center'.

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## The sketch:

**Voice over:** Number ninety-seven: a radio.

**Radio Announcer:** And now the BBC is proud to present a brand new radio drama series, "The Death of Mary, Queen of Scots." Part One: The Beginning.

*(music)*

**Man's voice:** Yoo arrr Mary, Queen of Scots?

**Woman's voice:** I am!

*(sound of violent blows being dealt, things being smashed, awful crunching noises, bones being broken, and other bodily harm being inflicted. All of this accompanied by screaming from the woman.)*

*(music fades up and out)*

**Announcer:** Stay tuned for part two of the Radio Four Production of "The Death of Mary, Queen of Scots", coming up...almost immediately.

*(music then sound of saw cutting, and other violent sounds as before, with the woman screaming. Suddenly it is silent.)*

**Man's voice:** I think she's dead.

**Woman's voice:** No I'm not!

*(sounds of physical harm and screaming start again. then music fades up and out)*

**Announcer:** that was episode two of "The Death of Mary, Queen of Scots", specially adapted for radio by Gracie Fields and Joe Frazier. And now, Radio Four will explode.

*(music an then the radio explodes.)*

*Two old women are sitting on the couch listening to the radio when it explodes. One looks at the other*

**First Pepperpot (Graham Chapman):** We'll have to watch the Telly-vision!

**Second Pepperpot (John Cleese):** Aaaaw. *(sound of agreement)*

*(they turn the couch so it's facing the television. One turns the television on, and they sit down. There is a small penguin sitting on top of the television set.)*

**Both Pepperpots:** (singing, mumbled) hhmhmhmhmh... mhmhmhmh mhmhm hhmhmhmhm  
mhmhmhmhmhmh

**First Pepperpot:** What's that on top of the telly-vision set?

*(pause)*

**Second Pepperpot:** (matter-of-factly) Looks like a penguin.

*(pause)*

**Second Pepperpot:** It's been a long time there, now, has it?

**First Pepperpot:** What's it doin' there?

**Second Pepperpot:** Standin'!

**First Pepperpot:** I can see that!

*(pause)*

**First Pepperpot:** If it laid an egg, it would roll down the back of the telly-vision set.

**Second Pepperpot:** Ummmm. I hadn't thought of that.

**First Pepperpot:** Unless it's a male.

**Second Pepperpot:** Yes. It looks fairly butch.

*(pause)*

**First Pepperpot:** Per'aps it's from next door.

**Second Pepperpot:** *(yelling)* NEXT DOOR?!? Penguins don't come from NEXT DOOR! They come from the Antarctic!

**First Pepperpot:** (yet louder) BURMA!!!

*(they both stop short, looking around)*

**Second Pepperpot:** Why'd'j say that?

**First Pepperpot:** I panicked.

**Second Pepperpot:** Oh.

**First Pepperpot:** Per'aps it's from the zoo.

**Second Pepperpot:** Which zoo?

**First Pepperpot:** *(angrily)* 'ow should I know which zoo it's from?!? I'm not Doctor bloody Bernofsky!!

**Second Pepperpot:** 'Oo's Doctor bloody Bernofsky?

**First Pepperpot:** He knows everything.

**Second Pepperpot:** Oooh, I wouldn't like that, that'd take all the mystery out of life.

*(pause)*

**Second Pepperpot:** Besides, if it were from the zoo, it'd have "property of the zoo" stamped on it.

**First Pepperpot:** They don't stamp animals "property of the zoo"!! You can't stamp a huge lion "property of the zoo"!!

**Second Pepperpot:** *(confidently)* They stamp them when they're small.

**First Pepperpot:** *(snapping back)* What happens when they moult?

**Second Pepperpot:** Lions don't moult.

**First Pepperpot:** No, but penguins do. THERE! I've run rings around you logically.

**Second Pepperpot:** *(looks at the camera)* OOOOH! INTERCOURSE THE PENGUIN!!!

*(The television warms up: a man is sitting behind a news desk)*

**Man:** Hello! Well, it's just after eight o'clock, and time for the penguin on top of your television set to explode.

*(the penguin explodes)*

**First Pepperpot:** 'Ow did 'e know that was going to happen?!

**Man:** It was an inspired guess. And now...

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# There's Been a Murder

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 22](#)

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**The cast:**

**DOCTOR**

John Cleese

**MOTHER**

Carol Cleveland

**SON**

Graham Chapman

## The sketch:

*(Cut to room, with doctor, mother, and son.)*

**Doctor:** That's not a part of the body.

**Mother:** NO, it's a link though.

**Son:** I didn't think it was very good.

**Doctor:** No, it's the end of the series, they must be running out of ideas.

*(Inspector Muffin the Mule bursts through the door.)*

**Muffin:** All fight, don't anybody move, there's been a murder.

**Mother:** A murder?

**Muffin:** No... no ... not a murder... no what's like a murder only begins with B?

**Son:** Birmingham.

**Muffin:** No ... no ... no ... no ... no...

**Doctor:** Burnley?

**Muffin:** Burnley - that's right! Burnley in Lancashire. There's been a Burnley.

**Son:** Burglary.

**Muffin:** Burglary. Yes, good man. Burglary - that's it, of course. There's been a burglary. **Doctor:** Where?

**Muffin:** In the back, just below the rib.

**Doctor:** No - that's murder.

**Muffin:** Oh... er no... in the band... In the bat... Barclays bat.

**Son:** Barclays Bank?

**Muffin:** Yes. Nasty business - got away with £23,000.

**Son:** Any clues?

**Muffin:** Any what?

**Son:** Any evidence as to who did it?

**Muffin:** *(sarcastically)* Any clues, eh? Oh, we don't half talk posh, don't we? I suppose you say 'ehvelope' and 'larngerie' and 'sarndwiches on the settee'! Well this is a murder investigation, young man, and murder is a very serious business.

**Doctor:** I thought you said it was a burglary.

**Muffin:** Burglary is almost as serious a business as murder. Some burglaries are more serious than murder. A burglary in which someone gets stabbed is murder! So don't come these petty distinctions with me. You're as bad as a judge. Right, now! The first thing to do in the event of a breach of the peace of any kind, is to... go... *(pause)* and ... oh, sorry, sorry, I was miles away.

**Doctor:** Ring the police?

**Muffin:** Ring the police. Yes, that's a good idea. Get them over here fast ... no, on second thoughts, get them over here slowly, so they don't drop anything.

**Mother:** Shall I make us all a cup of tea?

**Muffin:** Make what you like, Boskovitch - it won't help you in court.

**Mother:** I beg your pardon?

**Muffin:** I'm sorry, sorry. That's the trouble with being on two cases at once. I keep thinking I've got Boskovitch cornered and in fact I'm investigating a Burnley.

**Son:** Burglary.

**Muffin:** Burglary! Yes - good man.

*(Sound of police siren and sound of ears drawing up outside.)*

**Doctor:** Who's Boskovitch?

**Muffin:** Hah! Boskovitch is a Russian scientist who is passing information to the Russians.

**Son:** Classified information?

**Muffin:** Oh, there he goes again! 'Classified information'! Oh, sitting on the 'settee' with our 'scones' and our 'classified information'!

*(The door opens and a plainclothes detective plus ten PCs (the Fred Tomlinson Singers) enter.)*

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# Europolice Song Contest / 'Bing Tiddle Tiddle Bong' (song)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 22

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The cast:



**MUFFIN**

Michael Palin

**DUCKIE**

Terry Jones

**GIRL**

Eric Idle

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

# ZATAPATHIQUE

Graham Chapman

---

## The sketch:

*(A door opens and a plainclothes detective plus ten PCs (the Fred Tomlinson Singers) enter.)*

**Muffin:** Ah! Hello, Duckie.

**Duckie:** Hello, sir. How are you?

**Muffin:** I'm fine thanks. How are you?

**Duckie:** Well, sir, I'm a little bit moody today, sir.

**Muffin:** Why's that, Duckie?

**Duckie:** Because...

*(Rhythm combo starts up out of vision and Detective Duckie sings. Superimposed caption on screen: 'SGT DUCKIE'S SONG')*

**Duckie:**

I'm a little bit sad and lonely

Now my baby's gone away...

I'm feeling kinda blue

Don't know just what to do

I feel a little sad today.

**Chorus of PCs:**

He's a little bit sad and lonely

Now his baby's gone away

He's feeling kinda blue

He don't know just what to do

He's not feeling so good today.

**Duckie:** *(solo)*

When I smile

The sun comes flooding in

But when I'm sad

It goes behind the clouds again.

**Chorus:**

He's a little bit sad and lonely

Now his baby's gone away

He's feeling kinda *(they stop abruptly and say)*

etcetera, etcetera. *(applause)*

**Muffin:** A lovely song, Duckie.

*(Eurovision girl comes in.)*

**Girl:** And that's the final entry. La derniere entree. Das final entry. And now, guten abend. Das scores. The scores. Les scores. Dei scores. Oh! Scores. Ha! Scores! *(cut to scoreboard in Chinese)* Yes, Monaco is the winner - hall Monaco is the linner- oh yes, man, Monaco's won de big prize, bwana ... and now, here is Chief Inspector Jean-Paul Zatapathique with the winning song once again.

*(The accompaniment starts as the singers hum the intro. Cut to flashy Eurovision set. Zatapathique steps onto podium.)*

**Voice Over:** *(hushed tone)* And so, Inspector Zatapathique, the forensic expert from the Monaco Murder Squad sings his song 'Bing Tiddle Tiddle Bong'.

**Zatapathique:** (spoken) Quoi? Quoi? Tout le monde, quoi? ... mais, le monde ... d'habitude ... mais ... je pense ...

**Zatapathique and Singers:**

Bing tiddle tiddle bang

Bing tiddle fiddle bing

Bing fiddle fiddle tiddle tiddle

Bing fiddle tiddle tiddle BONG!

*(Credits over. Zatapathique finishes and bends over exhausted. An arrow indicates his rear)*

**Voice Over:** Number thirty-one. The end.

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# French Subtitled Film

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 23

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The cast:

**STIG**

Terry Jones



**GIRL**

Carol Cleveland

## The sketch:

*(Exterior large rubbish dump. Hand-held camera tracks to girl in simple white dress with red hair fourteen foot long, who is sitting on a chair holding a cabbage in her hands. After a time Stig, in white jeans, shirt and scarf enters shot and stands around uneasily.)* **Stig:** *Bonjour.*

*(SUBTITLE: 'GOOD MORNING')*

**Girl:** *Bonjour.*

*(SUBTITLE: 'GOOD MORNING'*

*Pause. Stig looks uneasy, glancing at camera.)*

**Stig:** *Il fair beau ce matin.*

*(SUBTITLE: 'IT'S A NICE DAY')*

**Girl:** *Oui, oui.*

*(SUBTITLE: 'YES, YES')*

**Stig:** *D'accord...*

*(SUBTITLE: 'HEAR HEAR')*

**Stig:** *Venez-vous ici souvent?*

*(SUBTITLE: 'DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN?')*

**Girl:** *Oui.*

*(SUBTITLE: 'YES')*

**Stig:** *Ah. Bon. Bon.*

*(SUBTITLE: 'GOOD, GOOD'*

*Pause.)*

**Stig:** *Je vois que vous avez un chou.*

*(SUBTITLE: 'I SEE THAT YOU HAVE A CABBAGE')*

**Girl:** *' Oui.*

*(SUBTITLE: 'YES'*

*Stig starts to laugh falsely, and then the girl joins in. It is a miserable attempt to capture joy and togetherness. The girl stops laughing before Stig does.)*

**Stig:** *Certainement il fair beau ce matin.*

*(SUBTITLE: 'IT CERTAINLY IS A LOVELY DAY ALL RIGHT'*  
*Stig wanders out of shot but is very obviously' pushed back into the picture.)*

**Stig:** Je suis revolutionnaire.

*(SUBTITLE: 'I AM A REVOLUTIONARY')*

**Girl:** Oh.

**Stig:** Qu'est-ce que vous avez dit?

*(SUBTITLE: 'WHAT DID YOU SAY?')*

**Girl:** J'ai dit 'oh'.

*(SUBTITLE: 'I SAID "OH"')*

**Stig:** Ah. Tr's interessant.

*(SUBTITLE: 'AH. VERY INTERESTING'*  
*Cut to pimply youth in studio.)*

**Phil:** Brian Distel and Brianette Zatapathique there in an improvised scene from Jean Kenneth Longueur's new movie 'Le Fromage Grand'. Brian and Brianette symbolize the breakdown in communication in our modern society in this exciting new film and Longueur is saying to us, his audience, 'go on, protest, do something about it, assault the manager, demand your money back'. Later on in the film, in a brilliantly conceived montage, Longueur mercilessly exposes the violence underlying our society when Brian and Brianerte again meet on yet another rubbish dump.

*(Different part of same dump, but not very different. Girl is still on chair but this time with a cos lettuce. Then Stig enters shot.)*

**Stig:** Bonjour encore.

*(SUBTITLE: 'HELLO AGAIN')*

**Girl:** Bonjour.

*(SUBTITLE: 'GOOD MORNING')*

**Stig:** Je vois que aujourd'hui vous avez une co-laitue.

*(SUBTITLE: 'I SEE YOU'VE GOT A WEBB'S WONDER TODAY')*

**Girl:** Oui.

**Stig:** Bon.

*(SUBTITLE: 'GOOD'*

*Intercut quick shot from war film: machine-gunner in plane.)*

**Stig:** Il fair beau encore.

*(SUBTITLE: 'IT'S A LOVELY DAY AGAIN'*

*Shot of Paris riots and clubbing.)*

**Girl:** Oui.

*(SUBTITLE: 'YES')*

**Stig:** Bon.

*(SUBTITLE: 'GOOD'*

*Shot of Michael being struck on head with a club by John.)*

**Stig:** Vous pouvez dire 'a encore.

*(SUBTITLE: 'IT CERTAINLY IS A LOVELY DAY ALL RIGHT'*

*Shot of collapsing building, then a man at a piano (Graham); the lid slams on his hands.)*

**Stig:** Certainement il fair beau ce matin.

*(SUBTITLE: 'IT CERTAINLY IS A LOVELY DAY ALL RIGHT'*

*Shot of aeroplanes bombing. Shot of chef receiving arrow in chest. Shot of girl kicking tall man on shin. Shot of rockets being fired from plane.)*

**Girl:** Oui.

*(SUBTITLE: 'YES'*

*Shot of hydrogen bomb.')*

**Stig:** Il fait beau bier. Ha ha ha.

*(SUBTITLE: 'IT WAS LOVELY YESTERDAY. HA HA HA'*

*Shot of ack ack gun. Shot of man receiving a punch in the head from a boxing glove. Shot of nun kicking a policeman in the crutch.)*

**Girl:** Ha ha.

*(SUBTITLE: 'HA HA. HA HA. HA HA.'*

*Shot of Spitfire. Shot of Korean soldier; then man being beheaded.)*

**Stig:** Quel surprise de vous voir encore.

(SUBTITLE: 'WHAT A SURPRISE TO SEE YOU AGAIN'

*Shot of Paris riots. Shot of man having his foot stamped on. Shot of · blazing building. Shot of man being poked in the eye with an umbrella. Shot of battleship firing broadside. Shot of man in underpants having a bucket of water thrown over him. Shot of soccer violence. Shot of man bring knifed by a Greek Orthodox priest.)* **Girl:** Je t'aime.

(SUBTITLE: 'I LOVE YOU')

**Stig:** Je t'aime.

(SUBTITLE: 'I LOVE YOU'

*They smile at each other happily for a moment. Then they hear something ticking. They listen carefully for a moment and then both start to look fearfully at the cos lettuce. After a moment of terror the cos lettuce explodes, in slow motion, blowing them apart. As tatters and pieces of cos lettuce float through the air in slow motion, the camera pans down to some autumn leaves. Freeze frame.*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'FIN')

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# Scott of the Antarctic

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 23](#)

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**The cast:**

**PHIL**

Eric Idle

CONGER

Graham Chapman



**SCHLICK**  
Eric Idle



OATES

Terry Jones

**SCOTT**

Michael Palin

**The sketch:**

**Phil:** Pretty strong meat there from Longueur who is saying, of course, that ultimately materialism, in this case the Webb's Wonder lettuce, must destroy us all. That was for O. Simon, K. Simon, P. Simon and R. Sparrow of Leicester. Later on, we're going to take a look at John Wayne's latest movie, 'Buckets of Blood Pouring Out of People's Heads' but now we look ahead. On Tuesday Chris Conger took a BBC film unit to the location where 20th Century Vole are shooting their latest epic 'Scott of the Antarctic'.

*(Chris Conger standing with back to pier and a few holiday makers behind him.)*

**Conger:** Sea, sand and sunshine make Paignton the queen of the English Riviera. But for the next six months this sleepy Devonshire resort will be transformed into the blizzard-swept wastes of the South Pole. For today shooting starts on the epic 'Scott of the Antarctic', produced by Gerry Schlick. *(walks over to Schlick)* **Schlick:** *(American accent)* Hello.

**Conger:** Gerry, you chose Paignton as the location for Scott.

**Schlick:** Right, right.

**Conger:** Isn't it a bit of a drawback that there's no snow here?

**Schlick:** Well, we have 28,000 cubic feet of Wintrex, which is a new white foam rubber which actually on screen looks more like snow than snow...

*(Cut to shot of people nailing and sticking white foam rubber over things. It looks terrible. Others are painting the sand with white paint.)*

**Schlick:** ... and 1,600 cubic US furlongs of white paint, with a special snow finish.

**Conger:** And I believe Kirk Vilb is playing the tide role.

**Schlick:** That is correct. We were very thrilled and honoured when Kirk agreed to play the part of Lieutenant Scott *(cut to Kirk Vilb who is wearing fun open at the chest; he is having a chest wig stuck on and icing sugar squeezed on to his nose and eyebrows)* because a star of his magnitude can pick and choose, but he read the tide and just flipped. *(cut back to Gerry Schlick and Chris Conger)* And directing we have a very fine young British director, James Rettin, who's been collaborating on the screenplay, of course Jimmy...

*(Rettin rushes into foreground. He is in no way like J. McGrath.)*

**Rettin:** Oh, there you are. Hello. Hello. No problem. Have a drink. Have a drink. Great. Hello. Marvellous. Marvellous. Hello. Rewrite. Oh this is really great. I mean, it's really saying something, don't you think?

**Conger:** Have you started shooting yet?

**McRettin:** Yes, yes. Great. Perfect. No, no, we haven't started yet. No. But great - great.

**Conger:** What is the first scene that you shoot this morning?

**Rettin:** Great. Terrific. Oh it's great. No problem. We'll sort it out on the floor. Sort it out on the floor. No problem. This film is basically pro-humanity and anti-bad things and it rips aside the hypocritical facade of our society's gin and tonic and leaves a lot of sacred cows rolling around in agony, have a drink, have a drink.

**Conger:** But which scene are we shooting first, Jimmy?

**Rettin:** Yes, great. Oh, marvellous. *(calls out)* Which scene are we shooting first? What? *(to Conger)* it's scene one. Scene one. It's in the middle of the movie. Well, it is now. I rewrote it. *(calls.)* I thought we cut that? Didn't we cut that?

**Schlick:** No, we didn't.

**MeRettin:** We didn't. Oh great. That's even better. I'll put it back in. Rewrite. *(calling)* Scene one's back in everyone. Scene one's back in. Great. Great. *(to Conger)* This is the scene - outside the tent - it's all bloody marvelous. It makes you want to throw up.

*(Cut to ScMick and Conger on the beach.)*

**Schlick:** Now in this scene Lieutenant Scott returns to camp in the early morning after Walking the huskies to have brunch with the rest of his team. *(cut to shot of tent with Bowers, who is black, and Oates, sitting outside)* Oates, played by your very own lovely Terence Lemming, who is an English cockney officer seconded to the US Navy, and Bowers played by Seymour Fortescue, the Olympic pole vaulter.

*(Film: Scott comes up to them. He has tmo large boxes strapped to his feet to make him look tall.)*

**Oates:** Hi, Lieutenant.

**Scott:** Hi, Oatesy. Sure is a beautiful day already.

**Rettin:** *(rushing in)* Great, great.

**Scott:** What? What are you saying?

**Rettin:** I was just saying great, great. Cue Evans.

*(Sexy girl with long blond hair comes into shot with short pink fur coat. She walks up to Scott who towers four feet above her as she is walking in a trench.)*

**Schlick:** And this is Vanilla Hoare as Miss Evans.

**Conger:** Miss Evans?

**Schlick:** Right.

*(Miss Evans is now beneath. Scott at knee height.)*

**Scott:** Good morning, Miss Evans.

**Evans:** Oh, I've forgotten my line.

**McRcttin:** What's her line? What's her line?

*(Girl runs in with script.)*

**Girl:** It's 'Good morning, Captain Scott'.

**Evans:** Oh, yeah. 'Good morning, Captain.' Sc'..; oh, I'm just not happy with that line. Could I just say Hi Scottie ?

**Rettin:** Great. Great. Rewrite. Cue.

**Girl:** Hi Scarrie Oh, sorry. Hi Stocky! Oh - I'm sorry again. Oh, Jim. I'm lust unhappy with this line. Hey, can I do it all sort of kooky, *(goes beserk waving hands)* Hi Scottie!

**Rettin:** Great! We'll shoot it.

**Scott:** Are you sure that's right?

**Rettin:** Oh, it's great.

*(Gerry Schlick walks into the shot.)*

**Schlick:** Jim.

**Rettin:** Jim! Jim! Oh, me!

**Schlick:** Jim, I feel we may be running into some problems here in the area of height.

**Rettin:** Great! Where are they?

**Schlick:** Where are who?

**Rettin:** I don't know. I was getting confused.

**Schlick:** Jim, I feel here, that Scott may be too tall in the area of height with reference to Vanilla who is too near the ground in the area of being too short at this time.

**Rettin:** Great ... Oh, I know. I'm going to dig a pit for Scott and put a box in Vanilla's trench.

**Scott:** Say, why don't I take the boxes off and Vanilla get up out of the trench.

**Rettin:** It wouldn't work... It's even better! Great. Rewrite!

**Evans:** What was that?

**McRettin:** Oh, it's easy. I've worked it out. Scott takes his boxes off and you don't stand in the trench.

**Evans:** I say my lines out of the trench?

**Rettin:** Even better. Great.

**Evans:** But I've never acted out of a trench. I might fall over. It's dangerous.

**Rettin:** Oh well, could you just try it?

**Evans:** Look, you crumb bum, I'm a star. Star, star, star. I don't get a million dollars to act out of a trench. I played Miss St John the Baptist in a trench, *(she walks along in the trench and we see that she has two boxes strapped to her feet)* and I played Miss Napoleon Bonaparte in a trench, and I played Miss Alexander Fleming in a furrow so if you want this scene played out of a trench, well you just get yourself a goddamn stunt man. *(walks off)* I played Miss Galileo in a groove and I played Mrs Jesus Christ in a geological syncline, so don't...

**McRettin:** Great. Great everyone. Lunch now. Lunch. It's all in the can. Good morning's work.

**Schlick:** But you haven't done a shot.

**McRettin:** Just keeping morale up. *(tries to take a drink from his view finder)*

*(The same afternoon.)*

**Schlick:** Now this afternoon we're going to shoot the scene where Scott gets off the boat on to the ice floe and he sees the lion and he fights it and kills it and the blood goes pssssssssshhh in slow motion.

**Conger:** But there aren't any lions in the Antarctic.

**Schlick:** What?

**Conger:** There aren't any lions in the Antarctic.

**Schlick:** You're right. There are no lions in the Antarctic. That's ridiculous; whoever heard of a lion in the Antarctic. Right. Lose the lion.

**Rettin:** Got to keep the lion. It's great!

**Schlick:** Lose the lion.

**Rettin:** Great. We're losing the lion. Rewrite. Lose the lion everyone. That's fantastic,

**Scott:** What's this about our losing the lion?

**Schlick:** Well, Kirk, we thought perhaps we might lose the fight with the lion a little bit, Kirk, angel.



**Scott:** *(loudly)* Why?

**Schlick:** Well, Kirkie, doll, there are no lions in the Antarctic, baby.

**Scott:** *(shouts)* I get to fight the lion.

**Schlick:** It'd be silly.

**Scott:** Listen, I gotta fight the lion. That's what that guy Scott's all about. I know. I've studied him already.

**Schlick:** But why couldn't you fight a penguin?

**Rettin:** Great! *(falls over)*

**Scott:** Fight a rotten penguin?

**Schlick:** It needn't be a little penguin. It can be the biggest penguin you've ever seen. An electric penguin, twenty feet high, with long green tentacles that sting people, and you can stab it in the wings and the blood can go spurting psssssshhhh in slow motion.

**Scott:** The lion is in the contract.

**Schlick:** He fights the lion.

**Rettin:** Even better. Great. Have a drink. Lose the penguin. Stand by to shoot. *(falls over)*

**Schlick:** Where do they have lions?

**Conger:** Africa.

**Schlick:** That's it. Scott's in Africa. As many lions as we need.

**Rettin:** Great!

**Schlick:** He's looking for a pole no one else knows about. That ties in with the sand. Right. Paint the sand yellow again. Okay, let's get this show on the road. '[Scott of the Sahara](#).'

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# Scott of the Sahara

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 23

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The cast:

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

OATES

Terry Jones

**SCOTT**

Michael Palin

**EVANS**

Carol Cleveland

# ANNOUNCER

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(Cut instantly to sky. CAPTION: 'SCOTT OF THE SAHARA')*

**Voice Over:** Booming out of the pages of history comes a story of three men and one woman whose courage shocked a generation.

*(Blinding sun. Pan down to Paignton beach. Scott, Evans, Oates and Bowers wearing furs crossing sand on snow shoes. With sledge pulled by motley selection of mongrel dogs, badly disguised as huskies.)*

**Voice Over:** From the same team that brought you ... *(the names come out superimposed)* 'Lawrence of Glareorgan' ... 'Bridge Over the River Trent' ... 'The Mad Woman of Biggleswade' ... and 'Krakatoa, East of Learnington' ... comes the story of three people and a woman united by fate who set out in search of the fabled Pole of the Sahara and found ... themselves. See ... Lieutenant Scott's death struggle with a crazed desert lion.

*(The four are walking along. Suddenly they stop, stare, and react in horror. Scott steps to the front to defend the others. Intercut, non-matching stock shot of lion running out of jungle and leaping at camera. Scott waits poised and is then struck by completely rigid stuffed lion. Montage of shots of him wrestling, firstly with the stuffed lion, then with an actor in a tatty lion suit. The lion picks up a chair, fends Scott off, smashes it over his head. Finally Scott kicks the lion on the shin. The lion leaps around on one leg and picks up a knife. Scott points, the lion looks, Scott kicks the knife out of the lion's paw. He advances on the lion, and socks him on the jaw. The lion collapses in slow motion. After a pause, phoney blood spurts out.)* **Voice Over:** See Ensign Oates' frank adult death struggle with the spine-chilling giant electric penguin...

*(Oates looks up in horror, a shadow crosses him. Reverse shot of model penguin (quite small, about a foot) which lights up and looks electric. The penguin is close to the camera in the foreground and appears huge. Oates looks around desperately then starts to undress. Shot of penguin throwing tentacle. Half-nude Oates struggles with it. Intercut a lot of phoney reverses. Oates by now clad only in posing briefs sees a stone. He picks up the stone, then camera zooms into above-naval shot; he removes his briefs, puts the stone in the briefs, twirls it like a sling, and releases stone. The penguin is hit on beak, and falls over backwards.)* **Voice Over:** ... See Miss Evans pursued by the man-eating roll-top writing desk.

*(Miss Evans is running along screaming. Shot of desk chasing her (phoney desk with man inside). The roll top goes up and down, emitting roars, and displaying fearsome white teeth inside. As Evans runs, her clothing gets torn on each of the three cactuses. These are well spaced apart so that there is a lot of trouble to get near them. When she is practically nude, she runs out of shot revealing the announcer.)* **Announcer:** And now for something completely different.

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# Fish License

From 'Monty Python's Previous Record'

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch was not only shown in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 23](#), it appeared on their album - 'Another Monty Python's Previous Record'. It was also featured on their other albums 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (UK Version), 'Monty Python's The Final Ripoff' 'The Ultimate Monty Python Ripoff' and 'Lust for Glory'.

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## The cast:

**PRALINE**

John Cleese

**CLERK**

Michael Palin

## The sketch:

**Praline:** (*whistles a bit, then*) Hello. I would like to buy a fish license, please.

**Postal clerk:** A what?

**Praline:** A license for my pet fish, Eric.

**Clerk:** How did you know my name was Eric?

**Praline:** No, no, no! My fish's name is Eric. Eric fish. He's an halibut.

**Clerk:** What?

**Praline:** He is an halibut.

**Clerk:** You've got a pet halibut?

**Praline:** Yes, I chose him out of thousands. I didn't like the others, they were all too flat.

**Clerk:** You must be a loony.

**Praline:** I am not a loony. Why should I be tarred with the epithet 'loony' merely because I have a pet halibut? I've heard tell that Sir Gerald Nabarro has a pet prawn called Simon - you wouldn't call him a loony! Furthermore Dawn Pathorpe, the lady show jumper, had a clam called Stafford, after the late chancellor. Alan Bullock has two pikes, both called Chris, and Marcel Proust had an 'addock! So if you're calling the author of 'A la recherche de temps perdu' a loony, I shall have to ask you to step outside!

**Clerk:** All right, all right, all right. A license?

**Praline:** Yes!

**Clerk:** For a fish.

**Praline:** Yes!

**Clerk:** You *\*are\** a loony.

**Praline:** Look, it's a bleeding pet, isn't it? I've got a license for me pet dog Eric, I've got a license for me pet cat Eric.

**Clerk:** You don't need a license for your cat.

**Praline:** I bleedin' well do and I've got one! Can't be caught out there!

**Clerk:** There is no such thing as a bloody Cat license.

**Praline:** Yes there is.

**Clerk:** No there isn't.

**Praline:** Is!

**Clerk:** Isn't!

**Praline:** Is!

**Clerk:** Isn't!

**Praline:** Is!

**Clerk:** Isn't!

**Praline:** Is!

**Clerk:** Isn't!

**Praline:** Is!

**Clerk:** Isn't!

**Praline:** Is!

**Clerk:** Isn't!

**Praline:** What's that then?

**Clerk:** This is a dog license with the word 'dog' crossed out and 'cat' written in, in crayon.

**Praline:** Man didn't have the right form.

**Clerk:** What man?

**Praline:** The man from the cat detector van.

**Clerk:** The loony detector van, you mean.

**Praline:** Look, it's people like you what cause unrest.

**Clerk:** What cat detector van?

**Praline:** The cat detector van from the Ministry of Housinge.

**Clerk:** Housinge?

**Praline:** It was spelt like that on the van. I'm very observant. I never seen so many bleedin' aerials. The man said their equipment could pinpoint a purr at four hundred yards, and Eric being such a happy cat was a piece of cake.

**Clerk:** How much did you pay for this?

**Praline:** Sixty quid and eight for the fruit-bat.

**Clerk:** What fruit-bat?

**Praline:** Eric the fruit-bat.

**Clerk:** Are all your pets called Eric?

**Praline:** There's nothing so odd about that. Kemel Attaturk had an entire menagerie called Abdul.

**Clerk:** No he didn't.

**Praline:** Did!

**Clerk:** Didn't!

**Praline:** Did, did, did, did, did and did!

**Clerk:** Oh all right.

**Praline:** Spoken like a gentleman, sir. Now, are you going to give me a fish license?

**Clerk:** I promise you that there is no such thing. You don't need one.

**NB:** The TV Version continues.....the album version [continues below](#)

**Praline:** Then I would like a statement to that effect signed by the Lord Mayor.

*(Fanfare of trumpets. Mayor gorgeously dressed with dignitaries enters flanked by trumpeters.)*

**Clerk:** You're in luck.

*(In long shot now. The Mayor, who is nine foot high, and dignitaries approach a startled Praline. Organ music below a reverent voice over)*

**\*\*\*\*\* TV Version finishes - continuation of Album Version \*\*\*\*\***

**Praline:** In that case give me a bee license.

**Clerk:** A license for your pet bee.

**Praline:** Correct.

**Clerk:** Called Eric? Eric the bee?

**Praline:** No.

**Clerk:** No?

**Praline:** No, Eric the half bee. He had an accident.

**Clerk:** You're off your chump.

**Praline:** Look, if you intend by that utilization of an obscure colloquialism to imply that my sanity is not up to scratch, or even to deny the semi-existence of my little chum Eric the half bee, I shall have to ask you to listen to this. Take it away, Eric the orchestra-leader.

**Singer:** A one, two, a one two three four!

**Praline (sings):**

Half a bee, philosophically,  
Must, ipso facto, half not be.  
But half the bee has got to be  
Vis a vis, its entity. D'you see?

But can a bee be said to be  
Or not to be an entire bee  
When half the bee is not a bee  
Due to some ancient injury?

**Chorus:** La dee dee, one two three,  
Eric the half a bee.  
A B C D E F G,  
Eric the half a bee.

**Praline:** Is this wretched demi-bee,  
Half-asleep upon my knee,  
Some freak from a menagerie?  
No! It's Eric the half a bee!

**Chorus:** Fiddle de dum, Fiddle de dee,  
Eric the half a bee.  
Ho ho ho, tee hee hee,  
Eric the half a bee.

**Praline:** I love this hive, implore ye-ee,  
Bisected accidentally,  
One summer afternoon by me,  
I love him carnally.

**Chorus:** He loves him carnally,  
Semi-carnally.

**Praline:** The end.

**Clerk:** Cyril Connolly?

**Praline:** No, semi-carnally!

**Clerk:** Oh.

**Chorus:** Cyril Connolly. (*Whistle end of tune.*)

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# **Derby Council vs. All Blacks Rugby Match / Long John Silver Impersonators vs. Bournemouth Gynaecologists**

*As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 23*

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**PRALINE**

John Cleese

**CLERK**

Michael Palin

**LINKMAN**

Michael Palin

**CLIFF**

Graham Chapman

## PRESENTER

Michael Palin

---

### The sketch:

*(In long shot now. The Mayor, who is nine foot high, and dignitaries approach a startled Praline. Organ music below a reverent voice over:)*

**Voice Over:** And now, there is the Mayor. Surely the third tallest mayor in Derby's history. And there are the Aldermen magnificently resplendent in their Aldermanic hose and just look at the power in those thighs. The New Zealanders are going to find it pretty tough going in the set pieces in the second half... So Dawn Palethorpe with one clear round on Sir Gerald... and now the Mayor has reached the Great Customer Mr Eric Praline. *(the mayor takes a piece of Paper from the post office man)* And now the Mayoral human being takes the Mayoral Pen in the Mayoral hand and watched by the Lady Mayotess, who of course scored that magnificent try in the first half, signs the fishy exemption *(the mayor signs it and hands it to Praline)* and the Great Customer, Mr Eric Praline, who is understandably awed by the magnificence and even the absurdity of this great occasion here at Cardiff Arms Park, *(Praline looks very confused)* has finally gone spare and there is the going spiral look on the front of his head. And now the Aldermen are finishing their oranges and leaving the post office for the start of the second half.

*(They all exit out of door, eating oranges, and Praline looks after them. Cut to a rugby field Crowd roaring as the aldermen, mayor, mayoress, town clerk, Dawn Palethorpe (on a horse) and the borough surveyor run onto the pitch and take up their positions.)* **Commentator:** And here come the Derby Council XV following the All Blacks out on to the pitch. There, in the centre of the picture you can see Dawn Palethorpe on Sir Gerald - one of the fastest wingers we must have seen in England this season. On the left hand side of the picture the Lord Mayor has been running such wonderful possession for Derby Council in the lines out and it's the All Blacks to kick off. Wilson to kick off. Oh, I can see there the Chairman of the By-ways and Highways Committee who's obviously recovered from that very nasty blow he got in that loose ball in the first half. *(opposite them the All Blacks kick off)* And Wilson kicks off and it's the Town Clerk's taken the ball beautifully there, the All Blacks are up on it very fast and the whistle has gone. I'm not quite sure what happened there, I couldn't see, but there's a scrum~down. I think it's an All Blacks' ball. 'They were upon them very fast. Obviously they're going to try very hard in this half to wipe out this five-point deficit. Derby Council eight points to three up and Derby Council have got the ball against the head. There is the Borough Surveyor, the scrum-half is out of the ... er, the Chairman of the Highway and By-way Committee who's kicked for touch. The line out - and it's into the line out and the Mayor has got the ball again. To the Borough Surveyor who's left out the Medical Officer of Health. Straight along the line to the Lady Mayoress and the Lady Mayoress has got to go through. Number two has missed her - he's taken to the full back - only the full back to beat and she has scored! The Lady Mayoress has scored, it's eleven points to three.

*(Caption on screen: 'NEW ZEALAND 3 DERBY COUNCIL 11' Cut to linkman and Cliff Morgan.)*

**Linkman:** (MICHAEL) Cliff, this must have been a very disappointing result for the All Blacks.

**Cliff:** *(Welsh accent)* Well, they've had very bad luck on the tour so far. They missed four very easy

kicks against the Exeter Amateur Operatic Society, which must have cost them the match and then of course there was that crippling defeat at the hands of the Derry and Toms Soft Toy Department, so I don't think they can be really fancying their chances against the London Pooves on Saturday.

**Linkman:** And what about China?

**Cliff:** Well, whether Mao Tse Tung is alive or not, Lin Piao has a stranglehold on central committee which Lin Shao Chi can't break, so it remains to be seen whether Chou En Lai can really get his finger out and get going in the second half.

**Linkman:** Well, thank you Cliff. Tonight's other outstanding match was the semi-final between the Bournemouth Gynaecologists and the Watford Long John Silver Impersonators. We bring you edited highlights of the match.

*(Rapid montage of goals scored by competent gynaecologists wearing surgical gowns and caps, against totally incompetent and immobile LJSI team who simply stand round going 'aaah! Jim lad' as the goals rain in. The ball is tucked off-screen. Sudden cut to studio. A presenter is standing in front of curtain; he catches the ball thrown from off. He smiles.)* **Presenter:** Well, that's about it for tonight ladies and gentlemen, but remember if you've enjoyed watching the show just half as much as we've enjoyed doing it, then we've enjoyed it twice as much as you. Ha, ha, ha.

*(The sixteen-ton weight falls on him. Cut to montage of scenes of destruction, buildings falling down, bombs etc. Roll credits over.)*



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# Conquistador Coffee Campaign

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 24](#)

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The cast:

**BOSS**

John Cleese

**The sketch:**

*(An office. Boss is reading a book, 'Chinese for Business Men'. He tries out a few Chinese words. There is a knock at the door.)*

**Boss:** Come in. *(Mr Frog comes in)* Ah, Frog.

**Frog:** S. Frog, sir.

**Boss:** Shut up, I want to have a word with you, Frog.

**Frog:** S. Frog, sir.

**Boss:** Shut up. It's about your advertising campaign for Conquistador Coffee. Now, I've had the managing director of Conquistador to see me this morning and he's very unhappy with your campaign. Very unhappy. In fact, he's shot himself.

**Frog:** Badly, sir?

**Boss:** No, extremely well. *(lifts up a leg belonging to a body behind desk, and holds up a card saying 'joke')* Well, before he went he left a note with the company secretary *(opens a nearby door; a dead company secretary falls out)*, the effect of which was how disappointed he was with your work and, in particular, why you had changed the name from Conquistador Instant Coffee to Conquistador Instant Leprosy. Why, Frog?

**Frog:** S. Frog, sir.

**Boss:** Shut up. Why did you do it?

**Frog:** It was a joke.

**Boss:** A joke? *(holds up card saying 'joke')*

**Frog:** No, no not a joke, a sales campaign. *(holds up a card saying 'No, a Sales Campaign')*

**Boss:** I see, Frog.

**Frog:** S. Frog, sir.

**Boss:** Shut up. Now, let's have a look at the sales chart. *(indicates a plummeting sales graph)* When you took over this account, Frog, Conquistador were a brand leader. Here you introduced your first campaign, 'Conquistador coffee brings a new meaning to the word vomit'. Here you made your special introductory offer of a free dead dog with every jar, and this followed your second campaign 'the tingling fresh coffee which brings you exciting new cholera, mange, dropsy, the clap, hard pad and athlete's head. From the House of Conquistador'.

**Frog:** It was a soft-sell, sir

**Boss:** Why, Frog?

**Frog:** S. Frog, sir.

**Boss:** Shut up! Well?

**Frog:** Well, people know the name, sir.

**Boss:** They certainly do know the name - they burnt the factory down. The owner is hiding in the bathroom (*shot heard*) - the owner was hiding in my bathroom. (*holds up 'joke' card again*)

**Frog:** You're not going to fire me, sir?

**Boss:** Fire you? Three men dead, the factory burnt down, the account lost and our firm completely bankrupt, what... what... what ... can you possibly say? What excuse can you possibly make?

**Frog:** Sorry, father. (*holds up the 'yoke' card*)

**Boss:** Oh, yes. Oh, incidentally your film's won a prize.

*(He opens a venetian blind on the window to reveal the film: a coastline. Panning shot of hills rolling down into the sea, waves breaking on the shore. Travelogue music (Malcolm Arnold type) over this. Suddenly the music sticks, and keeps repeating one phrase.)*

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# Repeating Groove / Ramsey MacDonald Striptease

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 24

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**The cast:**

**ANNOUNCER**

John Cleese

**'IT'S' MAN**

Michael Palin

## The sketch:

*(The pan continues. We come across an old-fashioned gramophone on which the record is sticking. A hand comes in and lifts the needle off the pan continues - it's the hand of the announcer who is sitting at his desk.)*

**Announcer:** Sorry about that. And now for something completely diff... *(the film sticks and repeats the end of the sentence several times)* something completely diff... completely diff... completely diff... completely diff... completely different.

**It's Man:** It's...

*(After about fifteen seconds of the credits the music and animation sticks, and keeps repeating. We finally get on to the right track, and complete the titles. Stock film of Ramsay MacDonald arriving at Number 10 Downing Street and any others of that period.)* **Voice Over:** 1929. Stanley Baldwin's Conservative Government is defeated and Ramsay MacDonald becomes, for the second time, Prime Minister of England.

*(MacDonald walks into an empty room - black and white film).*

**Ramsay MacDonald:** My, it's hot in here.

*(He proceeds to take off his clothes, strips down to black garter belt and suspenders and stocking.)*

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# Job Hunter

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 24

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**The cast:**



**GLANS**

John Cleese

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to Mr Glans who is sitting next to a fully practical old 8mm home projector. There is a knock at the door. He switches the projector off and hides it furtively. He is sitting in an office, with a placard saying 'Exchange and Man, Editor' on his desk. He points to it rather obviously.)* **Glans:** Hello, come in. *(enter Bee, a young aspirant job hunter)* Ah, hello, hello, how much do you want for that briefcase?

**Bee:** Well, I...

**Glans:** All right then, the briefcase and the umbrella. A river down, must be my final offer.

**Bee:** Well, I don't want to sell them. I've come for a job.

**Glans:** Oh, take a seat, take a seat.

**Bee:** Thank you.

**Glans:** I see you chose the canvas chair with the aluminium frame. I'll throw that in and a river, for the briefcase and the umbrella ... no, make it fair, the briefcase and the umbrella and the two pens in your breast pocket and the chair's yours and a river and a pair of ex-German U-boat commando's binoculars.

**Bee:** Really, they are not for sale.

**Glans:** Not for sale, what does that mean?

**Bee:** I came about the advertisement for the job of assistant editor.

**Glans:** Oh yeah, right. Ah, OK, ah. How much experience in journalism?

**Bee:** Five years.

**Glans:** Right, typing speed?

**Bee:** Fifty.

**Glans:** 0 Levels?

**Bee:** Eight.

**Glans:** A Levels?

**Bee:** Two.

**Glans:** Right... Well, I'll give you the job, and the chair, and an all-wool ex-army sleeping bag ... for the briefcase, umbrella, the pens in your breast pocket and your string vest.

**Bee:** When do I start?

**Glans:** Monday.

**Bee:** That's marvellous.

**Glans:** If you throw in the shoes as well. *(presses intercom)* Hello, er ... Miss Johnson? Could we have two coffees and biscuits please?

**Miss Johnson:** *(over intercom)* One coffee and one biscuit for the two ex-army greatcoats and the alarm clock on the mantelpiece.

**Glans:** Two ex-army greatcoats and the alarm clock and a table lamp, for two coffees and biscuits.

*(ANIMATION: an elderly secretary at a desk in an empty room.)*

**Miss Johnson:** Two greatcoats and two table lamps.

*(Cut back to real office.)*

**Glans:** Two greatcoats, one table lamp and a desert boat.

*(Cut back to cartoon.)*

**Miss Johnson:** For two 'coffees and biscuits? Office.

**Glans:** 'Done.

*(Cartoon.)*

**Miss Johnson:** Done.

**Voice Over:** So Miss Johnson returned to her typing and dreamed her little dreamy dreams, unaware as she was of the cruel trick fate had in store for her. For Miss Johnson was about to fall victim of the dreaded international Chinese Communist Conspiracy. *(lots of little yellow men pour into the office)* Yes, these fanatical thieves under the leadership of the so-called Moo Tse-tung *(who appears in the animation)* had caught Miss Johnson off guard for one brief but fatal moment and destroyed her. *(Miss Johnson is submerged in a tide of yellow men)* Just as they are ready to do anytime free men anywhere waver in their defence of democracy.



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# Agatha Christie Sketch (Railway Timetables)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 24

---

The cast:

**JASMINA**

Carol Cleveland

**JOHN**

Eric Idle

**LADY PARTRIDGE**

Graham Chapman

**INSPECTOR**  
Terry Jones



**The sketch:**

*(Cut to an upper-class drawing room. An elderly man lies dead on the floor. Enter Jasmina and John.)*

**Jasmina:** Anyway, John, you can catch the 11.30 from Hornchurch and be in Basingstoke by one o'clock, oh, and there's a buffet car and... *(sees corpse)* oh! Daddy!

**John:** My hat! Sir Horace!

**Jasmina:** *(not daring to look)* Has he been...

**John:** Yes - after breakfast. But that doesn't matter now... he's dead.

**Jasmina:** Oh! Poor daddy...

**John:** Looks like I shan't be catching the 11.30 now.

**Jasmina:** Oh no, John, you mustn't miss your train.

**John:** How could I think of catching a train when I should be here helping you?

**Jasmina:** Oh, John, thank you... anyway you could always catch the 9.30 tomorrow - it goes via Caterham and Chipstead.

**John:** Or the 9.45's even better.

**Jasmina:** Oh, but you'd have to change at Lambs Green.

**John:** Yes, but there's only a seven-minute wait now.

**Jasmina:** Oh, yes, of course, I'd forgotten it was Friday. Oh, who could have done this.

*(Enter Lady Partridge.)*

**Lady Partridge:** Oh, do hurry Sir Horace, your train leaves in twenty-eight minutes, and if you miss the 10.15 you won't catch the 3.45 which means ... oh!

**John:** I'm afraid Sir Horace won't be catching the 10.15, Lady Partridge.

**Lady Partridge:** Has he been... ?

**Jasmina:** Yes - after breakfast.

**John:** Lady Partridge, I'm afraid you can cancel his seat reservation.

**Lady Partridge:** Oh, and it was back to the engine - fourth coach along so that he could see the gradient signs outside Swanborough.

**John:** Not any more Lady Partridge... the line's been closed.

**Lady Partridge:** Closed! Not Swanborough!

**John:** I'm afraid so.

*(Enter Inspector Davis.)*

**Inspector:** All right, nobody move. I'm Inspector Davis of Scotland Yard.

**John:** My word, you were here quickly, inspector.

**Inspector:** Yeah, I got the 8.55 Pullman Express from King's Cross and missed that bit around Hornchurch.

**Lady Partridge:** It's a very good train.

**All:** Excellent, very good, delightful.

*(Tony runs in through the french windows. He wears white flannels and boater and is jolly upper-class.)*

**Tony:** Hello everyone.

**All:** Tony!

**Tony:** Where's daddy? *(seeing him)* Oh golly! Has he been... ?

**John and Jasmina:** Yes, after breakfast.

**Tony:** Then ... he won't be needing his reservation on the 10.15.

**John:** Exactly.

**Tony:** And I suppose as his eldest son it must go to me.

**Inspector:** Just a minute, Tony There's a small matter of... murder.

**Tony:** Oh, but surely he simply shot himself and then hid the gun.

**Lady Partridge:** How could anyone shoot himself and then hide the gun without first canceling his reservation.

**Tony:** Ha, ha! Well, I must dash or I'll be late for the 10.15.

**Inspector:** I suggest yOu murdered your father for his seat reservation.

**Tony:** I may have had the motive, inspector, but I could not have done it, for I have only just arrived from Gillingham on the 8.13 and here's my restaurant car ticket to prove it.

**Jasmina:** The 8. 13 from Gillingham doesn't have a restaurant car.

**John:** It's a standing buffet only.

**Tony:** Oh, er... did I say the 8.13, I meant the 7.58 stopping train.

**Lady Partridge:** But the 7.58 stopping train arrived at Swindon at 8.19 owing to annual point maintenance at Wisborough Junction.

**John:** So how did you make the connection with the 8. 13 which left six minutes earlier?

**Tony:** Oh, er, simple! I caught the 7.16 Football Special arriving at Swindon at 8.09.

**Jasmina:** But the 7.16 Football Special only stops at Swindon on alternate Saturdays.

**Lady Partridge:** Yes, surely you mean the Holidaymaker Special.

**Tony:** Oh, yes! How daft of me. Of course I came on the Holidaymaker Spedal calling at Bedford, Colmworth, Fen Dinon, Sutton, Wallington and Gillingham.

**Inspector:** ' That's Sundays only!

**Tony:** Damn. All fight, I confess I did it. I killed him for his reservation, but you won't take me alive! I'm going to throw myself under the 10.12 from Reading.

**John:** Don't be a fool, Tony, don't do it, the 10.12 has the new narrow traction bogies, you wouldn't stand a chance.

**Tony:** Exactly.

*(Tableau. Loud chord and slow curtain.)*



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# Mr. Neville Shunt

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 24

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The cast:

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**NEVILLE SHUNT**  
Terry Gilliam



**MAN**

Michael Palin



# ANOTHER MAN

Terry Jones

---

## The sketch:

**Voice Over:** That was an excerpt from the latest West End hit 'It all happened on the 11.20 from Hainault to Redhill via Horsham and Reigate, calling at Carshalton Beeches, Malmesbury, Tooting Bec, and Croydon West'. The author is Mr Neville Shunt.

*(Shunt sitting among mass of railway junk, at typewriter, typing away madly.)*

**Shunt:** (typing) Chuff, chuff, chuffwooooooch, wooooooch! Sssssssss, sssssssss! Diddledum, diddledum, diddlealum. Toot, toot. The train now standing at platform eight, tch, tch, tch, diddledum, diddledum. Chufffff chufffffTff eeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaa Vooooommmmm.

*(Cut to an critic. Superimposed caption: 'GAVIN MILLARRRRRRRRRR')*

**Art Critic:** Some people have made the mistake of seeing Shunt's work as a load of rubbish about railway timetables, but clever people like me, who talk loudly in restaurants, see this as a deliberate ambiguity, a plea for understanding in a mechanized world. The points are frozen, the beast is dead. What is the difference? What indeed is the point? The point is frozen, the beast is late out of Paddington. The point is taken. If La Fontaine's elk would spurn Tom Jones the engine must be our head, the dining car our oesophagus, the guard's van our left lung, the cattle truck our shins, the first-class compartment the piece of skin at the nape of the neck and the level crossing an electric elk called Simon. The clarity is devastating. But where is the ambiguity? It's over there in a box. Shunt is saying the 8.15 from Gillingham when in reality he means the 8.13 from Gillingham. The train is the same only the time is altered. Ecce homo, ergo elk. La Fontaine knew his sister and knew her bloody well. The point is taken, the beast is moulting, the fluff gets up your nose. The illusion is complete; it is reality, the reality is illusion and the ambiguity is the only truth. But is the truth, as Hitchcock observes, in the box? No there isn't room, the ambiguity has put on weight. The point is taken, the elk is dead, the beast stops at Swindon, Chabrol stops at nothing, I'm having treatment and La Fontaine can get knotted.

*( Cut to man at desk.)*

**Man:** Gavin Millar...

*(Cut to another man.)*

**Another Man:** ... rrrrrrr...

*(Cut to first man.)*

**Man:** ... was not talking to Neville Shunt. From the world of the theatre we turn to the world of dental hygiene. No, no, no, no. From the world of the theatre we mru to the silver screen. We honour one of the silver screen's outstanding writer-dentists... writer-directors, Martin Curry who is visiting London to have a tooth out, for the pre-molar, er... premiere of his filling, film next Toothday...



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# Film Director (teeth)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 24

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**The cast:**

**PADGET**  
Terry Jones

**CURRY**

Graham Chapman

# LABIENUS

# Terry Jones

**JULIUS**

Graham Chapman

**NELSON**  
Eric Idle



**TOAD**

Terry Jones

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to late-night line-up setting. Interviewer and interviewee.)*

**Padget:** Martin Curry, welcome. One of the big teeth... big points that the American critics made about your latest film, 'The Twelve Caesars', was that it was on so all-embracing a topic. What made you undertake so enormous a tusk... task?

*(We now see that his interviewee has two enormous front teeth.)*

**Curry:** Well I've always been interested in Imperial Rome from Julius Caesar right through to Vethpathian.

**Padget:** Who?

**Curry:** Vethpathian.

**Padget:** Ah! Vespasian.

**Curry:** Yes.

**Padget:** When I saw your film it did seem to me that you had taken a rather, urn, subjective approach to it.

**Curry:** I'm sorry?

**Padget:** Well, I mean all your main characters had these enormous ... well not enormous, these very big ... well let's have a look at a clip in which Julius Incisor .... Caesar talks to his generals during the baffle against Caractacus.

**Curry:** I don't see that at all.

*(Film: interior of a tent; generals around a table.)*

**Labienus:** *(with relatively enormous front teeth)* Shall I order the cavalry that they may hide themselves in the wood, O Caesar?

**All:** *(with very large front teeth)* Thus O Caesar.

**Julius:** *(with amazingly large front teeth)* Today is about to be a triumph for our native country.

*(Back to interview set.)*

**Padget:** Martin Curry, why do all your characters have these very big er ... very big um ... teeth?

**Curry:** What do you mean?

**Padget:** Well, I mean, er... and even in your biblical epic, 'The Son of Man', John the Baptist had the most enormous ... dental appendages ... and of course ... himself had the most monumental ivories.

**Curry:** No, I'm afraid I don't see that at all. *(picks up glass of water but can't get it to his mouth)*  
Could I have a straw?

**Padget:** Oh, a straw, yes, yes. Well while we're doing that perhaps we could take another look at an earlier film, 'Trafalgar'.

*(Between decks. Nelson lying among others. They all have enormous teeth.)*

**Nelson:** Cover my coat, Mr Bush, the men must not know of this till victory is ours.

**Toad:** The surgeon's coming, sir.

**Nelson:** No, tell the surgeon to attend the men that can be saved. He can do little for me, I fear.

**Toad:** Aye, aye, sir.

**Nelson:** Hardy! Hardy!

**Hardy:** Sir?

**Nelson:** Hardy...' kiss... er ... put your hand on my thigh.

*(Back to interview set. Curry is sitting practically upside down, trying to drink water with much difficulty)*

**Padget:** Martin Curry, thank you. Well. We asked the first-night audience what they thought of that film.

*([Cut to vox pops.](#))*



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# City Gents Vox Pops

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 24](#)

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**The cast:**

**MAN WITH ENORMOUS EARS**

John Cleese

**MAN WITH ENORMOUS TEETH**

Terry Jones

**MAN WITH ENORMOUS NOSE**

Eric Idle

**MADLY DRESSED MAN**  
Graham Chapman



**FIRST CITY GENT**  
Michael Palin

**SECOND CITY GENT**  
Graham Chapman

**AN OLD GRAMOPHONE**

John Cleese

**THIRD CITY GENT**

Eric Idle

**WOMAN**

Terry Jones

**FOURTH CITY GENT**

John Cleese

**FIFTH CITY GENT**

Terry Jones

MAN

John Cleese

---

## The sketch:

*(Cut to vox pops.)*

**Man With Enormous Ears:** It wasn't true to life.

**Man With Enormous Teeth:** Yes it was.

**Man With Enormous Nose:** No it wasn't.

**Madly Dressed Man:** I thought it was totally bizarre.

**First City Gent:** Well I've been in the city for over forty years and I think the importance of looking after poor people cannot be understressed.

**Second City Gent:** Well I've been in the city for twenty years and I must admit - I'm lost.

**An Old Gramophone:** Well, I've been in the city all my life and I'm as alert and active as I've ever been.

**Third City Gent:** Well I've been in the city since I was two and I certainly' wouldn't say that I was stuck in a rut... stuck in a rut ... stuck in a rut... stuck in a rut...

**Woman:** Oh dear, Mr Bulstrode's stuck again.

*(She runs over and gives him a shove.)*

**Third City Gent:** I certainly wouldn't say that I was stuck in a rut.

**Fourth City Gent:** Well I've been in the city for thirty years and I've never once regretted being a nasty, greedy, cold hearted, avaricious, money-grubber ... Conservative.

**Fifth City Gent:** Well I've been in the city for twenty-seven years and I would like to see the reintroduction of flogging. Every Thursday, round at my place.

**Man:** *(whose head only is visible above the level of the sea)* Well I've been in the sea for thirty-three years and I've never regretted it.

*(Camera pulls back to reveal other city gents also with only heads and bowlers visible who say 'quite agree'. Camera pulls back further to reveal an elderly couple sitting in deckchairs.)*

**Man:** I think it must be a naturalist outing.

**Woman:** I think it must be one of them crackpot religions.





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# 'Crackpot Religions Ltd.'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 24](#)

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The cast:



**NUDE MAN**  
Terry Gilliam

**PRIEST**

John Cleese

**MRS. COLLINS**

Michael Palin

**INTERVIEWER**

Carol Cleveland

**BISHOP**

Graham Chapman

**AUSSIE BISHOP**  
John Cleese



**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**ARCHBISHOP GUMBY**

Michael Palin

**JOHN LENNON**  
Eric Idle

**ARCHBISHOP SHABBY**

Michael Palin

**ARCHBISHOP NUDGE**

Eric Idle

**BISHOP OF NAUGHTY RELIGION**

John Cleese

**BILL**

Michael Palin

**ALI BYAN**

Terry Jones



# PRIEST OF MOST POPULAR RELIGION

Graham Chapman

---

## The sketch:

*Cut to Arthur Crackpot sitting at a large curved desk on the front of which a sign says 'Crackpot Religions Ltd.' Arthur Crackpot President and God (Ltd)'.*

**Crackpot:** This is an example of the sort of abuse we get all the time from ignorant people. I inherited this religion from my father, an ex-used-car salesman and part-time window-box, and I am very proud to be in charge of the first religion with free gifts. You get this luxury tea-trolley with every new enrolment. (pictures of this and the subsequent gifts) In addition to this you can win a three-piece lounge suite, this luxury caravan, a weekend for two with Peter Bonetti and tonighes star prize, the entire Norwich City Council.

*(Curtains go up to reveal the council. Terrific 'ooh' from an audience. Bad organ chords played by a nude man).*

**Crackpot:** And remember with only eight scoring draws you can win a bishopric in a see of your own choice. You see we have a much more' modern approach to religion.

*(Cut to a person in church. They are walkning past a pillar. They take out some money and put it in a collecting box. A sign on the box says 'For the rich'. We hear the money going in, then it moves off, along pipes, falling down; eventually it tomes down a small pipe and lands with a tinkle in Crackpot's ashtray. Ht tries the money with his teeth, pops it into his pocket, and finishes reading...)* **Crackpot:** Blessed is Arthur Crackpot and all his subsidiaries Ltd. You see, in our Church we have a lot more fun.

**Priest:** *(we see he has a peppeRPot with him)* Oh, Mrs Collins, you did say you were nervous, didn't you? You have eyes on the coffee machine?

**Mrs Collins:** I don't mind, I don't mind - it's just nice to be here, Reverend.

**Priest:** *(slaps her)* Archdeacon! You asked for the coffee machine ... so lets see what you've won? You chose Hymn no. 437. *(goes to hymn board, removes one of the numbers, and reads what's on the back)* Oh, Mrs Collins, you had eyes on the coffee machine. Well you have won tonight's star prize: the entire 'Norwich City Council.

*(Organ music, oohs and applause from audience.)*

**Mrs Collins:** I've got one already. *(the priest starts to throttle her)*

*(Cut back to Crackpot in his Office.)*

**Crackpot:** A lot of religions - no names no pack drill - do go for the poorer type of person - face it, there's more of 'era - poor people, thieves, villains, poor people without no money at all - well we don't have none of that tat. Rich people and crumpet over sixteen can enter free: upper middle class

quite welcome; lower middle class not under five grand a year. Lower class - I can't touch it. There's no return on it, you see.

*(Pull back to show interviewer sitting at his side.)*

**Interviewer:** Do you have any difficulty converting people?

**Crackpot:** Oh no, well we have ways of making them join.

*(Cut to a photo of a bishops)*

*(SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: "THE BISHOP OF DULWICH")*

**Crackpot's Voice:** Norman there does a lot of converting: a lot of protection, that son of thing. And there's his mate, Bruce Beer.

*(Photo of Aussie bishop with beer can)*

*(SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: (THE ARCHBISHOP OF AUSTRALIA'))*

**Crackpot's Voice:** Brucie has personally converted ninety-two people twenty-five inside the distance. Then again we're not afraid to use more modern methods.

*(Cut to 'Daily Mirror' type pin-up of a bikinied lovely in a silly pose, on a beach with a bishop's mitre and Bible. A large headline reads: 'North See Gas'. A subheading says 'Bishop Sarah', then below that, this blurb which is also read voice over.)*

**Voice Over:** Sarah, today's diocesan lovely is enough to make any chap. go down on his knees. This twenty-three-year-old bishop hails appropriately enough from Bishop's Stortford and lists her hobbies as swimming, riding, and film producers. What a gas! Bet she's no novice when it comes to converting all in her See.

*(Cut to Gumby in street.)*

*(SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'ARCHBISHOP GUMBY')*

**Gumby:** *(shouting laboriously)* Basically, I believe in peace and bashing two bricks together. *(he bashes two bricks together)*

*(Cut to John Lennon)*

**Lennon:** I'm starting a war for peace.

*(Cut to Ken Shabby.)*

*(SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'ARCHBISHOP SHABBY')*

**Shabby:** Cor blimey. I'm raising polecats for peace.

*(Cut to Arthur Nudge.)*

*(SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'ARCHBISHOP NUDGE')*

**Nudge:** Peace? I like a peace. Know what I mean? Know what I mean? Say no more. Nudge, nudge.

*(Cut to a bishop. A sign on the wall says 'Naughty Religion '.)*

**Bishop:** Our religion is the first Church to cater for the naughty type of person. If you'd like a bit of love-your-neighbour - and who doesn't now and again - then see Vera and Ciceley during the hymns.

*(Cut to wide-boy Pope, with small moustache and kipper tie. A sign says: 'No Questions Asked Religion '.)*

**Bill:** In our Church we try to help people to help themselves - to cars, washing machines, lead piping, no questions asked. We are the only Church, apart from the Baptists, to do re-spray jobs.

*(Cut to loony with a fright wig and an axe in his head. A sign says: 'The Lunatic Religion '.)*

**Ali Byan:** We the Church of. the Divine Loony believe in the power of prayer to turn the head purple ha, ha, ha.

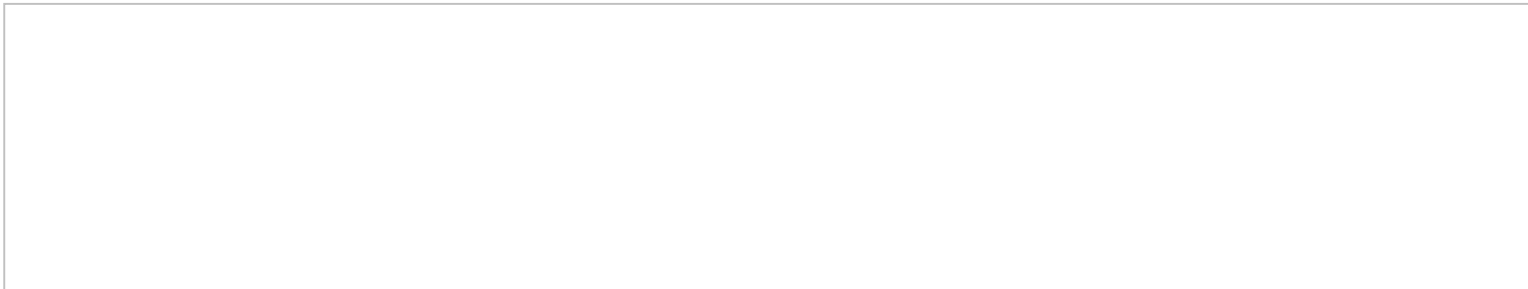
*(Cut to a normal looking priest. A sign says: 'The Most Popular Religion Led'.)*

**Priest:** I would like to come in here for a moment if I may, and disassociate our Church from these frivolous and offensive religions. We are primarily concerned with what is best... *(phone rings; he arewets it)* Hello. Oh, well how about Allied Breweries? All ri'ght. but keep the Rio Tinto *(puts phone down)* ... for the human soul.

*( ANIMATION: a vicar by Terry Gilliam)*

*(CAPTION: 'CARTOON RELIGIONS LTD')*

**Voice:** In our Church we believe first and foremost in you. *(use smiles; the top of his head comes off and the Devil tries to climb out; the vicar replaces his head)* We want you to think of us as your friend. *(as before; the vicar nails the top of his head on)*



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# How not to be seen

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 24

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 24](#), it also featured in the Movie - '[And Now For Something Completely Different](#)'

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## The sketch:

Cut to a wide-angle shot of hedgerows, fields and trees. **Voice Over (John Cleese):** In this picture there are forty people. None of them can be seen. In this film we hope to show you how not to be seen.

*(Caption on screen: 'HM GOVERNMENT, PUBLIC SERVICE FILM NO. 42 PARA 6. "HOW NOT TO BE SEEN"')*

**Voice Over:** In this film we hope to show how not to be seen. This is Mr. E.R. Bradshaw of Napier Court, Black Lion Road London SE5. He can not be seen. Now I am going to ask him to stand up. Mr. Bradshaw will you stand up please

*In the distance Mr Bradshaw stands up. There is a loud gunshot as Mr Bradshaw is shot in the stomach. He crumples to the ground*

**Voice Over:** This demonstrates the value of not being seen.

*Cut to another location - an empty area of scrubland*

**Voice Over:** In this picture we cannot see Mrs. B.J. Smegma of 13, The Crescent, Belmont. Mrs Smegma will you stand up please.

*To the right of the area Mrs Smegma stands up. A gunshot rings out, and Mrs. Smegma leaps into the air, and falls to the ground dead. Cut to another area, however this time there is a bush in the middle*

**Voice Over:** This is Mr Nesbitt of Harlow New Town. Mr Nesbitt would you stand up please. *(after a pause - nothing happens)* Mr Nesbitt has learnt the value of not being seen. However he has chosen a very obvious piece of cover.

*The bush explodes and you hear a muffled scream. Cut to another scene with three bushes*

**Voice Over:** Mr. E.V. Lambert of Homeleigh, The Burrows, Oswestly, has presented us with a poser. We do not know which bush he is behind, but we can soon find out. *(the left-hand bush explodes, then the right-hand bush explodes, and then the middle bush explodes. There is a*

*muffled scream as Mr. Lambert is blown up) Yes it was the middle one.*

*Cut to a shot of a farmland area with a water butt, a wall, a pile of leaves, a bushy tree, a parked car, and lots of bushes in the distance*

**Voice Over:** Mr Ken Andrews, of Leighton Road, Slough has concealed himself extremely well. He could be almost anywhere. He could be behind the wall, inside the water barrel, beneath a pile of leaves, up in the tree, squatting down behind the car, concealed in a hollow, or crouched behind any one of a hundred bushes. However we happen to know he's in the water barrel.

*The water barrel just blows up in a huge explosion. Cut to a panning shot from the beach huts to beach across the sea*

**Voice Over:** Mr. and Mrs. Watson of Ivy Cottage, Worplesdon Road, Hull, chose a very cunning way of not being seen. When we called at their house, we found that they had gone away on two weeks holiday. They had not left any forwarding address, and they had bolted and barred the house to prevent us from getting in. However a neighbour told us where there were.

*The camera pans around and stops on a obvious looking hut, which blows up. Cut to a house with a gumby standing out front*

**Voice Over:** And here is the neighbour (*he blows up, leaving just his boots. Cut to a shack in the desert*) Here is where he lived (*shack blows up - cut to a building*) And this is where Lord Langdin lived who refused to speak to us (*it blows up*). so did the gentleman who lived here....(*shot of a house - it blows up*) and here.....(*another building blows up*) and of course here.....(*a series of various atom and hydrogen bombs at the moment of impact*)

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# Crossing the Alantic on a Tricycle

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 24

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The cast:

## PRESENTER

Michael Palin

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### The sketch:

**Presenter:** Ah, well 'I'm afraid we have to stop the film there, as some of the scenes which followed were of a violent nature which might have proved distressing to some of our viewers. Though not to me, I can tell you. *(cut to another camera; the presenter turns to face it,)* In Nova Scotia today, Mr Roy Bent of North Walsham in Norfolk became the first man to cross the Atlantic on a tricycle. His tricycle, specially adapted for the crossing, was ninety feet long, with a protective steel hull, three funnels, seventeen first-class cabins and a radar scanner. *(A head and shoulders picture of Roy Bent comes up on the screen behind him)* Mr Bent is in our Durham studios, which is rather unfortunate as we're all down here in London. And in London I have with me Mr Ludovic Grayson, the man who scored all six goals in Arsenal's 1-0 victory over the Turkish Champions FC Botty.

[\*\(Sketch continues...\)\*](#)

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# **Interview in Filing Cabinet / 'Yummy Yummy' / Monty Python's Flying Circus again in Thirty Seconds**

*As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 24*

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**The cast:**



**PRESENTER**  
Michael Palin

**MR. GRAYSON**  
Terry Jones

## The sketch:

*(pull out to reveal that he is talking to a five-foot-high filing cabinet)*

**Presenter:** first of all congratulations on the victory.

**Mr Grayson:** *(from inside filing cabinet)* Thank you, David.

**Presenter:** It should send you back to Blighty with a big lead.

**Mr Grayson:** Oh yes, well we're fairly confident, David.

**Presenter:** Well at the moment, Ludovic, you're crouching down inside a filing cabinet.

**Mr Grayson:** Yes that's right, David, I'm trying not to be seen.

**Presenter:** I see. Is this through fear?

**Mr Grayson:** Oh no, no, it's common sense really. If they can't see you, they can't get you.

**Presenter:** Ha, ha, ha, but of course they can still hear you. *(the filing cabinet explodes)* Ludovic Grayson, thank you very much for coming on the programme tonight. And we end the show with music. And here with their very latest recording 'Yummy, Yummy, Yummy, I've got love in my tummy' Jackie Charlton and the Tonettes.

*(Cut to a trendy pop-music set with coloured lights, etc. On the main podium is a large packing crate with a microphone in front of it. The backing vocal is by three more packing crates with microphones. The instrumental group are also in crates. We hear the above mentioned pop song. Roll credits ova; Fade out. Cut to BBC 1 caption.)* **Voice Over:** For those of you who may have just missed 'Money Python's Flying Circus', here it is again.

*(Entire show is recapped in a series of flash clips lasting about twenty seconds.)*

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# 'The Black Eagle'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 25](#)

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## The sketch:

*(Close up of a flag bearing a black eagle on a red background fluttering in the wind. Blue sky behind and scudding clouds. Adventure music as for buccaneer film.)*

## CAPTIONS:

### THE BLACK EAGLE

#### CAST

BLACK EAGLE .....THORNTON WELLES  
MEG FAIRWEATHER .....KATE TAMBLYING  
JACK FAIRWEATHER .....OWEN TREGOWER  
HENRY FAIRWEATHER .....RUSS TEMPOLE JNR.  
MRS FAIRWEATHER .....ALICE SHOEMAKER  
DR TENNYSON .....MARSHALL M. WEST  
LUMPKIN .....DINO DE VERE  
MR RIVERS .....WALTER SCHENKEL  
LT STAVEACRE .....NORMAN S, HUGHES  
A WENCH .....MARSHA SUTTON  
SECOND WENCH .....TINEA PEDIS  
THE DOG .....KARL

SCREENPLAY BY AL R. SCHROEDER AND WAYNE KOPIT  
BASED ON THE NOVEL 'THE BLUE EAGLE' BY RAPHAEL SABATINI

SET DECORATION .....CY BORGONI  
MAKE-UP .....BUNICE DILKES  
COSTUMES .....JOAN LOUIS  
UNIT MANAGER .....TREVOR BELOWSKI  
CONTINUITY ..... SUE CARPENTER  
SPECIAL EFFECTS .....WALTER SCHENKEL  
MISS TAMBLYING'S GOWNS BY HEPWORTHS

COLOUR BY CHROMACOLOUR  
SOUND RECORDING WCA SYSTEM  
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ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS COINCIDENTAL  
PRODUCED BY JOSEPH M. SCHLACK  
DIRECTED BY LAURENT F. NORDER

*(Mix through from flag to sea at night. Sound of water lapping. Soft sound of muffled oars drawing nearer. We can see a rowing bat making slowly and silently towards the shore where the camera is. The stirring music continues)*

ROLLER CAPTION: 'IN 1742 THE SPANISH EMPIRE LAY IN RUINS. TORN BY INTERNAL DISSENT, AND WRACKED BY NUMEROUS WARS, ITS RICH TRADE ROUTES FELL AN EASY PREY TO BRITISH PRIVATEERS . . . AND THE TREASURE OF THE SPANISH MAIN WAS BROUGHT HOME TO THE SHORES OF ENGLAND'

*(By the time the roller captions have finished the rowing boat has approached much nearer. It stops and they ship their oars. Cut in to close ups of pirate's face peering into the darkness. Shot from the boat of a deserted cliff top. A light flashes twice. Then there is a pause. Cut back to the boat; the men look uneasy as they wait for the third flash. Cut back to the cliff... at last the third flash. Cut back to the boat; they start to row again. Cut to them beaching the boat on the shore. They start to unload sacks and chests. Putting them onto their shoulders they start to walk along the shore line. We pan with them for quite some way... and suddenly between the camera and the pirates we come across the announcer at a desk. He wears a dinner jacket and shuffles some papers in front of him.)* **Announcer (John Cleese):** (JOHN) And now for something completely different...

**It's Man:** (Michael Palin) It's...

*(Animated titles.)*



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# The Hungarian Phrasebook sketch

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 25](#), it also featured in the Movie - 'And Now For Something Completely Different'

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## The cast:



**CLERK**

Terry Jones

# POLICEMAN

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

*(Set: A tobacconist's shop.)*

**Text on screen:** In 1970, the British Empire lay in ruins, and foreign nationalists frequented the streets - many of them Hungarians (not the streets - the foreign nationals). Anyway, many of these Hungarians went into tobacconist's shops to buy cigarettes....

*A Hungarian tourist approaches the clerk. The tourist is reading haltingly from a phrase book.*

**Hungarian:** I will not buy this record, it is scratched.

**Clerk:** Sorry?

**Hungarian:** I will not buy this record, it is scratched.

**Clerk:** Uh, no, no, no. This is a tobacconist's.

**Hungarian:** Ah! I will not buy this \*tobacconist's\*, it is scratched.

**Clerk:** No, no, no, no. Tobacco...um...cigarettes *(holds up a pack)*.

**Hungarian:** Ya! See-gar-ets! Ya! Uh...My hovercraft is full of eels.

**Clerk:** Sorry?

**Hungarian:** My hovercraft *(pantomimes puffing a cigarette)*...is full of eels

*(pretends to strike a match)*.

**Clerk:** Ahh, matches!

**Hungarian:** Ya! Ya! Ya! Ya! Do you waaaaant...do you waaaaaant...to come back to my place, bouncy bouncy?

**Clerk:** Here, I don't think you're using that thing right.

**Hungarian:** You great poof.

**Clerk:** That'll be six and six, please.

**Hungarian:** If I said you had a beautiful body, would you hold it against me? I...I am no longer infected.

**Clerk:** Uh, may I, uh...*(takes phrase book, flips through it)*...Costs six and six...ah, here we are.



*(speaks weird Hungarian-sounding words)*

*Hungarian punches the clerk.*

*Meanwhile, a policeman on a quiet street cups his ear as if hearing a cry of distress. He sprints for many blocks and finally enters the tobacconist's.*

**Cop:** What's going on here then?

**Hungarian:** Ah. You have beautiful thighs.

**Cop:** *(looks down at himself)* WHAT?!?

**Clerk:** He hit me!

**Hungarian:** Drop your panties, Sir William; I cannot wait 'til lunchtime. *(points at clerk)*

**Cop:** RIGHT!!! *(drags Hungarian away by the arm)*

**Hungarian:** *(indignantly)* My nipples explode with delight!

*(scene switches to a courtroom. Characters are all in powdered wigs and judicial robes, except publisher and cop.*

**Cast:**

Judge: Terry Jones

Bailiff: Eric Idle

Lawyer: John Cleese

Cop: Graham (still)

Publisher: Michael Palin

**Bailiff:** Call Alexander Yalt!

*(voices sing out the name several times)*

**Judge:** Oh, shut up!

**Bailiff:** *(to publisher)* You are Alexander Yalt?

**Publisher:** *(in a sing-songy voice)* Oh, I am.

**Bailiff:** Skip the impersonations. You are Alexander Yalt?

**Publisher:** I am.

**Bailiff:** You are hereby charged that on the 28th day of May, 1970, you did willfully, unlawfully, and with malice aforethought, publish an alleged English-Hungarian phrase book with intent to cause a breach of the peace. How do you plead?

**Publisher:** Not guilty.

**Bailiff:** You live at 46 Horton Terrace?

**Publisher:** I do live at 46 Horton terrace.

**Bailiff:** You are the director of a publishing company?

**Publisher:** I am the director of a publishing company.

**Bailiff:** Your company publishes phrase books?

**Publisher:** My company does publish phrase books.

**Bailiff:** You did say 46 Horton Terrace, did you?

**Publisher:** Yes.

**Bailiff:** *(strikes a gong)* Ah! Got him!

*(lawyer and cop applaud, laugh)*

**Judge:** Get on with it, get on with it.

**Bailiff:** That's fine. On the 28th of May, you published this phrase book.

**Publisher:** I did.

**Bailiff:** I quote one example. The Hungarian phrase meaning "Can you direct me to the station?" is translated by the English phrase, "Please fondle my bum."

**Publisher:** I wish to plead incompetence.

**Cop:** *(stands)* Please may I ask for an adjournment, m'lord?

**Judge:** An adjournment? Certainly not!

*(the cop sits down again, emitting perhaps the longest and loudest release of bodily gas in the history of the universe.)*

**Judge:** Why on earth didn't you say WHY you wanted an adjournment?

**Cop:** I didn't know an acceptable legal phrase, m'lord.

*(cut to ancient footage of old women applauding)*

**Judge:** *(banging + swinging gavel)* If there's any more stock film of women applauding, I'll clear the court.



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# Communist Quiz

(Also known as 'World Forum')

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## About the Sketch:

Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 25](#), it also performed live in the Movie - 'Live at the Hollywood Bowl' and on their albums 'Another Monty Python Record', 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (US version) and 'Lust for Glory'. They also performed this sketch live on their albums - 'Monty Python live at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane' and 'Monty Python live at City Center'.

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## The sketch:

CAPTION: 'WORLD FORUM'

*(An important-looking current affairs set. On the back wall behind the presenter huge letters say: 'World Forum')*

**Presenter (Eric Idle):** Good evening. Tonight is indeed a unique occasion in the history of television. We are very privileged, and deeply honoured to have with us in the studio, Karl Marx, founder of modern socialism, and author of the 'Communist Manifesto'. *(Karl Marx is sitting at a desk; he nods)* Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov, better known to the world as Lenin, leader of the Russian Revolution, writer, statesman, and father of modern communism. *(shot of Lenin also at desk; he nods)* Che Guevara, the Cuban guerrilla leader. *(shot of Guevara)* And Mao Tse-tung, leader of the Chinese Communist Party since 1949. *(shot of Mao; the presenter picks up a card)* And the first question is for you, Karl Marx. The Hammers - the Hammers is the nickname of what English football team? 'the Hammers?' *(shot of Karl Marx furrowing his brow- obviously he hasn't a clue)* No? Well bad luck there, Karl. So we'll go onto you Che. Che Guevara - Coventry City last won the FA Cup in what year? *(cut to Che looking equally dumbfounded)* No? I'll throw it open. Coventry City last won the FA Cup in what year? *(they all look blank)* No? Well, I'm not surprised you didn't get that. It was in fact a trick question. Coventry City have never won the FA Cup. So with the scores all equal now we go onto our second round, and Lenin it's your starter for ten. Teddy Johnson and Pearl Carr won the Eurovision Song Contest in 1959. What was the name of the song? ... Teddy Johnson and Pearl Carr's song in the 1959 Eurovision Song Contest? Anybody? *(buzzer goes as in 'University Challenge'.)* zoom in on Mao Tse-tung) Yes, Mao Tse-tung?

**Mao Tse-tung:** 'Sing Little Birdie'?

**Presenter:** Yes it was indeed. Well challenged. *(applause)* Well now we come on to our special gift section. The contestant is Karl Marx and the prize this week is a beautiful lounge suite. *(curtains behind the presenter sweep open to reveal a beautiful lounge suite; terrific audience applause; Karl comes out and stands in front of this display)* Now Karl has elected to, answer questions on the workers' control of factories so here we go with question number one. Are you nervous? *(Karl*

*nods his head; the presenter reads from a card*) The development of the industrial proletariat is conditioned by what other development?

**Karl:** The development of the industrial bourgeoisie.

*(applause)*

**Presenter:** Yes, yes, it is indeed. You're on your way to the lounge suite, Karl. Question number two. The struggle of class against class is a what struggle? A what struggle?

**Karl:** A political struggle.

*(Tumultuous applause.)*

**Presenter:** Yes, yes! One final question Karl and the beautiful lounge suite will be yours... Are you going to have a go? *(Karl nods)* You're a brave man. Karl Marx, your final question, who won the Cup Final in 1949?

**Karl:** The workers' control of the means of production? The struggle of the urban proletariat?

**Presenter:** No. It was in fact, Wolverhampton Wanderers who beat Leicester 3-1.

*(Cut to stock film of goal being scored in a big football match. Roar from crowd. Stock footage of football crowds cheering.)*

**Voice Over:** and CAPTION: 'IN "WORLD FORUM" TODAY: KARL MARX, CHE GUEVARA, LENIN AND MAO TSE-TUNG. NEXT WEEK, FOUR LEADING HEADS OF STATE OF THE AFRO-ASIAN NATIONS AGAINST BRISTOL ROVERS AT MOLINEUX'

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# 'Ypres 1914' - abandoned

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 25

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

**SERGEANT**  
Michael Palin



**JENKINS**  
Eric Idle

**MAJOR**

Graham Chapman

**PADRE**

John Cleese

# FLOOR MANAGER

Terry Jones

---

## The sketch:

*(A stock drawing of a First World War trench scene - barbed wire against the sky with a helmet stuck on a bayonet.)*

**Voice Over:** *(and caption)* 'IN 1914, THE BALANCE OF POWER LAY IN RUINS. EUROPE WAS PLUNGED INTO BLOODY CONFLICT. NATION FOUGHT NATION. BUT NO NATION FOUGHT NATION MORE THAN THE ENGLISH. HIP, HIP HOORAY! NICE, NICE YAH BOO. PHILLIPS IS A GERMAN AND HE HAS MY PEN'

**Different Voice Over:** *(and caption)* 'START AGAIN'

**Voice Over:** *(and caption)* 'IN 1914, THE BALANCE OF POWER LAY IN RUINS...'

*(Mix through to close up of a harmonica being played by a British Tommy. CAPTION: 'YPRES 1914' The camera pulls slowly out, with the plaintive harmonica still playing, to reveal the interior of a bunker in the trenches. Sitting around on old ammunition boxes etc. are the harmonica player, Private Jenkins, Sergeant Jackson, a padre with no arms, a sheikh, a Viking warrior, a male mermaid, a nun, a milkman and a Greek Orthodox priest. Sounds of warfare throughout, shells thudding, explosions etc.)*

**Sergeant:** *(looking round rather uncomfortably at the strange collection)* Jenkins?

**Jenkins:** *(equally uncomfortable about playing such a tender scene in front of sheiks etc.)* Yes, sir.

**Sergeant:** What are you going to do when you get back to Blighty?

**Jenkins:** I dunno, surge... I expect I'll be looking after me mum. She'll be getting on a bit now.

**Sergeant:** Got a family of your own 'ave you?

**Jenkins:** No, she's ... she's all I got left now. My wife, Doreen ... she .. I got a letter...

**Sergeant:** You don't have to tell me, son.

**Jenkins:** No, sarge, I'd like to tell you, see this place

*(Cut to long shot of bunker. Floor manager strides on to set.)*

**Floor Manager:** Hold it. Hold it. Look, loves ... can anyone not involved in this scene, please leave the set. *(he starts to herd out anyone not in First War costume)* Now! Come on please. Anyone not concerned in this scene, the canteen's open upstairs. *(sheikh, male mermaid etc. troop off)* Now come on please. *(to soldiers)* Sorry loves. Sorry. We'll have to take it again, from the top. All fight. OK... Cue!

*(Back to identical shot of harmonica-playing tommy; he plays a few bars. CAPTION: 'KNICKERS 1914' Cut to long shot. The floor manager rushes on again. The caption remains superimposed.)*

**Floor Manager:** Hold it. Hold it. Now, who changed the caption? Can whoever changed the caption put the right one back immediately please.

CAPTION: 'YPRES 1914'

Floor Manager Right. All right, we'll take it again from the top. Cue. *(back to identical shot of harmonica-playing tommy with caption superimposed; slow pull out as before, then floor manager rushes on again)* Hold it. Hold it. *(he goes behind some sandbags looking extremely irritated)* Come on. Come on, out of there. *(he hauls a spaceman and hustles him off the set)* You're not in this ... you're only holding the whole thing up. *(turning to studio as a whole)* Come on please. It's no good, loves. It's no good. We'll have to leave it for now. Come back when everyone's settled down a bit. So-that means we go over to the An Room, all fight. So cue camera three! *(cut to Guevara caught in a hot embrace with Karl Marx)* Sorry, camera four.



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# Art Gallery Strikes

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 25](#)

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**The cast:**

**FIRST CRITIC**

Michael Palin

**SECOND CRITIC**  
Eric Idle



**CHERUB**

Terry Gilliam

**BUMPKIN**  
Terry Jones

**SOLOMON**

Graham Chapman

# AUCTIONEER

John Cleese

---

## The sketch:

*(Cut to An Gallery. A large sign says: 'Italian Masters of the Renaissance'. Two art critics wandering through. They stop in front of a large Titian canvas. The canvas is about ten foot high by six foot wide.)*

**First Critic:** Aren't they marvellous? The strength and boldness... life and power in those colours.

**Second Critic:** This must be Titian's masterpiece.

**First Critic:** Oh indeed - if only for the composition alone. The strength of those foreground figures ... the firmness of the line...

**Second Critic:** Yes, the confidence of the master at the height of his powers.

*(At this point a man in a country smock and straw hat and a straw in his mouth comes up to the painting and with a very businesslike manner presses the nipple of a nude in the painting. Ding dong sound of a front doorbell. He stands tapping his feet and whistling soundlessly beside the painting. He nods at the critics. Cut to the top of the painting to see that one of the figures has disappeared leaving a blank. The camera pans down the painting as we hear footsteps; as if coming down a lot of stone steps. Eventually the camera comes to rest beside where the country bumpkin is standing and a door opens in the painting. We do, not see who has opened it, but can assume it is the cherub.)* **Cherub:** Yes?

**Bumpkin:** Hello sonny, your dad in.?

**Cherub:** Yes.

**Bumpkin:** Could I speak to him please? It's the man from 'The Hay Wain'.

**Cherub:** Who?

**Bumpkin:** The man from 'The Hay Wain' by Constable.

**Cherub:** Dad... it's the man from 'The Hay Wain' by Constable to see you.

**Solomon:** Coming.

*(Sound of footsteps. Cut to another close up on the painting and we see the main figure disappearing. This figure suddenly puts his head round the door.)*

**Solomon:** Hello? How are you? Come on in. '

**Bumpkin:** No, no can't stop, just passing by, actually.

**Solomon:** Oh, where are you now?

**Bumpkin:** Well may you ask. We just been moved in next to a room full of Brueghels ... terrible bloody din. Skating all hours of the night. Anyway, I iust dropped in to tell you there's been a walk-out in the Impressionists.

**Solomon:** Walk-out, eh?

**Bumpkin:** Yeah. It started with the 'Deieuner Sur L'Herbe' lot, evidently they were moved away from above the radiator or something. Anyway, the ImpresSionists are all out. Gainsborough's Blue Boy's brought out the eighteenth-century English portraits, the Flemish School's solid, and the German woodcuts are at a meeting now.

**Solomon:** Right. Then I'll get the Renaissance School out.

**Bumpkin:** OK, meeting 4.30 - 'Bridge at Aries'.

**Solomon:** OK, cheerio - good luck, son.

**Bumpkin:** OK.

*(The door shuts and we hear Solomon's voice over.)*

**Solomon:** Right - everybody out.

*(We see various famous paintings whose characters suddenly disappear.)*

**Voices:** I'm off. I'm off. I'm off, dear. *(etc.)*

*(Mix through to front room of a suburban house. A man is sawing his wife in two. in the classic long box.)*

**Radio:** Here is the News... *(the man pauses for a moment and looks at radio, then resumes sawing; we zoom in to close up on the radio. There is a window behind it; as the radio talks, a group of paintings with picket signs pass by)* by an almost unanimous vote, paintings in the National Gallery voted to continue the strike that has emptied frames for the last week. The man from Constable's 'Hay Wain' said last night that there was no chance of a return to the pictures before the weekend. Sir Kenneth Clarke has said he will talk to any painting if it can help bring a speedy end to the strike *(a ghastly scream out of vision; the sawing stops abruptly)* At Sotheby's, prices dropped dramatically as leading figures left their paintings. *(Cut to Sotheby 's)* **Auctioneer:** What am I bid for Vermeer's 'Lady Who Used to be at a Window'? Do I hear two bob?

**Voice:** Two bob!

**Auctioneer:** Gone. Now what am I bid for another great bargain? Edward Landseer's 'Nothing at Bay'.

*(Pull out to reveal man standing beside auctioneer with the painting (the stag is missing). Cut to a group of famous characters from famous paintings who are clustered round the camera.*

*Botticelli's Venus is in the centre jabbing her fingers at camera.)*

**Venus:** All we bloody want is a little bit of bloody consultation.

*(Fade sound of them all shouting and jostling etc. Bring up sound of radio out of vision.)*

**Radio:** At a mass meeting at Brentford Footban Ground, other works of art voted to come out in support of the paintings. *(animation cut to Brentford football ground with famous statues in the stands)* The vote was unanimous. *(they all put their hands up)* with one abstention. *(cut to close up of 'Venus De Milo'; cut to TV Centre and slow zoom in)* Meanwhile, at Television Centre work began again on a [sketch about Ypres](#). A spokesman for the sketch said: he fully expected it to be more sensible this time.

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# 'Ypres 1914'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 25](#)

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**The cast:**

**SERGEANT**  
Michael Palin



JENKINS

Eric Idle

**MAJOR**

Graham Chapman

**PADRE**

John Cleese

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## **The sketch:**

*(Cut to usual opening shot of close up of harmonica being played by tommy.*

*CAPTION: 4YPRES 1914*

*Slow zoom out to reveal set-up as before with no extraneous characters.)*

**Sergeant:** Jenkins.

**Jenkins:** Yes, sarge?

**Sergeant:** What are you going to do when you get back to Blighty?

**Jenkins:** I dunno, sarge. I expect I'll look after my mum. She'll be getting on a bit now.

**Sergeant:** Got a family of your own have you?

**Jenkins:** No - she's all I got left now. My wife, Doreen ... she... I got a letter.

**Sergeant:** You don't have to tell me, son.

**Jenkins:** No, sarge, I'd like to tell you. You see, this bloke from up the street...

*(Enter a young major - excruciatingly public school.)*

**Major:** OK, chaps, at ease. I've just been up the line...

**Sergeant:** Can we get through, sir?

**Major:** No, I'm afraid we'll have to make a break for it at nightfall.

**Sergeant:** Right, sir. We're all with yer.

**Major:** Yes I know, that's just the problem, sergeant. How many are there of us.?

**Sergeant:** Well there's you, me, Jenkins, Padre, Kipper, there's five, sir.

**Major:** And only rations for...

**Sergeant:** Four, sir.

**Major:** Precisely. I'm afraid one of us will have to take the 'other' way out.

*(Crash zoom into revolver which the major has brought out. Jarring chord. Close up of faces looking tense from one to the other. Tense music.)*

**Padre:** I'm a gonner, major. Leave me, I'm ... I'm not a complete man anymore.

**Major:** You've lost both your arms as well.

**Padre:** Yes. Damn silly really.

**Major:** No, no, we'll draw for it. That's the way we do things in the army.

**Sergeant:.** The straws!

*(The sergeant gives him the straws. The major arranges them and hands them round)*

**Major:** Right now, the man who gets the shortest strain knows what to do

*(They all take the long straws. Including the padre who takes one in his teeth. The major is left with a tiny straw. A pause.)*

**Sergeant:** Looks like you, sir.

**Major:** Is it? What did we say, the longest straw was it?

**Sergeant:** No, shortest, sir.

**Major:** Well we'd better do it again, there's obviously been a bit of a muddle. *(they do it again and the same thing happens)* Ok dear. Best of three? *(they go through it again and he gets left with it again)* Right, well I've got the shortest straw. So I decide what means we use to decide who's going to do... to... to... to er .... to do the thing ... to do the right thing. Now rank doesn't enter into this, but obviously if I should get through the lines, I will be in a very good position to recommend anyone, very highly, for a posthumous VC. *(he looks round to see if there are any takers)* No? Good. Fine. Fine. Fine. Right. *(counting out)* Dip, dip, dip, my little ship sails on the ocean, you are *(comes back to himself)*... no wait, wait a minute, no I, I must have missed out a dip. I'll start again. Dip, dip, dip, dip, my little ship, sails on the ocean, you are ... *(it's back on him again)* No, this is not working out. It's not working out. What shall we do?

**Jenkins:** How about one potato, two potato, sir?

**Major:** Don't be childish, Jenkins. No, I think, I think fisties would be best. OK, so hands behind backs. After three, OK, one, two, three. *(everyone except the padre who has no arms puts out clenched fist)* Now what's this... stone, stone, stone, *(looks down at his hand)* and scissors. Now. Scissors cut everything, don't they?

**Sergeant:** Not stone, sir.

**Major:** They're very good scissors *(then he suddenly sees the padre)* Padre hasn't been!

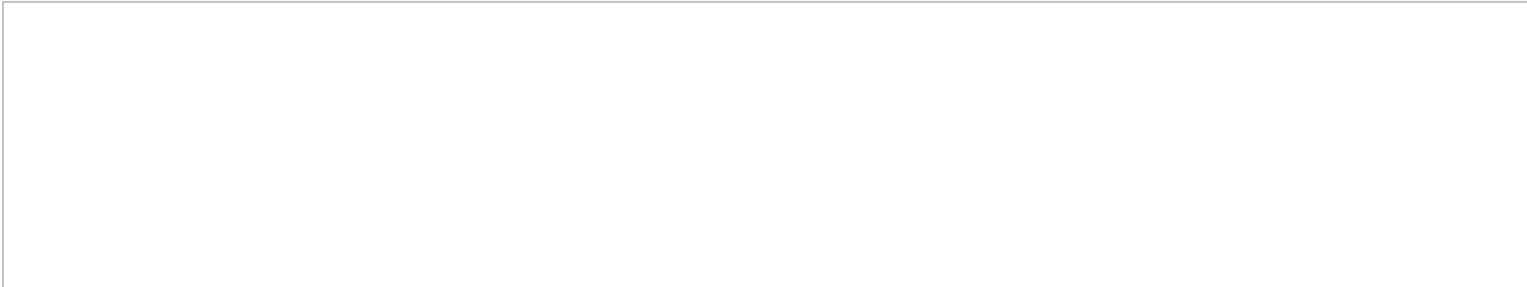
**Sergeant:** No arms, sir.

**Major:** Oh, I'm terribly sorry, I'm afraid I didn't... tell you what. All those people who don't want to stay here and shoot themselves raise their arms.

**Padre:** Stop it! Stop it! Stop this ... this hideous facade.

**Sergeant:** Easy, padre!

**Padre:** No; no, I must speak. When I, when I came to this war, I had two arms, two good arms, but when the time came to... to lose one, I .. I gave it gladly, I smiled as they cut it off, *(music under: 'There'll Always Be An England)* because I knew there was a future for mankind. I ... I knew there was hope... so long as men were prepared to give their limbs *(emotionally)* And when the time came for me to give my other arm I... I gave it gladly. I... I sang as they sawed it off. Because I believed... *(hysterically)* Oh you may laugh, but I believed with every fibre of my body, with every drop of rain that falls, a... a flower grows. And that flower, that small fragile, delicate flower... *(two modern-day ambulance attendants comb in with a trolley which they put the padre onto and wheel him away; he is still going on)*... shall burst forth and give a new life. New strength! *(cut to a present-day ambulance racing out of TV Centre in speeded-up motion; it man through the streets, and arrives at the casualty entrance of a hospital; the doors swing open and the padre is rushed out on stretcher (still in fast motion) totally under a blanket; we hear his voice)* ... freedom. Freedom from fear and freedom from oppression. Freedom from tyranny. *(the camera picks up on sign which reads: 'Royal Hospital for Over-acting)* A world where men and women of all races and creeds can live together in communion and then in the twilight of this life, our children, and our children's children and . .. *(by this time he has disappeared in through the doors of the [hospital for over actors](#))*



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# Hospital for Over-Actors

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 25

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**The cast:**

**SPECIALIST**  
Graham Chapman

**RICHARD III**  
Michael Palin



**SECOND RICHARD**  
Eric Idle

## **The sketch:**

*(Cut to the interior of hospital and see specialist as he walks down a corridor.)*

**Specialist:** All our patients here are suffering from severe over-acting. *(a nurse goes past leading a Long John Silver who keeps going 'Aha! Jim Lad')* When they're brought in they're all really over the top. *(he passes a whole group of Long John Silvers)* And it's our job to try and treat the condition of over-acting ... *(he passes a group of King Rats, and indicates the worst case)* rather serious. *(he walks on through a door)* This is the Richard III Ward.

*(Pull out to reveal a crowd of Richard III's. The specialist indicates one who is really over the top.)*

**Richard III:** A horse. A 'horse. My kingdom for a horse.

**Specialist:** Most of these cases are pretty unpleasant. Nurse... *(a nurse comes in and sedates Richard III)* But the treatment does work with some people. This chap came to us straight from the Chichester Festival; we operated just in time, and now he's almost normal.

*(He walks over to a very ordinary Richard III, who smiles disarmingly and says quite chatlily)*

**Second Richard:** A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.

*(Shaking his head sadly, the specialist leaves the ward and opens a door to another one.)*

**Specialist:** But in here we have some very nasty cases indeed.

*(ANIMATION: involving grotesque Hamlets.)*

**Hamlets:** To be or not to be. That is the question. To be...

*(Animation leads to close up of flowers.)*

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# Gumby Flower Arranging

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 25

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 25](#), it was also performed live on their album 'Monty Python live at City Center'.

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## The cast:

**D.P. GUMBY**

Michael Palin

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## The sketch:

*(Superimposed caption: 'FLOWER ARRANGEMENT'*

*Pull back to show Gumby in studio with piles of flowers on a table.*

*Superimposed caption: 'INTRODUCED BY D. P. GUMBY')*

**Gumby:** Good evening. First take a bunch of flowers. *(he grabs . flowers from the table)* Pretty begonias, irises, freesias and chrysanthemums, then arrange them nicely in a vase. *(he thrusts the flowers head downwards into the vase and stuffs them in wildy; he even bangs them with a mallet in an attempt to get them all in)* Get in! Get int Get in!

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# The Spam Sketch

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 25

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch Not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 25](#), it was also performed on their Albums - Another Monty Python Record' "Monty Python's The Final Ripoff" and 'Lust for Glory'..

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## The cast:

MAN

Eric Idle

**WIFE**

Graham Chapman

# WAITRESS

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*Scene: A cafe. One table is occupied by a group of Vikings with horned helmets on. A man and his wife enter.*

**Man:** You sit here, dear.

**Wife:** All right.

**Man:** *(to Waitress)* Morning!

**Waitress:** Morning!

**Man:** Well, what've you got?

**Waitress:** Well, there's egg and bacon; egg sausage and bacon; egg and spam; egg bacon and spam; egg bacon sausage and spam; spam bacon sausage and spam; spam egg spam spam bacon and spam; spam sausage spam spam bacon spam tomato and spam;

**Vikings:** *(starting to chant)* Spam spam spam spam...

**Waitress:** ...spam spam spam egg and spam; spam spam spam spam spam spam baked beans spam spam spam...

**Vikings:** *(singing)* Spam! Lovely spam! Lovely spam!

**Waitress:** ...or Lobster Thermidor au Crevettes with a mornay sauce served in a Provencale manner with shallots and aubergines garnished with truffle pate, brandy and with a fried egg on top and spam.

**Wife:** Have you got anything without spam?

**Waitress:** Well, there's spam egg sausage and spam, that's not got much spam in it.

**Wife:** I don't want ANY spam!

**Man:** Why can't she have egg bacon spam and sausage?

**Wife:** THAT'S got spam in it!

**Man:** Hasn't got as much spam in it as spam egg sausage and spam, has it?

**Vikings:** Spam spam spam spam *(crescendo through next few lines)*

**Wife:** Could you do the egg bacon spam and sausage without the spam then?

**Waitress:** Urgghh!

**Wife:** What do you mean 'Urgghh'? I don't like spam!

**Vikings:** Lovely spam! Wonderful spam!

**Waitress:** Shut up!

**Vikings:** Lovely spam! Wonderful spam!

**Waitress:** Shut up! (*Vikings stop*) Bloody Vikings! You can't have egg bacon spam and sausage without the spam.

**Wife:** (*shrieks*) I don't like spam!

**Man:** Sshh, dear, don't cause a fuss. I'll have your spam. I love it. I'm having spam spam spam spam spam spam spam beaked beans spam spam spam and spam!

**Vikings:** (*singing*) Spam spam spam spam. Lovely spam! Wonderful spam!

**Waitress:** Shut up!! Baked beans are off.

**Man:** Well could I have her spam instead of the baked beans then?

**Waitress:** You mean spam spam spam spam spam spam... (*but it is too late and the Vikings drown her words*)

**Vikings:** (*singing elaborately*) Spam, spam, spam, spam. Lovely spam! Wonderful spaaam! Lovely spam! Wonderful spam. Spa-a-a-a-a-a-a-am! Spa-a-a-a-a-a-a-am! Spa-a-a-a-a-a-a-am! Spa-a-a-a-a-a-a-am! Lovely spam! (Lovely spam!) Lovely spam! (Lovely spam!) Lovely spaaam! Spam, spam, spam, spaaaaaam!



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# The Queen will be watching

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 26

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## The sketch:

*(Announcer standing in front of his desk.)*

**Announcer (John Cleese):** *(reverently)* Ladies and gentlemen, I am not simply going to say 'and now for something completely different' this week, as I do not think it fit. This is a particularly auspicious occasion for us this evening, as we have been told that Her Majesty the Queen will be watching pan of this show tonight. We don't know exactly when Her Majesty will be tuning in. We understand that at the moment she is watching 'The Virginian', but we have been promised that we will be informed the moment that she changes channel. Her Majesty would like everyone to behave quite normally but her equerry has asked me to request all of you at home to stand when the great moment arrives, although we here in the studio will be carrying on with our humorous vignettes and spoofs in the ordinary way. Thank you. And now without any more ado and completely as normal, here are the opening titles. *(bows)* *(Very regal animated opening titles.)*

CAPTION: 'ROYAL EPISODE THIRTEEN'

CAPTION: 'FIRST SPOOF'

CAPTION: '[A COAL MINE IN LLANDDAROG, CARMARTHEN](#)'

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# Coal Mine (historical argument)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 26](#)

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**FIRST MINER**  
Graham Chapman

**SECOND MINER**

Terry Jones

**FOREMAN**  
Eric Idle

**THIRD MINER**  
Michael Palin

**FOURTH MINER**  
Ian Davidson



**MORGAN**  
Terry Gilliam

# MANAGEMENT MAN

John Cleese

---

## The sketch:

CAPTION: 'A COAL MINE IN LLANDDAROG CARMARTHEN'

*(A nice photograph of a typical pit head. Music over this: 'All Through the Night' being sung in Welsh.)*

**Voice Over:** The coal miners of Wales have long been famed for their tough rugged life hewing the black gold from the uncompromising hell of one mile under. This is *(at this moment across the bottom of the screen comes the following message in urgent teleprinter style, moving right to left, superimposed 'HM THE QUEEN STILL WATCHING 'THE VIRGINIAN)* the story of such men, battling gallantly against floods, roof falls, the English criminal law, the hidden killer carbon monoxide and the ever-present threat of pneumoconiosis which is... a disease miners get.

*(Cut to coal face below ground where some miners are engaged at their work. They hew away for a bit, grunting and talking amongst themselves. Suddenly two of them square up to one another.)*

**First Miner:** Don't you talk to me like that, you lying bastard.

*(He hits the second miner and a fight starts.)*

**Second Miner:** You bleeding pig. You're not fit to be down a mine.

**First Miner:** Typical bleeding Rhondda, isn't it. You think you're so bloody clever.

*(They writhe around on the floor pummeling each other. The foreman comes in.)*

**Foreman:** You bloody fighting again. Break it up or I'll put this pick through your head. Now what's it all about?

**First Miner:** He started it.

**Second Miner:** Oh, you bleeding pig, you started it.

**Foreman:** I don't care who bloody started it. What's it about?

**Second Miner:** Well ... he said the bloody Treaty of Utrecht was 1713.

**First Miner:** So it bloody is.

**Second Miner:** No it bloody isn't. It wasn't ratified 'til February 1714.

**First Miner:** He's bluffing. You're mind's gone, Jenkins. You're rubbish.

**Foreman:** He's right, Jenkins. It was ratified September 1713. The whole bloody pit knows that.

Look in Trevelyan, page 468.

**Third Miner:** He's thinking of the Treaty of bloody Westphalia.

**Second Miner:** Are you saying I don't know the difference between the War of the bloody Spanish Succession and the Thirty bloody Years War?

**Third Miner:** You don't know the difference between the Battle of Borodino and a tiger's bum.

*(They start to fight.)*

**Foreman:** Break it up, break it up. *(he hits them with his pickaxe)* I'm sick of all this bloody fighting. If it's not the bloody Treaty of Utrecht it's the bloody binomial theorem. This isn't the senior common room at All Souls, it's the bloody coal face.

*(A fourth miner runs up.)*

**Fourth Miner:** Hey, gaffer, can you settle something? Morgan here says you find the abacus between the triglyphs in the frieze section of the entablature of classical Greek Doric temples.

**Foreman:** You bloody fool, Morgan, that's the metope. The abacus is between the architrave and the aechinus in the capital.

**Morgan:** You stinking liar.

*(Another fight breaks out. A management man arrives carried in sedan chair by two black flunkies. He wears a colonial governor's helmet and a large sign reading frightfully important. All the miners prostrate themselves on the floor.)*

**Foreman:** Oh, most magnificent and merciful majesty, master of the universe, protector of the meek, whose nose we are not worthy to pick and whose very faeces are an untrammelled delight, and whose peacocks keep us awake all hours of the night with their noisy lovemaking, we beseech thee, tell thy humble servants the name of the section between the triglyphs in the frieze section of a classical Doric entablature.

**Management Man:** No idea. Sorry.

**Foreman:** Right. Everybody out.

*(They all walk off throwing down tool. Cut to a news reader's desk.)*

**Newsreader:** Still no settlement in the coal mine dispute at Llanddarog. Miners refused to return to work until the management define a metope. Meanwhile, at Dagenham the unofficial strike committee at Fords have increased their demands to thirteen reasons why Henry III was a bad king. And finally, in the disgusting objects international at Wembley tonight, England beat Spain by a plate of braised pus to a putrid heron. And now, the [Toad Elevating Moment](#).

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# The man who says things in a very roundabout way

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 26

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The cast:

**INTERVIEWER**

Terry Jones

**MR. PUDIFOOT**

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

CAPTION: 'THE TOAD ELEVATING MOMENT'

*(Pompous music. Mix to spinning globe and then to two men in a studio.)*

**Interviewer:** Good evening. Well, we have in the studio tonight a man who says things in a very roundabout way. Isn't that so, Mr Pudifoot.

**Mr Pudifoot:** Yes.

**Interviewer:** Have you always said things in a very roundabout way?

**Mr Pudifoot:** Yes.

**Interviewer:** Well, I can't help noticing that, for someone who claims to say things in a very roundabout way, your last two answers have very little of the discursive quality about them.

**Mr Pudifoot:** Oh, well, I'm not very talkative today. It's a form of defensive response to intensive interrogative stimuli. I used to get it badly when I was a boy ... well, I say very badly, in fact, do you remember when there was that fashion for, you know, little poodles with small coats...

**Interviewer:** Ah, now you're beginning to talk in a roundabout way.

**Mr Pudifoot:** Oh, I'm sorry.

**Interviewer:** No, no, no, no. Please do carry on ... because that is in fact why we wanted you on the show.

**Mr Pudifoot:** I thought it was because you were interested in me as a human being. *(gets up and leaves)*

**Interviewer:** Well... lets move on to our guest who not only lives in Essex but also [speaks only the ends of words](#). Mr Ohn Ith. Mr Ith, good evening.

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**The man who speaks only the ends of words**  
**The man who speaks only the beginnings of words**  
**The man who speaks only the middles of words**

**As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 26**

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**The cast:**

**INTERVIEWER**

Terry Jones

**MR. ITH**

Eric Idle

**MR. SM**

John Cleese



SCOT

Michael Palin

---

## The sketch:

*(Enter from back of set as per Eamonn Andrews show Mr Ohn lth. He sits at the desk)*

**Mr Ith:** ... ood ... ing.

**Interviewer:** Nice to have you on the show.

**Mr Ith:** ... ice ... o ... e ... ere.

**Interviewer:** Mr Ith, don't you find it very difficult to make yourself understood?

**Mr Ith:** Yes, it is extremely difficult.

**Interviewer:** Just a minute, you're a fraud!

**Mr Ith:** Oh no. I can speak the third and fourth sentences perfectly normally.

**Interviewer:** Oh I see. So your next sentence will be only the ends of words again?

**Mr Ith:** T's... ight.

**Interviewer:** Well, let's move on to our next guest who speaks only the beginnings of words, Mr J ... Sm... Mr Sm... good evening.

*(Enter Mr Sm.)*

**Mr Sm:** G... e...

**Interviewer:** Well, have you two met before?

**Mr Sm:** N...

**Mr Ith:** ... o

**Mr Sm:** N...

**Mr Ith:** ... o

**Interviewer:** Well, this is really a fascinating occasion because we have in the studio Mr ... oh ... I ... who speaks only the middles of words. Good evening.

*(Enter Scot.)*

**Scot:** .... oo ..... ni...

**Interviewer:** Um, where do you come from?

**Scot:** . . . u... i... a...

**Interviewer:** Dunfermline in Scotland. Well let me introduce you, Mr Ohn Ith...

**Mr Ith:** ... ood ... ing.

**Scot:** ... oo ..... ni...

**Interviewer:** J... Sm...

**Scot:** ... oo ..... ni...

**Mr Sm:** G... Eve...

**Interviewer:** Yes, well, ha, ha, just a moment. Perhaps you would all like to say good evening together.

**Mr Sm:** G...

**Scot:** . . . oo...

**Mr Ith:** ... d

**Mr Sm:** Eve...

**Scot:** ... ni...

**Mr Ith:** ... ing.



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# Commercials

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 26](#)

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**The cast:**

**ADMAN**

Eric Idle

**MAN'S VOICE**

Michael Palin

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## The sketch:

*(ANIMATION: a sketch advertising Crelm toothpaste. Cut to a soap powder commercial. Slick adman against neutral background. On his left is an ordinary kitchen table. On his right is a pile of sheets on a stand.)*

**Adman:** This table has been treated with ordinary soap powder, but these have been treated with new Fibro-Val. *(cut to top shot of interior of washing machine with water spinning round as per ads)* We put both of them through our washing machine, and just look at the difference. *(cut back to the original set-up; the sheets are obviously painted white; the table is smashed up)* The table is broken and smashed, but the sheets, with Fibro-Val, are sparkling clean and white.

*(Traditional expanding square links to next commercial. Animated countryside with flowers, butterflies and a Babychain animal. A boy and a girl (real, superimposed) wander through hand in hand.)*

**Man's Voice:** I love the surgical garment. Enjoy the delights of the Victor Mature abdominal corset. Sail down the Nile on the Bleed-it Kosher Truss. *(the adman comes into view over the background; he holds a tailor's dummy -pelvis only - with a truss)* And don't forget the Hercules Hold-'em-in, the all-purpose concrete truss for the man with the family hernia.

*(He throws away the truss. The background changes to blow-up of a fish tank. The adman is sitting at a desk. He pulls a goldfish bowl over.)*

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# How to feed a goldfish

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 26

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**The cast:**

**ADMAN**

Eric Idle



## VOICE OVER

John Cleese

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### The sketch:

*(The background changes to blow-up of a fish tank. The adman is sitting at a desk. He pulls a goldfish bowl over.)*

**Adman:** Well last week on Fish Club we learnt how to sex a pike... and this week we're going to learn how to feed a goldfish. Now contrary to what most people think the goldfish has a ravenous appetite. If it doesn't get enough protein it gets very thin and its bones begin to stick out and its fins start to fall off. So once a week give your goldfish a really good meal. Here's one specially recommended by the Board of Irresponsible People. First, some cold consomme or a gazpacho *(pours it in)*, then some sausages with spring greens, sauteed potatoes and bread and gravy.

*(He tips all this into the bowl. An RSPCA man rushes in, grabs the man and hauls him off.)*

**RSPCA Man:** All right, come on, that's enough, that's enough.

**Adman:** ... treacle tan... chocolate cake and...

**Voice Over:** *(and caption on screen)* 'THE RSPCA WISH IT TO BE KNOWN THAT, THAT MAN WAS NOT A BONA FIDE ANIMAL LOVER, AND ALSO THAT GOLDFISH DO NOT EAT SAUSAGES. *(the man is still shouting)* SHUT UP! THEY ARE QUITE HAPPY WITH BREADCRUMBS, ANTS' EGGS AND THE OCCASIONAL PHEASANT... '

*(The last four words are crossed out on the caption.)*

**Voice Over:** Who wrote that?

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# The man who collects bird watcher's eggs

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 26](#)

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**The cast:**

**WAITER**

Graham Chapman

**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

**The sketch:**

*(Mix to a lyrical shot of wild flower's in beautiful English countryside. Gentle pastoral music. The camera begins to pan away from the flowers, moving slowly across this idyllic scene. Mix in the sound of lovers - the indistinct deep voice, followed by a playful giggle from the girl. At first very distant, but as we continue to pan it increases in volume, until we come to rest on the source of the noise - a tape recorder in front of a bush. After a short pause, the camera tracks round behind this bush where are a couple sitting reading a book each. Pan away from them across a field. In the middle of the pan we come across a smooth, mustachioed little Italian head waiter, in tails etc. We do not stop on him.)* **Waiter:** (bowing to camera) I hope you're enjoying the show.

*(On pans the camera to the end of the field where we pick up a man in a long mac crawling on all fours through the undergrowth. We follow him as he occasionally dodges behind a bush or a tree. He is stealthily tracking something. After a few moments he comes up behind a bird watcher (in deerstalker and tweeds) who lies at the top of a small rise, with his binoculars trained. With infinite caution the man in the long mac slides up behind the bird watcher, then he stretches out a hand and opens the flap of the bird watcher's knapsack. He pulls out a small white paper bag. Holding his breath, he feels inside the bag and produces a small pie, then a tomato and finally two hard-boiled eggs. He pockets the hard-boiled eggs, puts the rest back and creeps away.)* **Voice Over:** Herbert Mental collects breathers' eggs. At his home in Surrey he has a collection of over four hundred of them.

*(Cut to Mantle in a study lined with shelves full of hard-boiled eggs. They all have little labels on the front of them. He goes up and selects one from a long line of identical hard-boiled eggs.)*

**Herbert:** 'Ere now. This is a very interesting one. This is from a Mr P. F. Bradshaw. He is usually found in Surrey hedgerows, but I found this one in the gents at St Pancras, uneaten. *(he provides the next question himself in bad ventriloquist style)* Mr Mental, why did you start collecting bird watchers' eggs? *(normal voice)* Oh, well, I did it to get on 'Man Alive'. *(ventriloquially)* 'Man Alive'? *(normal voice)* That's right, yes. But then that got all serious, so I carried on in the hope of a quick appearance as an eccentric on the regional section of 'Nationwide'. *(ventriloquially)* Mr Mental, I believe a couple of years ago you started to collect butterfly hunters. *(normal voice)* Butterfly hunters? *(ventriloquially)* Yes. *(normal voice)* Oh, that's right. Here's a couple of them over here. *(he moves to his left; on the wall behind him are the splayed-out figures of two butterfly hunters, with pins through their backs and their names on cards underneath)* Nice little chaps. But the hobby I enjoyed most was racing pigeon fanciers.

*(An open field. A large hamper, with an attendant in a brown coat standing behind it. The attendant opens the hamper and three pigeon fanciers, (in very fast motion) leap out and run off across the field, wheeling in a curve as birds do. Cut to a series of speeded-up close ups of baskets being opened and pigeon fanciers leaping out. After four or five of these fast close ups cut to long shot of the mass of pigeon fanciers wheeling across the field like a flock of pigeons. Cut to film of Trafalgar Square. The pigeon fanciers are now running around in the square, wheeling in*

groups. Cut to Gilliam picture. of Trafalgar Square. The chicken man from the opening credits flies past towing a banner which says 'This Space Available, Tel 498 5116'. The head of a huge hedgehog - Spiny Norman - appears above St Martin 's-in-the-Fields.) **Spiny Norman:** Dinsdale! Dinsdale!

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# Insurance Sketch

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 26

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**The cast:**

**MARTIN**  
Eric Idle

**FELDMAN**

John Cleese



## VOICE OVER

Michael Palin

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### The sketch:

*(Animated sequence then leads to: EXTREMELY ANIMATED CAPTION; 'MONTY PYTHON PROUDLY PRESENTS THE INSURANCE SKETCH' Interior smooth-looking office. Mr Feldman behind a desk, Mr Martin in front of it. A sign on the desk: 'Life Insurance Ltd'.)*

**Martin:** Good morning. I've been in touch with you about the, er, life insurance...

**Feldman:** (JOHN) Ah yes, did you bring the um ... the specimen of your um ... and so on, and so on?

**Martin:** Yes I did. It's in the car. There's rather a lot.

**Feldman:** Good, good.

**Martin:** Do you really need twelve gallons?

**Feldman:** No, no, not really.

**Martin:** Do you test it?

**Feldman:** No.

**Martin:** Well, why do you want it?

**Feldman:** Well, we do it to make sure that you're serious about wanting insurance, I mean, if you're not, you won't spend a couple of months filling up that enormous churn with mmm, so on and so on...

**Martin:** Shall I bring it in?

**Feldman:** Good Lord no. Throw it away.

**Martin:** Throw it away? I was months filling that thing up.

*(The sound of the National Anthem starts. They stand to attention. Martin and Feldman mutter to each other, and we hear a reverential voice over.)*

**Voice Over:** And we've just heard that Her Majesty the Queen has just tuned into this programme and so she is now watching this royal sketch here in this royal set. The actor on the left is wearing the great grey suit of the BBC wardrobe department and the other actor is ... about to deliver the first great royal joke here this royal evening. *(the camera pans, Martin following it part way, to show the camera crew and the audience, all standing to attention)* Over to the fight you can see the royal cameraman, and behind... Oh, we've just heard she's switched over. She's watching the 'News at Ten'.

*(Cries of disappointment.)*



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# Hospital run by R.S.M.

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 26

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**The cast:**

**REGGIE**

Reggie Bosanquet

**FIRST DOCTOR**  
John Cleese

**FIRST PATIENT**

Michael Palin

**SECOND DOCTOR**

Eric Idle

**INTERVIEWER'S VOICE**

Eric Idle

**SECOND PATIENT**  
Michael Palin



# **THIRD PATIENT**

Graham Chapman

**THIRD DOCTOR**  
Terry Jones

**FOURTH DOCTOR**  
Graham Chapman

## FIFTH DOCTOR

John Cleese



### The sketch:

*(Cut to Reggie Bosanquet (the real one) at the 'News at Ten' set. He is reading.)*

**Reggie:** ... despite the union's recommendation that the strikers should accept the second and third clauses of the agreement arrived at last Thursday. *(the National Anthem starts to play in the background and Reggie stands, continuing to read)* Today saw the publication of the McGuffie Commission's controversial report on treatment of in-patients in north London hospitals.

*(A hospital: a sign above door says 'Intensive Care Unit'. A group of heavily bandaged patients with crutches, legs and arms in plaster, etc., struggle out and onto a courtyard.)*

**First Doctor:** Get on parade! Come on! We haven't got all day, have we? Come on, come on, come on. *(the patients painfully get themselves into line)* Hurry up ... right! Now, I know some hospitals where you get the patients lying around in bed. Sleeping, resting, recuperating, convalescing. Well, that's not the way we do things here, right! No, you won't be loafing about in bed wasting the doctors' time. You - you horrible little cripple. What's the matter with you?

**1st Patient:** Fractured tibia, sergeant.

**First Doctor:** 'Fractured tibia, sergeant'? 'Fractured tibia, sergeant'? Ooh. Proper little mummy's boy, aren't we? Well, I'll tell you something, my fine friend, if you fracture a tibia here you keep quiet about it! Look at him! *(looks more closely)* He's broken both his arms and he don't go shouting about it, do he? No! 'Cos he's a man - he's a woman, you see, so don't come that broken tibia talk with me. Get on at the double. One, two, three, pick that crutch up, pick that crutch right up.

*(The patient hobbles off at the double and falls over.)*

**1st Patient:** Aaargh!

**First Doctor:** Right, squad, 'shun! Squad, right turn. Squad, by the left, quick limp! Come on, pick 'em up. Get some air in those wounds.

*(Cut to second doctor. He is smoking a cigar.)*

**Second Doctor:** *(to camera)* Here at St Pooves, we believe in ART - Active Recuperation Techniques. We try to help the patient understand that however ill he may be, he can still fulfil a useful role in society. Sun lounge please, Mr Griffiths.

*(Pull back to show doctor sitting in a wheelchair. A bandaged patient wheels him off.)*

**2nd Patient:** (MICHAEL) I've got a triple fracture of the right leg, dislocated collar bone and multiple head injuries, so I do most of the heavy work, like helping the surgeon.

**Interviewer's Voice:** What does that involve?

**2nd Patient:** Well, at the moment we're building him a holiday home.

**Interviewer's Voice:** What about the nurses?

**2nd Patient:** Well, I don't know about them. They're not allowed to mix with the patients.

**Interviewer's Voice:** Do all the patients work?

**2nd Patient:** No, no, the ones that are really ill do sport.

*(Cut to bandaged patients on a cross-country run.)*

**Voice Over:** Yes, one thing patients here dread are the runs.

*(The patients climb over a fence with much difficulty. One falls.)*

**Interviewer's Voice:** How are you feeling?

**3rd Patient:** Much better.

*(Shots of patients doing sporting activities.)*

**Voice Over:** But patients are allowed visiting. And this week they're visiting an iron foundry at Swindon, which is crying out for unskilled labour. *('Dr Kildare' theme music; shot - doctors being manicured having shoes cleaned etc. by patients)* But this isn't the only hospital where doctors' conditions are improving.

*(Sign on wall: 'St Nathan's Hospital For Young, 'Attractive Girls Who Aren't Particularly Ill. Pan down to a doctor.)*

**Third Doctor:** Er, very little shortage of doctors here. We have over forty doctors per bed - er, patient. Oh, be honest. Bed.

*(Sign: 'St Gandalf's Hospital For Very Rich People Who Like Giving Doctors Lots Of Money'. Pull back to show another doctor.)*

**Fourth Doctor:** We've every facility here for dealing with people who are rich. We can deal with a blocked purse, we can drain private accounts and in the worst cases we can perform a total cashectomy, which is total removal of all moneys from the patient.

*(Sign: 'St Michael's Hospital For Linkmen '. Pan down to doctor.)*

**Fifth Doctor:** Well, here we try to help people who have to link sketches together. We try to stop them saying 'Have you ever wondered what it would be like if' and instead say something like um... er... ['And now the mountaineering sketch'](#).

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# Mountaineer / Exploding version of the 'The Blue Danube'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 26](#)

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to a mountaineer hanging on ropes on steep mountain face.)*

**Mountaineer (Graham Chapman):** I haven't written a mountaineering sketch.

*(Superimposed Caption: 'LINK')*

**Mountaineer:** But now over to the exploding version of the 'Blue Danube'.

*(Cut to an orchestra in a field playing the 'Blue Danube'. On each musical phrase, a member of the orchestra explodes. Fade to pitch darkness.)*

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# Girls Boarding School

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 26

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**The cast:**



**FIRST VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

**FIRST BUTCH VOICE**

Michael Palin

**SECOND BUTCH VOICE**

Eric Idle

# **THIRD BUTCH VOICE**

Terry Jones

**FOURTH BUTCH VOICE**

Graham Cahpman

**FIFTH BUTCH VOICE**

John Cleese

**MISS ROGERS**

Carol Cleveland

## SECOND VOICE OVER

John Cleese

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### The sketch:

**1st Voice Over:** And now a dormitory in a girls' public school.

*(Noise of female snores. Sound of a window sash being lifted and scrabbling sounds. Padding feet across the dorm.)*

**First Butch Voice:** Hello, Agnes... Agnes are you awake? Agnes....

*(Sound of waking up. More padding feet.)*

**First Butch Voice:** Agnes...

**Second Butch Voice:** Who is it ... is that you, Charlie?

**First Butch Voice:** Yeah... Agnes, where's Jane?

**Third Butch Voice:** I'm over here, Charlie.

**First Butch Voice:** Jane, we're going down to raid the tuck shop.

**Second Butch Voice:** Oh good oh ... count me in, girls.

**First Butch Voice:** Can I come, too, Agnes?

**First Butch Voice:** Yeah, Joyce.

**Fifth Butch Voice:** And me and Avril...

**Third Butch Voice:** Yeah, rather... and Suki.

**Fourth Butch Voice:** Oh, whacko the diddle-oh.

**First Butch Voice:** Cave girls... Here comes Miss Rodgers...

*(Light goes on to reveal a girls' dorm. In the middle of the floor between the beds are two panto geese which run off immediately the light goes on. There is one man in a string vest and short dibley haircut, chest wig, schoolgirl's skirt, white socks and schoolgirl's shoes. Hanging from the middle of the ceiling is a goat with light bulbs hanging from each foot. In the beds are other batch blokes in string vests... and short hair. At the door stands a commando-type Miss Rodgers.)* **Miss Rodgers:** All right girls, now stop this tomfoolery and get back to bed, remember it's the big match at St Bridget's tomorrow.

*(Cut to still of one of us in the uniform as described above.)*



SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'THE NAUGHTIEST GIRL IN THE SCHOOL'

**Voice Over:** Yes, on your Screen tomorrow: 'The Naughtlest Girl in the School' starring the'men of the 14th Marine Commandos. *(cut to a picture made up of inch-square photos of various topical subjects e.g. Stalin, Churchill, Eden, White Home, atom bomb, map of Western Europe, Gandhi)* And now it's documentary time, when we look at the momentous last years of the Second World War, and tonight the invasion of Normandy performed by the girls of Oakdene High School, Upper Fifth Science.

*(Stock film of amphibious craft brought up on a beach. The front of the craft crashes down and fifty soldiers rush out. We hear schoolgirl voices.)*

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# Submarine

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 26

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**The cast:**

**FIRST PEPPERPOT**  
Graham Chapman

**SECOND PEPPERPOT**

Eric Idle

**VOICE**

John Cleese

# **THIRD PEPPERPOT**

Terry Jones

**FOURTH PEPPERPOT**

Michael Palin

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to traditional shot through periscope of ocean, cross-sights scanning the horizon. Submarine-type dramatic noise - motors and asdic. Cut to interior of submarine. A pepperpot looks through the periscope, then looks round at her colleagues.)*

**First Pepperpot:** Oh, it's still raining.

*(Her four companions continue to knit.)*

**Second Pepperpot:** I'm going down the shops.

**First Pepperpot:** Oh, be a dear and get me some rats' bane for the budgie's boil. Otherwise I'll put your eyes out.

**Second Pepperpot:** Aye, aye, captain. *(goes out)*

*(Attention noise from the communication tube. A red light flashes by it.)*

**Voice:** Coo-ee. Torpedo bay.

**First Pepperpot:** Yoo-hoo. Torpedo bay.

**Third Pepperpot:** She said torpedo bay.

**First Pepperpot:** Yes, she did, she did.

**Fourth Pepperpot:** Yes, she said torpedo bay. She did, she did.

**Voice:** Mrs Lieutenant Edale here. Mrs Midshipman Nesbitt's got one of her headaches again, so I put her in the torpedo tube.

**First Pepperpot:** Roger, Mrs Edale. Stand by to fire Mrs Nesbitt.

**All:** Stand by to fire Mrs Nesbitt.

**First Pepperpot:** Red alert, put the kettle on.

**Voice:** Kettle on.

**First Pepperpot:** Engine room, stand by to feed the cat.

**Voice:** Standing by to feed the cat.

**First Pepperpot:** Fire Mrs Nesbitt.



*(ANIMATION: a pepperpot is fired from a torpedo tube through the water, until she travels head first into a battleship with a load clang.)*

**Mrs Nesbitt:** Oh, that's much better.

*(Cut to a letter as in the last series, plus voice reading it.)*

**Voice Over:** As an admiral who came up through the ranks more times than you've had hot dinners, I wish to join my husband O.W.A Giveaway in condemning this shoddy misrepresentation of our modern navy. The British Navy is one of the finest and most attractive and butchest fighting forces in the world. I love those white flared trousers and the feel of rough blue serge on those pert little buttocks...

*(Cut to a man at a desk.)*

**Presenter:** I'm afraid we are unable to show you any more of that letter. We continue with a man with a stoat through his head.

*(Cut to man with a stone through his head. He bows. Cut to film of Women's Institute applauding.)*

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# Lifeboat (Cannibalism)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 26

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch Not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 26](#), it was also performed on the Album - Another Monty Python Record, however it was titled - Still No Sign Of Land

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## The cast:

### SAILOR #1

Michael Palin

### SAILOR #2

Graham Chapman

### SAILOR #3

Eric Idle

### SAILOR #4

Terry Jones

### SAILOR #5

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(Scene: The interior of a lifeboat. Seagulls are crying.)*

**Sailor #1:** Still no sign of land. How long is it?

**Sailor #2:** That's a rather personal question, sir.

**Sailor #1:** *(low voice)* You stupid git. I meant how long has it been in the lifeboat? You've destroyed the atmosphere now.

**Sailor #2:** I'm sorry.

**Sailor #1:** Shut up. Start again.

**Sailor #1:** Still no sign of land. How long is it?

**Sailor #2:** 33 days, sir.

**Sailor #1:** Thirty-three days?

**Sailor #2:** We can't go on much longer. (*low voices*) I didn't think I destroyed the atmosphere.

**Sailor #1:** Shut up.

**Sailor #2:** Well, I don't think I did.

**Sailor #1:** 'Course you did.

**Sailor #2:** (*aside, to 3*) Did you think I destroyed the atmosphere?

**Sailor #3:** Yes I think you did.

**Sailor #1:** Shut up. Shut up!

**Sailor #1:** Still no sign of land. How long is it?

**Sailor #2:** 33 days, sir.

**Sailor #4:** Have we started again? (*slap*)

**Sailor #1:** STILL no sign of land. How long is it?

**Sailor #2:** 33 days, sir.

**Sailor #1:** Thirty-three days?

**Sailor #2:** We can't go on much longer, sir. We haven't eaten since the fifth day.

**Sailor #5:** We're done for, we're done for!

**Sailor #1:** Shut up, Morley.

**Sailor #2:** We've just got to keep hoping. Someone may find us.

**Sailor #4:** How we feeling, Captain?

**Sailor #5:** Not too good. I...I feel so weak.

**Sailor #2:** We can't hold out much longer.

**Sailor #5:** Listen...chaps...there's still a chance. I'm...done for, I've...got a gamy leg and I'm going fast; I'll never get through. But...some of you might. So...you'd better eat me.

**Sailor #1:** Eat you, sir?

**Sailor #5:** Yes. Eat me.

**Sailor #2:** Iiuuhh! With a gamy leg?

**Sailor #5:** You didn't eat the leg, Thompson. There's still plenty of good meat. Look at that arm.

**Sailor #3:** It's not just the leg, sir.

**Sailor #5:** What do you mean?

**Sailor #5:** Well, sir...it's just that -

**Sailor #5:** Why don't you want to eat me?

**Sailor #3:** I'd rather eat Johnson, sir! *(points to sailor #4)*

**Sailor #2:** So would I, sir.

**Sailor #5:** I see.

**Sailor #4:** Well that's settled then...everyone's gonna eat me!

**Sailor #1:** Uh, well.

**Sailor #5:** What, sir?

**Sailor #1:** No, no you go ahead, please, I won't.....

**Sailor #4:** Oh nonsense, sir, you're starving; ducking.

**Sailor #1:** No, no, it's not that.

**Sailor #2:** What's the matter with Johnson, sir?

**Sailor #1:** Well, he's not kosher.

**Sailor #3:** That depends how we kill him, sir.

**Sailor #1:** Yes, that's true. But to be perfectly frank I...I like my meat a little more lean. I'd rather eat Hodges.

**Sailor #2:** Oh well, all right.

**Sailor #5:** I still prefer Johnson.

**Sailor #5:** I wish you'd all stop bickering and eat me.

**Sailor #2:** Look. I tell you what. Those who want to can eat Johnson. And you, sir, can have my leg. And we make some stock from the Captain, and then we'll have Johnson cold for supper.

**Sailor #1:** Good thinking, Hodges.

**Sailor #4:** And we'll finish off with the peaches. *(picks up a tin of . peaches)*

**Sailor #3:** And we can start off with the avocados. *(picks up two avocados)* **Sailor #1:** Waitress! *(a waitress walks in)* We've decided now, we're going to have leg of Hodges...

*(Boos off-screen. Cut to a letter.)*

**Voice Over:** Dear Sir, I am glad to hear that your studio audience disapproves of the last skit as strongly as I. As a naval officer I abhor the implication that the Royal Navy is a haven for cannibalism. It is well known that we now have the problem relatively under control, and that it is the RAF who now suffer the largest casualties in this area. And what do you think the Argylls ate in Aden. Arabs? Yours etc. Captain B.J. Smethwick in a white wine sauce with shallots, mushrooms and garlic.

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# The Undertakers Sketch

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 26

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 26](#), it was also featured on their albums 'Another Monty Python Record' and 'Monty Python's The Final Ripoff'

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## The cast:

MAN

John Cleese

**UNDERTAKER**

Graham Chapman



**FRED**

Eric Idle

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## The sketch:

**Man:** (*entering a shop*) Um, excuse me, is this the undertaker's?

**Undertaker:** Yup, that's right, what can I do for you, squire?

**Man:** Um, well, I wonder if you can help me. My mother has just died and I'm not quite sure what I should do.

**Undertaker:** Ah, well, we can 'elp you. We deal with stiffes.

**Man:** (*aghast*) Stiffes?

**Undertaker:** Yea. Now there's three things we can do with your mum. We can bury her, burn her, or dump her.

**Man:** Dump her?

**Undertaker:** Dump her in the Thames.

**Man:** (*still aghast*) What?

**Undertaker:** Oh, did you like her?

**Man:** Yes!

**Undertaker:** Oh well, we won't dump her, then. Well, what do you think: burn her, or bury her?

**Man:** Um, well, um, which would you recommend?

**Undertaker:** Well they're both nasty. If we burn her, she gets stuffed in the flames, crackle, crackle, crackle, which is a bit of a shock if she's not quite dead. But quick. And then you get a box of ashes, which you can pretend are hers.

**Man:** (*timidly*) Oh.

**Undertaker:** Or, if you don't wanna fry her, you can bury her. And then she'll get eaten up by maggots and weevils, nibble, nibble, nibble, which isn't so hot if, as I said, she's not quite dead.

**Man:** I see. Um. Well, I.. I.. I.. I'm not very sure. She's definitely dead.

**Undertaker:** Where is she?

**Man:** In the sack.

**Undertaker:** Let's 'ave a look.

*(FX: rustle of bag opening)*

**Undertaker:** Umm, she looks quite young.

**Man:** Yes, she was.

**Undertaker:** *(over his shoulder)* FRED!

**Fred:** *(offstage)* Yea!

**Undertaker:** I THINK WE'VE GOT AN EATER!

**Fred:** I'll get the oven on!

**Man:** Um, er...excuse me, um, are you... are you suggesting we should eat my mother?

*(pause)*

**Undertaker:** Yeah. Not raw, not raw. We cook her. She'd be delicious with a few french fries, a bit of stuffing. Delicious! *(smacks his lips)*

**Man:** What! *(he stammers)*

*(pause)*

**Man:** Actually, I do feel a bit peckish - No! NO, I can't!

**Undertaker:** Look, we'll eat your mum. Then, if you feel a bit guilty about it afterwards, we can dig a grave and you can throw up into it.

**Man:** All right.



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**TWENTY-SEVEN - Titled: "Whicker's World and released on 19th October 1972**

- [Court Scene - Multiple Murderer](#)
- [Icelandic Saga](#)
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**TWENTY-EIGHT - (Untitled)**

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## **THIRTY - (Untitled)**

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## **THIRTY-ONE - Titled: "The All-England Summarize Proust Competition"**

First shown on 16th November 1972

- ['Summarize Proust Competition'](#)
- [Hairdressers' Ascent Up Mount Everest](#)
- [Fire Brigade](#)
- [Our Eamonn](#)
- ['Party Hints' with Veronica Smalls](#)
- [Language Laboratory](#)
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## THIRTY-TWO - (Untitled)

First shown on 23rd November 1972

- [Tory Housewives Clean-up Campaign](#)
- [Gumby Brain Specialist](#)
- [Molluscs - 'Live' TV Documentary](#)
- [The Minister for Not Listening to People](#)
- [Tuesday Documentary](#)
- [Children's Story](#)
- [Party Political Broadcast](#)
- [Apology \(Politicians\)](#)
- [Expedition to Lake Pahoe](#)
- [The Silliest Interview We've Ever Had](#)
- [The Silliest Sketch We've Ever Done](#)

## THIRTY-THREE - (Untitled)

First shown on 30th November 1972

- [Biggles Dictates a Letter](#)
- [Climbing the North Face of the Uxbridge Road](#)
- [Lifeboat](#)
- [Old Lady Snoopers](#)
- ['Storage Jars'](#)
- [The Show so Far](#)
- [The Cheese Shop](#)
- [Philip Jenkinson on Cheese Westerns](#)
- [Sam Peckinpah's 'Salad Days'](#)
- [Apology](#)
- [The News with Richard Baker](#)
- [Seashore Interlude Film](#)

## THIRTY-FOUR - Titled: "The Cycling Tour"

First shown on 7th December 1972

- [Mr. Pither](#)
- [Clodagh Rogers](#)
- [Trotsky](#)

- [Smolensk](#)
- [Bingo-crazed Chinese](#)
- ['Jack in a Box'](#)

## **THIRTY-FIVE - (Untitled)**

First shown on 14th December 1972

- [Bomb on Plane](#)
- [A Naked Man](#)
- [Ten Seconds of Sex](#)
- [Housing Project Built by Characters from Nineteenth-century English Literature](#)
- [M1 Interchange Built by Characters from 'Paradise Lost'](#)
- [Mystico and Janet - Flats Built by Hypnosis](#)
- ['Mortuary Hour'](#)
- [The Olympic Hide-and-seek Final](#)
- [The Cheap-Laugh](#)
- [Bull-fighting](#)
- [The British Well-Basically Club](#)
- [Prices on the Planet Algon](#)

## **THIRTY-SIX - (Untitled)**

First shown on 21st December 1972

- [Tudor Jobs Agency](#)
- [Pornographic Bookshop](#)
- [Elizabethan Pornography Smugglers](#)
- [Silly Disturbances \(the Rev. Arthur Belling\)](#)
- [The Free Repetition of Doubtful Words Sketch, by an Underrated Author](#)
- ['Is There?'... Life after Death?](#)
- [The Man Who Says Words in the Wrong Order](#)
- [Thripshaw's Disease](#)
- [Silly Noises](#)
- [Sherry-drinking Vicar](#)

## **THIRTY-SEVEN - (Untitled)**

First shown on 4th January 1973

- ['Boxing Tonight' - Jack Bodell vS. Sir Kenneth Clark](#)
- [Dennis Moore](#)
- [Lupins](#)
- [What the Stars Foretell](#)
- [Doctor](#)
- [TV4 or Not TV4' Discussion](#)
- [Dennis Moore Rides Again](#)
- [Ideal Loon Exhibition](#)
- [Off-licence](#)
- ['Prejudice'](#)

## THIRTY-EIGHT - (Untitled)

First shown on 11th January 1973

- [Party Political Broadcast \(Choreographed\)](#)
- ['A Book at Bedtime - Redgauntlet'](#)
- [Kamikaze Scotsmen](#)
- [No Time to Lose](#)
- [Penguins \(inc BBC Programme Planners\)](#)
- [Unexploded Scotsmen](#)
- ['Spot the Looney'](#)
- [Rival Documentaries](#)
- ['Dad's Doctors' and other stories](#)

## THIRTY-NINE - Titled: "Grandstand"

First shown on 18th January 1973

- [Thames TV Introduction](#)
- ['Light Entertainment Awards' with Dickie Attenborough](#)
- [The Oscar Wilde Sketch](#)
- [Charwoman](#)
- [David Niven's Fridge](#)
- [Pasolini's Film 'The Third Test Match'](#)
- [New Brain from Curry's](#)
- [Blood Donor](#)
- [International Wife-swapping](#)
- [Credits of the Year](#)
- [Back to the 'Light Entertainment Awards'](#)
- [The Dirty Vicar Sketch](#)



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# Court Scene - Multiple Murder

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 27](#)

---

**The cast:**

**JUDGE**

Terry Jones

**RANDALL**  
Eric Idle

**FIRST POLICEMAN**  
Graham Chapman

**COUNSEL**

John Cleese

# FOREMAN

Michael Palin

---

## The sketch:

*(Cut to a courtroom. Severe atmosphere.)*

**Judge:** Michael Norman Randall, you have been found guilty of the murder of Arthur Reginald Webster, Charles Patrick Trumpington, Marcel Agnes Bernstein, Lewis Anona Rudd, John Malcolm Kerr, Nigel Sinclair Robinson, Norman Arthur Potter, Felicity Jayne Stone, Jean-Paul Reynard, Rachel Shirley Donaldson, Stephen Jay Greenblatt, Karl-Heinz Mullet, Belinda Anne Ventham, Juan-Carlos Fernandez, Thor Olaf Stensgaard, Lord Kimberrley of Pretoria, Lady Kimberley of Pretoria, The Right Honourable Nigel WarmIcy Kimberley, Robert Henry Noonan and Felix James Bennett, on or about the morning of the 19th December 1972. Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?

**Randall:** Yes, sir. I'm very sorry.

**Judge:** Very sorry!

**Randall:** Yes, sir. It was a very very bad thing to have done and I'm really very ashamed of myself, I can only say it won't happen again. To have murdered so many people in such a short space of time is really awful, and I really am very, very, very sorry that I did it, and also that I've taken up so much of the court's valuable time listening to the sordid details of these senseless killings of mine. I would particularly like to say, a very personal and sincere 'sorry' to you, m'lud, my lud for my appalling behaviour throughout this trial. I'd also like to say sorry to the police, for putting them to so much trouble *(shot of three heavily bandaged exhausted-looking policemen behind him)* for the literally hours of work they've had to put in, collecting evidence and identifying corpses and so forth. You know I think sometimes we ought to realize the difficult and often dangerous work involved in tracking down violent criminals like myself and I'd last like them to know that their fine work is at least appreciated by me.

*(The policemen look embarrassed.)*

**First Policeman:** No, no, we were only doing our job.

**Second Policeman:** No, no, no, no.

**Randall:** It's very good of you to say that, but I know what you've been through.

**First Policeman:** No, no, we've had worse.

**Third Policeman:** It was plain sailing apart from the arrest.

**Randall:** I know and I'm grateful I'd like to apologize too to the prosecuting counsel for dragging him in here morning after morning in such lovely weather.

**Counsel:** Well, I would have had to come in anyway.

**Randall:** Ah good, but what a presentation of a case!

**Counsel:** Oh thank you.

**Randall:** No, no, it's a privilege to watch you in action. I never had a chance.

**Counsel:** Oh yes you did.

**Randall:** Not after that summing up. Great.

**Counsel:** Oh thank you. (*very chuffed*)

**Randall:** And now I must come to the jury. What can I say. I've dragged you in here, day after day, keeping you away from your homes, your jobs, your loved ones, just to hear the private details of my petty atrocities.

**Foreman:** No, no, 'it was very interesting.

**Randall:** But you could have had a much nicer case.

**Foreman:** No, no, murder's much more fun.

**First Juryman:** Yes and so many of them.

**Second Juryman:** Excellent.

**Third Juryman:** We've had a terrific time. (*the jury applauds*)

**Randall:** (*blows his nose, does a Dickie Attenborough*) I'm sorry, I'm very moved. And so, m'lud, it only remains for you to pass the most savage sentence on me that the law can provide.

**Judge:** Well er... not necessarily.

**Randall:** No, m'lud, the full penalty of the law is hardly sufficient, I insist I must be made an example of.

**Judge:** Well yes and no. I mean society at large...

**Randall:** Oh no, m'lud. Not with mass murder.

**Judge:** But in this case, (*to court*) don't you think?

**Court:** Yes, yes!

**Randall:** Oh, come on, m'lud, you've got to give me life.

**Court:** No, no, no, no.

**Randall:** *(to court at large)* Well, ten years at least.

**Judge:** Ten years!

**Court:** Shame. Shame!

**Randall:** Well five then. Be fair.

**Judge:** No, no. I'm giving you three months.

**Randall:** Oh no, that's so embarrassing. I won't hear of it. Give me six...please.

**Judge:** Well, all right. Six months.

**Randall:** Thank you, m'lud.

**Judge:** But suspended.

**Randall:** Oh no.

**Court:** Hooray. *(they applaud)*

**Foreman:** Three cheers for the defendant. Hip. Hip.

**Court:** Hooray.

**Foreman:** Hip. Hip.

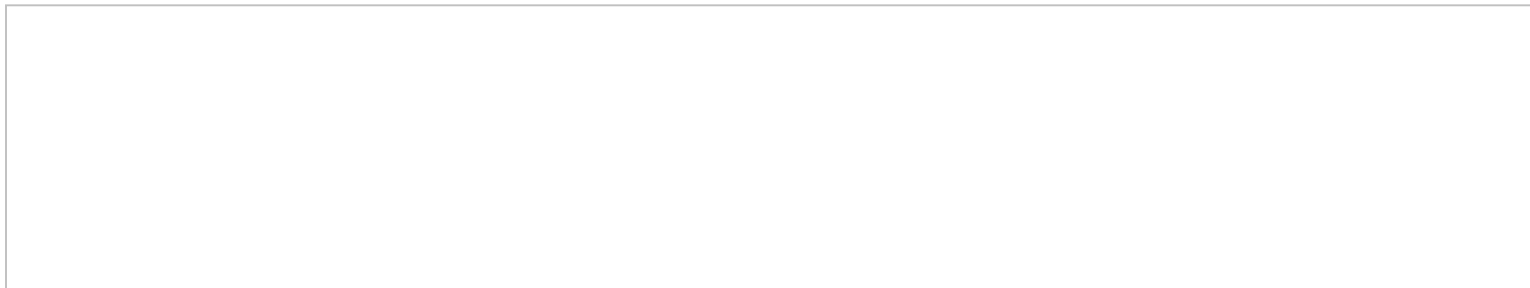
**Court:** Hooray.

**Foreman:** Hip. Hip.

**Court:** Hooray.

**All:** For he's a jolly good fellow For he's a jolly good fellow For he's a jolly good fellow

**Voice:** *(off)* Which nobody can deny.







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# Icelandic Saga

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 27

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The cast:

**FIRST VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**VIKING**

Michael Palin

**ANNOUNCER**

John Cleese

**SECOND VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

# **THIRD VOICE OVER**

Terry Jones

**FOURTH VOICE OVER**

Michael Palin



**MAYOR**

Michael Palin

## The sketch:

CAPTION: 'NJORL'S SAGA -- PART II'

*(Pan across a bleak landscape.)*

**1st Voice Over:** This little-known Icelandic saga, written by an unknown hand in the late thirteenth century, has remained undiscovered until today. Now it comes to your screens for the first time. Fresh from the leaves of Iceland's history. The terrible 'Njorl's Saga'.

*(Cut to Viking.)*

**Viking:** It's not that terrible.

*(Cut to landscape. The announcer appears in the corner of the shot.)*

**Announcer:** No, I meant terribly violent.

*(Cut to Viking.)*

**Viking:** Oh yeah, yeah.

*(A Viking hut. A Viking comes out and has great difficulty mounting his horse.)*

**2nd Voice Over:** Erik Njofi, son of Frothgar, leaves his home to seek Hangar the Elder at the home of Thorvald Nlodvisson, the son of Gudleif, half brother of Thorgier, the priest of Ljosa water, who took to wife Thurunn, the mother of Thorkel Braggart, the slayer of Cudround the powerful, who knew Howal, son of Geernon, son of Erik from Valdalesc, son of Arval Gristlebeard, son of Harken, who killed Bjortguard in Sochnadale in Norway over Cudreed, daughter of Thorkel Long, the son of Kettle-Trout, the half son of Harviyoun Half-troll, father of Ingbare the Brave, who with Isenbert of Gottenberg the daughter of Hangbard the Fierce ... *(fades and continues under:)* **3rd Voice Over:** I must apologize for an error in the saga. Evidently Thorgier, the Priest of Ljosa water who took to wife Thurunn, the mother of Thorkel Braggart, the slayer of Gudmund the powerful, who knew Howal, son of Geernon, son of Erik from Vadalesc ... *(fades under next speech)* *(The Viking has still failed to mount his horse. Both he and the horse look a bit exasperated.)*

**1st Voice Over:** Well I'm afraid we're having a little trouble getting this very exciting Icelandic saga started. If any of you at home have any ideas about how to get this exciting saga started again here's the address to write to:

**4th Voice Over:** Help the Exciting Icelandic Saga, 18b MacNorten Buildings, Oban.

CAPTION: HELP THE EXCITING ICELANDIC SAGA  
C/O MATCH OF THE DAY  
BBC TIT

THE LARCHES  
26 WESTBROOK AVENUE  
FAVERSHAM  
KENT

*(Cut to an office: the announcer at a desk. At another desk a secretary, applies a deodorant spray to her bust.)*

**Announcer:** *(to camera)* Hello, well I was the third voice you heard just now. I'm sorry about that terrible mess.

*(Cut to the Viking at wheel of car.)*

**Viking:** (MICHAEI) Well it wasn't all that terrible.

*(Cut back to the office.)*

**Announcer:** No, no, I meant terrible in the sense of unfortunate.

*(Cut to the Viking.)*

**Viking:** Oh.

*(Cut back to the office.)*

**Announcer:** Anyway, our plea for assistance has been answered by the North Malden Icelandic Saga Society who've given us some very useful information about the saga and so we carD' on now with 'Njorl's Saga' with our thanks going, once again, to the North Maiden Icelandic Saga Society.

*(Cut to the Viking standing by his home. He is asleep.)*

**2nd Voice Over:** Erik Njorl, son of Frothgar rode off into the desolate plain. *(the Viking manages to mount the horse; he rides off)* Day and night he rode, looking neither to right nor left. Stopping neither for food nor rest. *(shots of Erik riding through a bleak landscape)* Twelve days and nights he rode. Through rain and storm. Through wind and snow beyond the enchanted waterfall, *(Erik rides past a Waterfall)* through the elfin glades until he reached his goal. *(shot of a modern road sign.' 'North Malden -please drive carefully)* He had found the rich and pleasant land beyond the mountains, *(shots of Erik riding gently through a modern suburban shopping street)* the land where golden streams sang their way through fresh green meadows. Where there were houses and palaces, an excellent swimming pool and one of the most attractive bonus incentive schemes for industrial development in the city. Only fifteen miles from excellent Thames-side docking facilities and within easy reach of the proposed M25. Here it was that Erik Njorl, son of Frothgar, met the mayor. Mr Arthur Huddinut, a local solicitor.

*(Erik rides up to the town hall and is met by the mayor.)*

**Mayor:** Welcome to North Malden. *(to camera)* Yes, everyone is welcome to North Malden, none more so than the businessmen and investors who shape our society of the future. Here at North Malden...

*(His voice fades under the following.)*

**1st Voice Over:** And we apologize to viewers of 'Njorl's Saga' who may be confused by some of the references to North Malden. After a frank exchange of views we have agreed to carry on showing this version supplied to us by the North Malden Icelandic Saga Society on the undertaking that future scenes will adhere more closely to the spirit of twelfth-century Iceland.

*(Film leader countdown (5, 4, 3. . .) then shot of Erik riding away into bleak landscape.)*

**2nd Voice Over:** With moist eyes, Erik leaves this happy land to return to the harsh uneconomic realities of life in the land of Ljosa waters. On his way Efik rested a while in the land of Bjornsstrand - the land of dark forces, where Gildor was King. *(Erik comes to a river in a wood; he drinks)* These were the dukes of the land of Bjornsstrand. *(sudden shot of six armoured knights standing in a row)* Proud warriors who bore on their chests the letters of their dread name.

*(The knights move their shields to reveal on their breastplates the letters M.A.L.D.E.N. Shots of Erik battling with the knights. A telephone rings and the following conversation is heard.)*

**Announcer:**'s Voice Hello? Is that the North Malden Icelandic Society?

**Voice:** Yes, that's right.

**Announcer:** About this saga.

**Voice:** Oh yes, the Icelandic saga.

**Announcer:** Yes.

**Voice:** Good, isn't it.

**Announcer:** Well er, I don't know, but you promised us that you would stick to the spirit of the original text.

**Voice:** Yes, that's right.

**Announcer:** Well I mean a lot of these things that are happening, well they just don't quite ring true.

*(One of the knights is carrying a sign: Malden, Gateway to Industry '.)*

**Voice:** Well, it's a new interpretation really.

*(Another carries a sign, 'ICI thanks Malden '.)*

**Announcer:** Well we don't want a new...

FLASH FRAME CAPTION: 'INVEST IN MALDEN'

**Announcer:** ... I mean we wanted the proper thing... I mean just look what's happening now.

*(More signs: 'Invest in Malden ', Malden - 45% Interest Free Loans '.)*

**Voice:** Banners were a very important part of Icelandic lore, Mr Mills.

**Announcer:** No, no, I'm sorry I, I can't accept that, it's gone too far, I'm very sorry but we'll have to terminate the agreement. You're just trying to cash in on the BBC's exciting Icelandic saga.

*(The knights are carrying more and more advertising banners and signs.)*

**Voice:** That's business, Mr Mills.

**Announcer:** Well, that's as maybe but it's not the way the BBC works.

**Voice:** Well I'm sorry you feel that way but er, you know, if you ever want to come to Malden...

FLASH CAPTION: 'INVEST IN MALDEN'

*(Film leader countdown...5, 4, 3...)*

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# Court Scene (Viking)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 27](#)

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The cast:

**MAN**

Graham Chapman

**JUDGE**

Terry Jones



**PROSECUTING COUNSEL**

John Cleese

USHER

Eric Idle

**SUPERINTENDENT**  
Graham Chapman

# CONSTABLE

Michael Palin

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## The sketch:

CAPTION: 'NJORL'S SAGA -- PART III'

*(Usual dramatic music. Fade music as we come up on a courtroom. A man, Mr Birchenhall, is giving evidence.)*

**Man:** 8 o'clock is a peak viewing hour so naturally we tend to sack to our comedy output - unless of course there's sport - because of course we know this is popular, and popularity is what television is about. Quite frankly I'm sick and tired of people accusing us of being ratings conscious.

**Judge:** *(to the clerk of the court)* Ratings conscious?

**Clerk:** Transmitting bland garbage, m'lud.

**Judge:** Thank you.

**Man:** Now I'm really cheesed off. I mean it's not your high-brow bleeding plays that pull in the viewers, you know.

**Judge:** *(bored)* Thank you.

**Man:** *(getting more and more angry)* I mean Joe Public doesn't want to sit down and watch three hours of documentaries every evening.

**Judge:** Thank you.

**Man:** He wants to sit down and he wants to be entertained, he doesn't want a load... *(he is helped out of court by two policemen, still protesting violently)* No really - I'm absolutely fed up with this. I really am.

**Judge:** *(banging gavel)* Case dismissed.

*(The prosecuting counsel rises anxiously.)*

**Prosecuting Counsel:** Case dismissed, m'lud?

**Judge:** Oh all right, five years.

**Prosecuting Counsel:** Thank you, m'lud. *(he sits)*

**Judge:** Call the next case please.

**Prosecuting Counsel:** Call Erik Njorl, son of Frothgar, brother of Hangnor... (etc.).

**Clerk:** Call Erik Njorl ... (etc.),

**Voices:** (off) Call Erik Njorl .. , (etc.). (all calling at once)

*(Erik comes into the dock. He is bandaged almost totally, like a cocoon, including his head. He wears a Viking fur hat, The usher approaches him with the card and Bible.)*

**Usher:** You are Erik Njorl, son of Frothgar...

**Judge:** Get on with it!

**Usher:** Will you raise your right hand.

**Judge:** He obviously can't raise his right hand, you silly usher person... can you raise your right leg Mr Njorl?

*(Njorl shakes his head.)*

**Usher:** Can you raise any part of your body, Mr Njorl?

*(Njorl leans over and whispers in the usher's ear.)*

**Usher:** I see... well, we'll skip that... well, just take the book in your right hand Mr Njorl without raising any part of your body... Oh ....

**Judge:** What is it now, you persistently silly usher?

**Usher:**, He can't hold the Bible m'lud.

**Judge:** Well screw the Bible! Let's get on with this bleeding trial, I've got a Gay Lib meeting at 6 o'clock. Superintendent Lufthansa will you please read the charge.

**Superintendent:** Is a charge strictly necessary, m'lud?

**Judge:** (heavy aside) The press is here.

**Superintendent:** Oh sorry! Right, here we go. You are hereby charged. one, that you did, on or about 1126, conspire to publicize a London Borough in the course of a BBC sags; two, that you were willfully and persistently a foreigner; three, that you conspired to do 2 things not normally considered illegal; four, that you were caught , in possession of an offensive weapon, viz. the big brown table down at the police station.

**Judge:** The big brown table down at the police station?

**Superintendent:** It's the best we could find, m'lud ... and five... all together now...

*(The whole court shout together.)*

**Court:** Assaulting a police officer!

**Prosecuting Counsel:** Call Police Constable Pan-Am. *(Pan-Am runs into court and starts beating Njorl with a truncheon)* Into the witness box, constable ... there'll be plenty of time for that later on. *(the policeman gets into box hitting at anyone within range; his colleagues restrain him)* Now, you are Police Constable Pan-Am?

**Constable:** No, I shall deny that to the last breath in my body. *(superintendent nods)* Oh. Sorry, yes.

**Prosecuting Counsel:** Police constable, do you recognize the defendant?

**Constable:** No. Never seen him before in my life. *(superintendent nods)* Oh , yes, yes he's the one. He done it. I'd recognize him anywhere, sorry, super. *(the superintendent has the grace to look embarrassed)* **Prosecuting Counsel:** Constable, will you please tell the court in your own words what happened?

**Constable:** Oh yes! *(refers to his notebook)* I was proceeding in a northerly direction up Alitalia Street when I saw the deceased *(points at Njorl)* standing at an upstairs window, baring her bosom at the general public. She then took off her ... wait a tick. Wrong story. *(refers to his notebook)* Ho yes! There were three nuns in a railway compartment and the ticket inspector says to one of them. *(the superintendent shakes his head)* No, anyway I clearly saw the deceased...

**Clerk:** Defendant.

**Constable:** Defendant! Sorry. Sorry, super. I clearly saw the defendant ... doing whatever he's accused of Red handed. When kicked... he said: 'It's a fair ... cop, I done it all ... Right... no doubt about... that'. Then, bound as he was to the chair, he assaulted myself and three other consubles while bouncing around the cea. The end.

*(Spontaneous applause from the court. Shouts of more! more!. Pan-am raises his hands and the clapping and shouting dies down.)*

**Constable:** Thank you, thank you... and for my next piece of evidence...

**Superintendent:** I think you'd better leave it there, constable.

**Prosecuting Counsel:** Excellent evidence, constable *(the constable is removed, flailing his truncheon the while)* ... Thank you very much. Now then Mr Njofi, will you tell the court please where were you on the night of 1126? *(silence from the bandages)* Move any part of your body if you were north of a line from the Humbet to the Mersey. *(silence)* **Judge:** Is he in there, d'you think? . .. Hello... Hello! Defendant, are you there ... coo-ee! De-fend-ant... *(to the clerk of the court)* I think you'd better go and have a look, Maurice.

**Clerk:** Don't call me Maurice in court!

**Judge:** I'm sorry.

*(The clerk and prosecuting counsel and two policemen look inside Njorl, who is now in fact a framework of bandages with no one inside.)*

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# Stock Exchange Report

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 27

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The cast:



**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

## The sketch:

*(Animated sketch, leading us into a studio set; a man is sitting in front of a non-animated (but cheap) graph labelled 'Stock Market Report'.)*

**Voice Over:** And now the Stock Market Report by Exchange Telegraph.

**Man:** Trading was crisp at the start of the day with some brisk business on the floor. Rubber hardened and string remained confident. Little bits of tin consolidated although biscuits sank after an early gain and stools remained anonymous. Armpits rallied well after a poor start. Nipples rose dramatically during the morning but had declined by mid-afternoon, while teeth clenched and buttocks remained firm. Small' dark furry things increased severely on the floor, whilst rude jellies wobbled up and down, and bounced against rising thighs which had spread to all parts of the country by mid-afternoon. After lunch naughty things dipped sharply forcing giblets upwards with the nicky nacky noo. Ting tang tong rankled dithely, little tipples pooped and poppy things went pong! Gobble gabble gobble went the rickety rickety roo and ... *(a bucketful of water descends on him)*

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# Burying the Cat

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 27](#). It was also preformed on their album 'Monty Python's Previous Record' under the title of 'Putting Budgies Down'.

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## The cast:

**MRS. CONCLUSION**

Graham Chapman

**MRS. PREMISE**

John Cleese

---

## The sketch:

**Mrs. Conclusion :** Hullo, Mrs. Premise.

**Mrs. Premise :** Hullo, Mrs. Conclusion.

**Conclusion:** Busy Day?

**Premise:** Busy? I just spent four hours burying the cat.

**Conclusion:** \*Four hours\* to bury a cat?

**Premise:** Yes - it wouldn't keep still.

**Conclusion:** Oh - it wasn't dead, then?

**Premise:** No, no - but it's not at all well, so as we were going to be on the safe side.

**Conclusion:** Quite right - you don't want to come back from Sorrento to a dead cat. It'd be so anticlimactic. Yes, kill it now, that's what I say. We're going to have to have our budgie put down.

**Premise:** Really - is it very old?

**Conclusion:** No, we just don't like it. We're going to take it to the vet tomorrow.

**Premise:** Tell me, how do they put budgies down, then?

**Conclusion:** Well, it's funny you should ask that, because I've just been reading a great big book

about how to put your budgie down, and apparently you can either hit them with the book, or you can shoot them just there, just above the beak.

**Premise:** Just there? Well, well, well. 'Course, Mrs Essence flushed hers down the loo.

**Conclusion:** No, you shouldn't do that - no, that's dangerous. They \*breed\* in the \*sewers\*!



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# Mrs. Premise and Mrs. Conclusion visit Jean-Paul Sartre

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 27

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## The cast:

**MRS. CONCLUSION**

Graham Chapman

**MRS. PREMISE**

John Cleese

**MRS. INFERENCE**

Eric Idle

**WHICKER**

Eric Idle

# HEAD OF DRAMA

John Cleese

## MRS. SARTRE

Michael Palin

---

### The sketch:

*(ANIMATION; ends with an animated woman going into a laundromat. Cut to the interior of a laundromat. Various shabby folk sitting around. Mrs Conclusion approaches Mrs Premise and sits down.)*

**Mrs Conclusion:** Hello, Mrs Premise.

**Mrs Premise:** Hello, Mrs Conclusion.

**Mrs Conclusion:** Busy day?

**Mrs Premise:** Busy! I've just spent four hours burying the cat.

**Mrs Conclusion:** Four hours to bury a cat?

**Mrs Premise:** Yes! It wouldn't keep still, wriggling about howling its head off.

**Mrs Conclusion:** Oh - it wasn't dead then?

**Mrs Premise:** Well, no, no, but it's not at all a well cat so as we were going away for a fortnight's holiday, I thought I'd better bury it just to be on the safe side.

**Mrs Conclusion:** Quite fight. You don't want to come hack from Sortonto to a dead cat. It'd be so anticlimactic. Yes, kill it now, that's what I say.

**Mrs Premise:** Yes.

**Mrs Conclusion:** We're going to have our budgie put down.

**Mrs Premise:** Really? Is it very old?

**Mrs Conclusion:** No. We just don't like it. We're going to take it to the vet tomorrow.

**Mrs Premise:** Tell me, how do they put budgies down then?

**Mrs Conclusion:** Well it's funny you should ask that, but I've just been reading a great big book about how to put your budgie down, and apparently you can either hit them with the book, or, you can shoot them just there, just above the beak.

**Mrs Premise:** Just there!

**Mrs Conclusion:** Yes.

**Mrs Premise:** Well well well. 'Course, Mrs Essence flushed hers down the 100.

**Mrs Conclusion:** Ooh! No! You shouldn't do that - no that's dangerous. Yes, they breed in the sewers, and eventually you get evil-smelling flocks of huge soiled budgies flying out of people's lavatories infringing their personal freedom. *(life-size at-out of woman at end of last animation goes by)*  
Good morning Mrs Cut-out.

**Mrs Premise:** It's a funny thing freedom. I mean how can any of us be really free when we still have personal possessions.

**Mrs Conclusion:** You can't. You can't ' I mean, how can I go off and join Frelimo when I've got nine more instalments to pay on the fridge.

**Mrs Premise:** No, you can't. You can't. Well this is the whole crux of Jean-Paul Sartre's 'Roads to Freedom'.

**Mrs Conclusion:** No, it bloody isn't. The nub of that is, his characters stand for all of us in their desire to avoid action. Mind you, the man at the off-licence says it's an everyday story of French country folk.

**Mrs Premise:** What does he know?

**Mrs Conclusion:** Nothing.

**Mrs Premise:** Sixty new pence for a bottle of Maltese Claret. Well I personally think Jean-Paul's masterwork is an allegory of man's search for commitment.

**Mrs Conclusion:** No it isn't.

**Mrs Premise:** Yes it is.

**Mrs Conclusion:** Isn't.

**Mrs Premise:** 'Tis.

**Mrs Conclusion:** No it isn't.

**Mrs Premise:** All right. We can soon settle this. We'll ask him.

**Mrs Conclusion:** Do you know him?

**Mrs Premise:** Yes, we met on holiday last year.

**Mrs Conclusion:** In Ibeezer?

**Mrs Premise:** Yes. He was staying there with his wife and Mr and Mr Genet. Oh, I did get on well with Madam S. We were like that.

**Mrs Conclusion:** What was Jean-Paul like?



**Mrs Premise:** Well, you know, a bit moody. Yes, he didn't join in the fun much. Just sat there thinking. Still, Mr Rotter caught him a few times with the whoopee cushion. *(she demonstrates)* Le Capitalisme et La Bourgeoisie ils sont la m~me chose... Oooh we did laugh.

**Mrs Conclusion:** Well, we'll give a tinkle then.

**Mrs Premise:** Yes, all right. She said they were in the book. *(shouts)* Where's the Paris telephone directory?

**Mrs Inference:** It's on the drier.

**Mrs Premise:** No, no, that's Budapest. Oh here we are Sartre ... Saltre.

**Mrs Varley:** It's 621036.

**Mrs Premise:** Oh, thank you, Mrs Vafley. *(dials)* Hallo. Paris 621036 please and make it snappy, buster... *(as they wait they sing 'The Girl from Ipanema')* Hallo? Hello Mrs Sartre. It's Beulagh Premise here. Oh, pardon, c'est Beulagh Premise ici, oui, oui, dons Ibeezer. Oui, we met... nous nous recontrons au Hotel Miramar. Oui, à la . barbeque, c'est vrai. Madame S. - est-ce que Jean est chez vous? Oh merde. When will he be free? Oh pardon. Quand sera-t-il libre? Ooooooh. Ha ha ha ha *(to Mrs Conclusion)* She says he's spent the last sixty years trying to work that one out. *(to Madame Satrre)* Très amusant, Madam S. Oui absolument... à bientôt. *(puts the phone down)* Well he's out distributing pamphlets to the masses but he'll be in at six.

**Mrs Conclusion:** Oh well, I'll ring BEA then.

*(Cut to them sitting on a raft in mid-ocean.)*

**Mrs Premise:** Oh look, Paris!

*(Cut to shot of a notice board on the seashore, it reads 'North Malden Welcomes Careful Coastal Craft'.)*

**Mrs Conclusion:** That's not Paris. Jean-Paul wouldn't live here. It's a right old dump.

*('Alan Whicker', complete with microphone, walks in front of sign.)*

**Whicker:** But this is where they were wrong. For this was no old dump, but a town with a future, an urban EXdorado where the businessmen of today can enjoy the facilities of tomorrow in the comfort of yesterday. Provided by a go-getting, go-ahead council who know just how loud money can talk. *(a phone off-screen stuns to ring)* Interest rates are so low...

*(Cut to head of drama's office; he is on the phone.)*

**Head of Drama:** Well ifs none of my business but we had the same trouble with one of our Icelandic sagas. These people are terribly keen but they do rather tend to take over. I think I'd stick to Caribbean Islands if I were you. *(rings off)* Fine... and now back to the saga.

CAPTION: 'NJORL'S SAGA - PART IV'

*( Thundering music. Cut to an Icelandic seashore. Dark and impressive. After a pause the pepperpots walk into shot.)*

**Mrs Premise:** Here - this is not Paris, this is Iceland.

**Mrs Conclusion:** Oh, well, Paris must be over there then. *(points out to the sea; they walk back to the raft)*

*(Stock shot of Eiffel Tower. French accordion music. Mix through to French street thronged by cod Frenchmen with berets and loaves. Mrs Conclusion and Mrs Premise appear and walk up to the front door of an apartment block. On the front door is a list of the inhabitants of the block. They read it out loud.)* **Mrs Premise:** Oh, here we are, Number 25 .... *(reads)* Flat I, Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Flat 2, Yves Montand, Flat 3, Jacques Cousteau, Flat 4, Jean Genet and Friend, Flat 5, Maurice Laroux...

**Mrs Conclusion:** Who's he?

**Mrs Premise:** Never heard of him. Flat 6, Marcel Marceau, Walking Against the Wind Ltd. Flat 7, Indira Gandhi?

**Mrs Conclusion:** She gets about a bit, doesn't she?

**Mrs Premise:** Yes, Flat 8, Jean-Paul and Betty-Muriel Same.

*(She rings the bell. A voice comes from the intercom.)*

**Voice:** Oui.

**Mrs Premise:** C'est nous, Betty-Muriel, excusez que nous sommes en retard.

**Voice:** Entrez.

*(Buzzer sounds.)*

**Mrs Premise:** Oui, merci.

*(Interior the Sartres flat. It is littered with books and papers. We hear Jean-Paul coughing. Mrs Sartre goes to the door. She is a ratbag with a fag in her mouth and a duster over her head. A French song is heard on the radio. She switches it off.)*

**Mrs Sartre:** (MICHAEL) Oh, rubbish. *(opens the door)* Bonjour.

**Mrs Conclusion:** *(entering)* Parlez vous Anglais?

**Mrs Sartre:** Oh yes. Good day. *(Mrs Premise comes in)* Hello, love!

**Mrs Premise:** Hello! Oh this is Mrs Conclusion from No. 46.

**Mrs Sartre:** Nice to meet you, dear.

**Mrs Conclusion:** Hello.

**Mrs Premise:** How's the old man, then?

**Mrs Sartre:** Oh, don't ask. He's in one of his bleeding moods. 'The bourgeoisie this is the bourgeoisie that' - he's like a little child sometimes. I was only telling the Rainiers the other day - course he's always rude to them, only classy friends we've got - I was saying solidarity with the masses I said... pie in the sky! Oooh! You're not a Marxist are you Mrs Conclusion?

**Mrs Conclusion:** No, I'm a Revisionist.

**Mrs Sartre:** Oh good. I mean, look at this place! I'm at my wits' end. Revolutionary leaflets everywhere. One of these days I'll revolutionary leaflets him. If it wasn't for the goat you couldn't get in here for propaganda.

*(Shot of a goat eating leaflets in comer of room.)*

**Mrs Premise:** Oh very well. Can we pop in and have a word with him?

**Mrs Sartre:** Yes come along.

**Mrs Premise:** Thank you.

**Mrs Sartre:** But be careful. He's had a few. Mind you he's as good as gold in the morning, I've got to hand it to him, but come lunchtime it's a bottle of vin ordinalre - six glasses and he's ready to agitate.

*(Mrs Premise and Mrs Conclusion knock on the door of Jean-Paul's room.)*

**Mrs Premise:** Coo-ee! Jean-Paul? Jean-Paul! It's only us. Oh pardon ... c'est m'me nous...

*(They enter. We do not see Jean-Paul although we hear his voice.)*

**Jean-Paul:** Oui.

**Mrs Premise:** Jean-Paul. Your famous trilogy 'Rues i Liberte, is it an allegory of man's search for commitment?

**Jean-Paul:** Oui.

**Mrs Premise:** I told you so.

**Mrs Conclusion:** Oh coitus.

*(Stock shot of a plane taking off)*

CAPTION: 'THE END'

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# Whicker Island

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 27](#)

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**The cast:**

**FIRST WHICKER**  
Eric Idle

**SECOND WHICKER**

Terry Jones

**THIRD WHICKER**  
Michael Palin



**FOURTH WHICKER**  
Graham Chapman

**FIFTH WHICKER**

John Cleese

## The sketch:

*(A stock shot of a jet landing which they always use to introduce 'Whicker's World'. This leads us into Whicker Island - a tropical island paradise where all the inhabitants have Alan Whicker suits, glasses and microphones.)*

CAPTION: 'WHICKER'S WORLD'

*(Various Whickers pace past the camera.)*

**First Whicker:** Today we look at a vanishing race. A problem people who are fast disappearing off the face of the earth.

**Second Whicker:** A race who one might say are losing a winning battle.

**Third Whicker:** They live in a sunshine paradise, a Caribbean dream, where only reality is missing.

**Fourth Whicker:** For this is Whicker Island.

**Fifth Whicker:** An island inhabited entirely by ex-international interviewers in pursuit of the impossible dream.

**First Whicker:** The whole problem of Whicker Island is here in a nutshell.

**Second Whicker:** There are just too many Whickers.

**Third Whicker:** The light-weight suits.

**Fourth Whicker:** The old school tie.

**Fifth Whicker:** The practiced voice of the seasoned campaigner.

**First Whicker:** Cannot hide the basic tragedy here.

**Second Whicker:** There just aren't enough rich people left to interview.

*(Cut to a different location.)*

**Third Whicker:** You can't teach an old dog new tricks and so *(turning to a swimming pod with lots of Whickers around it, wandering with stick mikes and stuttering)* you find them...

**Fourth Whicker:** *(seated by swimming pool)* Sitting beside elegant swimming pools...

**Fifth Whicker:** *(seated at drinks table, with sun umbrella)* ... sipping Martinis...

**First Whicker:** *(standing by the pool)* .. and waiting for the inevitable interview.

**Second Whicker:** *(standing fully clothed in the pool)* I talked to the island's only white man, Father Pierre.

*(Cut to a different location. Feeling of heat. The third Whicker stands beside a priest in a white robe.)*

**Third Whicker:** Father Pierre, why did you stay on in this colonial Campari-land where the clink of glasses mingles with the murmur of a million mosquitoes, where waterfalls of whisky wash away the worries of a world-weary Whicker, where gin and tonic jingle in a gyroscopic jubilee of something beginning With J - Father Pierre, why did you stay on here?

**Father Pierre:** *(putting on a pair of Whicker-style glasses)* Well mainly for the interviews.

**Fifth Whicker:** Well there you have it, a crumbling...

**First Whicker:** ... empire in the sun-drenched...

**Second Whicker:** Caribbean, where the cliches sparkle on the waters...

**Third Whicker:** ... like the music of repeat fees...

**First Whicker:** And so...

**Fifth Whicker:** ... from Whicker Island...

**First Whicker:** ... it's...

**Second Whicker:** ... fare...

**Third Whicker:** ... well and...

**Fourth Whicker:** ... bon...

**Fifth Whicker:** . . . voy...


**First Whicker:** ... age.

*(Cut to film of Whicker plane taking off. Roll credits, which read:)*

WHICKER'S WORLD WAS CONCEIVED, WRITTEN AND PERFORMED  
BY

ALAN WHICKER  
JOHN CLEESE WHICKER  
GRAHAM WHICKER CHAPMAN  
ALAN MICHAEL PALIN WHICKER  
ERIC WHICKER WH1CKER IDLE  
TERRY TERRY WHICKER ALAN GILLIAM

ALSO APPEARING  
ALAN WHICKER  
MRS IDLE  
CONNIE WHICKER BOOTH  
RITA WHICKER DAVIES  
NIGEL WHICKER JONES  
FRANK WILLIAMS AS THE BOY WHICKER  
MAKE UP ALAN WHICKER AND MADELAINE GAFFNEY  
ALAN WHICKER COSTUMES HAZEL PETHIG  
ANIMATIONS BY TERRY WHICKER GILLIAM  
MR WHICKER KINDLY PHOTOGRAPHED ON FILM BY ALAN FEATHERSTONE  
EDITED ON FILM BY RAY MILLICHOPE  
MR WHICKER'S SOUND BY ALAN WHICKER, ALAN WHICKER AND RICHARD CHUBB  
MR WHICKER WAS ENTIRELY LIT BY JIMMY PURDIE (ASSISTED BY ALAN WHICKER)  
MR WHICKER WAS DESIGNED BY ROBERT BERK  
PRODUCED BY ALAN WHICKER OH, AND IAN MCNAUGHTON  
A BBC WHICKER COLOUR PRODUCTION



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# Emigration from Surbiton Hounslow

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 28

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**

Eric Idle

**MR. NORRIS**

Michael Palin

**MRS. NORRIS**

Graham Chapman

**MAN ON RIGHT**  
Terry Jones



## **The sketch:**

*(Pull back from a shot of an old little Ford Popular to reveal Mr and Mrs Norris, standing with it outside the front garden of a small suburban semi-detached house.)*

**Voice Over:** Who, a year ago, had heard of Mr and Mrs Brian Norris of 37, Gledhill Gardens, Parsons Green? And yet their epic journey in EBW 343 has set them alongside Thor Heyerdahl and Sir Edmund Hillary. Starting only with a theory, Mr Norris set out to prove that the inhabitants of Hounslow could have been descendants of the people of Surbiton who had made the great trek north. No newcomer to this field, Mr Norris's 'A Short History of Motor Traffic Between Parley and Esher' had become a best-selling minor classic in the car-swapping belt. *(shot of Mr Norris gazing into a window, where his book lies; there is a sign saying 'Remaindered')* But why would the people of Surbiton go to Hounslow? Mr Norris had noticed three things: *(split-screen shot of two identical semi-detached houses)* Firstly, the similarity of the houses. Secondly, the similarity of the costume between Hounslow and Surbiton, *(similarly, dressed suburbanites on tither side of the split screen)* and thirdly, the similarity of speech.

*(Split screen.)*

**Man on Right:** Are you still running the GDBDMDB?

**Man on Left:** Yes, but I've had the excess nipples wopped to remove tamping.

**Man on Left:** Jolly good.

**Voice Over:** Were these just coincidences, or were they, as Mr Norris believed, part of an identical cultural background? One further discovery convinced him. *(cut to two lawn mowers arranged on a table, as if they were exhibits in a museum, with hand-written documentation in front of them for the visitor)* The lawnmower. Surely such a gadget could not have been generated independently in two separate areas. Mr Norris was convinced.

**Mr Norris's Voice:** I'm convinced.

**Voice Over:** But how to prove it.

**Mr Norris's Voice:** But how to prove it.

**Voice Over:** There was only one way to see if the journey between Surbiton and Hounslow was possible, and that was to try and make it. Months of preparation followed whilst Mr Norris continued his research in the Putney Public Library, *(Mr Norris in a library reading a book titled 'The Lady with the Naked Skin' by Paul Fox Jnr)* and Mrs Norris made sandwiches.

*(Cut to Mr and Mrs Norris leaving their home.)*

**Voice Over:** Finally, by April, they were ready. On the 23rd, Mr and Mrs Norris set out from 'Abide-A-Wee' to motor the fifteen miles to Surbiton, watched by a crowd of local well-wishers. *(one tiny child holding a small British flag)* That evening they dined at Tooting. *(quick flash of them sitting in the window of a Golden Egg or Wimpy place)* This would be the last they'd see of civilization. Mr Norris's diary for the 23rd reveals the extraordinary calmness and deep inner peacefulness of his mind.

*(We see the diary.)*

**Mr Norris's Voice:** 7.30 Fed cat. 8.00 Breakfast. 8.30 Yes (successfully). 9.00 Set out on historic journey.

*(Cut to Mr Norris's car driving along a suburban road. A sign says 'You are now leaving Surbiton, gateway to Esher'.)*

**Voice Over:** On the morning of the 24th, early to avoid the traffic, Mr Norris's historic expedition set out from Surbiton - destination Hounslow. Early on they began to perceive encouraging signs. *(cut to sign saying 'Hoursslow 25 miles ';* Mr Norris closely examines the sign, as would an archaeologist) The writing on the sign was almost exactly the same as the writing in the AA book. They were on the right route. During the long hours of the voyage, Mr Norris's wife Betty kept a complete photographic record and made sandwiches. This is some of the unique footage which Mrs Norris got back from the chemists... *(badly, shot pictures of sandwiches, with fingers in the lens, etc.)* Mile succeeded mile and the terrific strain was beginning to tell when suddenly, *(chord;* Mr Norris points excitedly, pull back to reveal him standing on a bridge over the Kingston by-pass examining it through field glasses) by an amazing stroke of luck, Mr Norris had come across the Kingston by-pass. This was something to tell the Round Table. *(cut to a map, it traces the two routes in red as the voice talks)* At this stage, Mr Norris was faced with two major divergent theories concerning his Surbiton ancestors. Did they take the Kingston by-pass, turning left at Barnes, or did they strike west up the A308 via Norbiton to Hampton Wick? Both these theories ran up against one big obstacle - the Thames, *(the car at a river bank; Mr and Mrs Norris puzzling; behind them three or four bridges with traffic pouring over)* lying like a silver turd between Richmond and Isleworth. This was a major setback. How could they possibly cross the river? Several hours of thought produced nothing. There was only one flask of coffee left when suddenly Mr Norris spotted ' something. *(cut to a sign saying Metropolitan Railway)* Could this have been the method used? Hardly daring to believe, Mr Norris led his expedition on to the 3.47. *(cut to them getting on the train)* Forty minutes later, via Clapham, Fulham, Chiswick and Brentford, they approached their goal: Hounslow. *(a sign saying 'Hounslow Central'; Mr Nortis sticks a British flag on the platform; he poses for his wife's photos; much hand shaking)* Was this, then, the final proof? Something aroused the accountant's instinct buried deep in Mr Norris's make-up. *(cut to Mr Norris's eyes and furrowed brow)* The journey was possible, and yet .... *(zoom in on railway timetable on wall saying 'Trains to Surbiton every half hour)* 'Wrong Way' Norris had accidentally stumbled on a piece of anthropological history. It was the inhabitants of Hounslow who had made the great trek south to the sunnier pastures of Surbiton, and not vice versa, as he had originally surmised. This was the secret of Surbiton! Happy and contented Mr Norris returned to the calmer waters of chartered accountancy, for, in his way, 'Wrong Way' Norris was right.

*(Music swells, over book title 'The Story of EBW 343 ' by 'Wrong Way' Norris.)*

CAPTION: 'THE END'

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# Schoolboys' Life Assurance Company

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 28

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The cast:

**HEADMASTER**  
Michael Palin

**STEBBINS**  
Eric Idle

**BALDERSTON**

Terry Gilliam

**TIDWELL**

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to a headmaster's study.)*

**Headmaster:** Knock, enter and approach. *(knock on door; it opens and three schoolboys in short trousers enter)* Right, it's come to my notice that certain boys have been running a unit-trust linked assurance scheme with fringe benefits and full cash-in endowment facilities. Apparently small investors were attracted by the wide-ranging portfolio and that in the first week the limited offer was oversubscribed eight times.

**Stebbins:** It was Tidwell's idea, sir.

**Headmaster:** Shut up, Stebbins! I haven't finished. Oh, by the way, congratulations on winning the Italian Grand Prix at Monza.

**Stebbins:** Thank you, sir.

**Headmaster:** Shut up. Now then, this sort of extra-curricular capitalist expansion has got to stop! I made it quite clear when Potter tried to go public last term, that these massive stock exchange deals must not happen in Big School. Is that clear, Balderston?

**Balderston:** Yes, sir.

**Headmaster:** Oh, and Balderston, next time you do a 'Panorama' Report on the Black Ghettos you must get an exert form from Mr Dibley.

**Balderston:** Sorry, sir.

**Headmaster:** Shut up, and stop slouching. Now, the reason I called you in here today, is that my wife is having a little trouble with her,.. er... with her waterworks, and I think she needs a bit of attention, Now, which one of you is the surgeon? *(silence)* Come on, I know one of you is, which one is it? *(Tidwell raises hand reluctantly)* Ah! Tidwell. Good. Well, I want you to cut along and have a look at the wife.

**Tidwell:** Oh, sir! Why don't you ask Stebbins? He's a gynaecologist.

**Stebbins:** Ooh! You rotten stinker, Tidwell!

**Headmaster:** Is this true, Stebbins? Are you a gynaecologist?

**Stebbins:** *(very reluctantly)* Yes, sir.

**Headmaster:** Right, just the man. How much do you charge?

**Stebbins:** *(muttering into his shoes)* Thirty guineas, sir.



**Headmaster:** Excellent. Right. I want you to go along to see the wife. Give her a full examination, and let me know the results by the end of break. And don't pick your nose!

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# How to rid the world of all known diseases

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 28

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**The cast:**

**ALAN**

John Cleese

**NOEL**

Graham Chapman

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to a sign saying 'How to do it'. Music. Pull out to reveal a 'Blue Peter' type set. Sitting casually on the edge of a dais an three presenters in sweaters - Noel, Jackie and Alan - plus a large bloodhound.)*

**Alan:** Hello.

**Noel:** Hello.

**Alan:** Well, last week we showed you how to become a gynaecologist. And this week on 'How to do it' we're going to show you how to play the flute, how to split an atom, how to construct a box girder bridge, how to irrigate the Sahara Desert and make vast new areas of land cultivatable, but first, here's Jackie to tell you all how to rid the world of all known diseases.

**Jackie:** Hello, Alan.

**Alan:** Hello, Jackie.

**Jackie:** Well, first of all become a doctor and discover a marvellous cure for something, and then, when the medical profession really starts to take notice of you, you can jolly well tell them what to do and make sure they get everything right so there'll never be any diseases ever again.

**Alan:** Thanks, Jackie. Great idea. How to play the flute. *(picking up a flute)* Well here we are. You blow there and you move your fingers up and down here.

**Noel:** Great, great, Alan. Well, next week we'll be showing you how black and white people can live together in peace and harmony, and Alan will be over in Moscow showing us how to reconcile the Russians and the Chinese. So, until next week, cheerio.

**Alan:** Bye.

**Jackie:** Bye.

*(Children's music.)*

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# Mrs. Niggerbaiter explodes

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 28

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 28](#), it also featured on their album - 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (UK version). It was also featured on the 'Matching Tie and Hankerchief' Album, but under the title of Infant Minister for Overseas Development

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## The cast:

**MRS. NIGGER-BAITER**

Michael Palin

**MRS. SHAZAM**

Terry Jones

# SON

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(Pull out to reveal that the 'Blue Peter' set is in one corner of a stockbroker-belt sitting room. Two ladies are sitting by the fire looking at a photo album.)*

**Mrs Nigger-Baiter:** Oh, yes, he's such a clever little boy, just like his father.

**Mrs Shazam:** D'you think so, Mrs Nigger-Baiter?

**Mrs Nigger-Baiter:** Oh yes, spitting image.

*(The door opens. The son comes in.)*

**Son:** Good afternoon, mother. Good afternoon, Mrs Nigger-Baiter.

**Mrs Nigger-Baiter:** Ooh, he's walking already!

**Mrs Shazam:** Yes, he's such a clever little boy, aren't you? Coochy coochy coo . . .

**Mrs Nigger-Baiter:** Hello, coochy coo...

**Mrs Shazam:** Hello, hello... (they chuck him under the chin)

**Mrs Nigger-Baiter:** Oochy coochy. *(the son smiles a little tight smile)* Look at him laughing... ooh, he's a chirpy little fellow. Isn't he a chirpy little fellow ... eh? eh? Does he talk Does he talk, eh?

**Son:** Of course I talk, I'm Minister for Overseas Development.

**Mrs Nigger-Baiter:** Ooh, he's a clever little boy - he's a clever little boy. *(gets out a rattle)* Do you like your rattle? Do you like your rattle? Look at his little eyes following it ... look at his iggy piggy piggy little eyeballs eh... oo... he's got a tubby tumotum. Oh, he's got a tubby tum-tum.

**Son:** *(whilst Mrs Nigger-Baiter is talking)* Mother, could I have a quick cup of tea please. I have an important statement on Rhodesia to make in the Commons at six.

*(Sound of an explosion out of vision. Cut to reveal Mrs Nigger-Baiter's chair charred and smoking. Mrs Nigger-Baiter is no longer there. The upholstery is smouldering gently.)*

**Mrs Shazam:** Oh, Mrs Nigger-Baiter's exploded.

**Son:** Good thing, too.

**Mrs Shazam:** She was my best friend.

**Son:** Oh, mother, don't be so Sentimental. Things explode every day.

**Mrs Shazam:** Yes, I suppose so. Anyway, I didn't really like her that much.

*(The doorbell rings. Mrs Shazam goes to the door. [A vicar with a suitcase.](#))*

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# Vicar (Salesman)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 28

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The cast:

**VICAR**

Eric Idle

**MRS. SHAZAM**

Terry Jones

# DOCTOR

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

**Vicar:** Hello, I'm your new vicar. Can I interest you in any encyclopaedias?

**Mrs Shazam:** Ah, no thank you. We're not Church people, thank you.

*(The vicar opens his suitcase to reveal it is packed with brushes.)*

**Vicar:** How about brushes? Nylon or bristle? Strong-tufted, attractive colours.

**Mrs Shazam:** No - really, thank you, vicar.

**Vicar:** Oh dear ... Turkey? Cup final tickets?

**Mrs Shazam:** No, no really, we're just not religious thank you.

**Vicar:** Oh, well. Bye bye.

**Mrs Shazam:** Bye bye, vicar. *(she shuts the door, as she returns to seat the vicar pops his head round the door again)*

**Vicar:** Remember, if you do want anything... jewellery, Ascot water heaters...

**Mrs Shazam:** Thank you, vicar. *(he goes)* It's funny, isn't it? How your best friend can just blow up like that? I mean, you wouldn't think it was medically possible, would you?

*(Cut to a doctor in a posh consulting room.)*

**Doctor:** This is where Mrs Shazam was so wrong. Exploding is a perfectly normal medical phenomenon. In many fields of medicine nowadays, a dose of dynamite can do a world of good. For instance, athlete's foot - an irritating condition - can be cured by applying a small charge of TNT between each toe. *(doorbell)* Excuse me. *(he opens the door)* **Vicar:** Hello, I'm your new vicar, can I interest you in any of these watches, pens or biros? *(exhibits the collection inside his jacket)*

**Doctor:** No ... I'm not religious, I'm afraid.

**Vicar:** Oh, souvenirs, badges... a little noddy dog for the back of the car?

**Doctor:** No thank you, vicar. Good morning.

**Vicar:** Oh, morning.

*(He shuts the door.)*

**Doctor:** Now, many of the medical profession are sceptical about my work. They point to my record

of treatment of athlete's foot sufferers - eighty-four dead, sixty-five severely wounded and twelve missing believed cured. But then, people laughed at Bob Hope, people laughed at my wife when she wrapped herself up in greaseproof paper and hopped into the Social Security office, but that doesn't mean that Pasteur was wrong! Look, I'll show you what I mean. *(goes to a wall diagram of two skeletons and taps one with a rod)* ANIMATION:

**Skeleton:** Watch it, mate. I'm not going to stay round here getting poked and prodded all day. *(clips a face on and moves off the diagram)* I'm off., I've got a decent body, all I get is poked and prodded in the chest. *(moving through countryside)* Well, I'm off. I'm going to get another line of work. *(goes past various warning signs)* **Voice:** Watch it!

**Voice:** Don't go any further!

**Voice:** Turn back!

**Voice:** Stop!

*(The sprocket holes at the side of the film come into view.)*

**Voice:** Stop! Oh, please stop!

*(The skeleton moves past the sprocket holes and falls into blank space.)*

**Voice:** Oh, my god, he's fallen off the edge of the cartoon.

**Voice:** Well, so much for that link.



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# Farming Club / 'Life of Tschaikowsky'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 28

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**The cast:**

**FIRST PRESENTER**

Eric Idle

**SECOND PRESENTER**

John Cleese

**MAURICE**

Michael Palin



**FIRST EXPERT**

Graham Chapman

**SECOND EXPERT**  
Terry Jones

# VOICE OVER

Eric Idle

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## The sketch:

*(Artistic-type set. There is a large screen on back. Stock two-chair set-up as for interview.)*

**First Presenter:** John Cobbley is the Musical and Artistic Director of Covent Garden. He is himself a talented musician, he is a world famous authority on nineteenth-century Russian music and he's come into the studio tonight to talk about Tchaikowsky, which is a bit of a pity as this is 'Farming Club'. On 'Farming Club' tonight we'll be taking a look at the Ministry's *(pigs appear on the screen, Cobbley gets up, looks about him, wanders off, rather puzzled)* latest preventative proposals to deal with a possible outbreak of foot and mouth, we'll be talking later to the man who believes that milk yields can be increased dramatically, but first a Farming Club special, the life of Tchaikowsky.

*(Cue Tchaikowsky's first piano concerto. Stock film of a farmyard with superimposed roller caption.)*

ROLLER CAPTION: 'FARMING CLUB, IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE POTATO MARKETING BOARD, ALSO IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE BEETROOT, HAM, EGG AND TOMATO MARKETING BOARD, AND ALSO IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE LITTLE GREEN BITS OF CUCUMBER DICED WITH SHALLOTS, GARNISHED WITH CHIVES AND SERVED WITH A ROQUEFORT DRESSING MAKES AN EXCELLENT APPETIZER OR SIDE DISH WITH A STEAK OR A STEW MARKETING BOARD, PRESENTS: THE LIFE OF PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOWSKY, IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOWSKY MARKETING BOARD'

*(Cut back to the presenter.)*

**First Presenter:** Tchaikowsky. Was he the tortured soul who poured out his immortal longings into dignified passages of stately music, or was he just an old poof who wrote tunes? *(pull back to show a second presenter in the other chair)* Tonight on 'Farming Club' we're going to take an intimate look at Tchaikowsky *(a picture of Tchaikowsky on the screen)* and an intimate look at his friends. *(a picture of a naked sailor on a tiger-skin rug)* Incidentally, BBC Publications have prepared a special pamphlet to go with this programme called 'Hello Pianist', Ot comes up on the screen; on its cover there is a picture of a pig) and it contains material that some people might find offensive but which is really smashing.

**Second Presenter:** Peter Ilyich Tchaikowsky was born in 1840 in a Ken Russell film just outside St Petersburg. His father (Leo McKern), a free-lance bishop, was married to Vern Plachenka (Julie Christie) but secretly deeply in love with Margo Farenka (Shirley Abicair) and the strangely flatulent Madame Ranevsky (Norris McWhirter). Soon, however, the family (Eldridge Cleaver, Moira Lister and Stan the Bat) moved to the neighbouring industrial village of Omsk (Eddie Waring) where they soon found themselves, sadly, quite unable to cope (Anthony Barber). In 1863, however, Tchaikowsky was sent to Moscow to study the piano and, when he'd finished that, the living room. Maurice takes up the story.

*(Cut to a poofy presenter in really chintzy surroundings.)*

**Maurice:** Well, guess what, the very next thing he did was to go to this extraordinary but extraordinary duckety-poos semi-Mondrian house in Robin Russia. Here Tommy Tchaikowsky wrote some of the most Sammy super symphonies you've ever Henry heard in the whole of your Lily life.

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'A FAMOUS MUSIC CRITIC AND HAIRDRESSER'

**Maurice:** She was such a good composer that everybody, but everybody, wanted to know, and quite right too, because she wrote some lovely bits, such as Sally Sleeping Beauty, Poesy Pathetique, Adrian 1812 and lots of Conny concerti for Vera violin and Peter Piano Fanny Forte.

*(Cut back to second presenter.)*

**Second Presenter:** But what do we really know of this tortured ponce?

*(Cut to space-programme-type set. Experts at a desk. An Apollo-type monograph behind them says 'Tchaikowsky XII'. The centre motif is a picture of Tchaikowsky.)*

**First Expert:** Well, if you can imagine the size of Nelson's Column, which is roughly three times the size of a London bus, then Tchaikowsky was much smaller. His head was about the same size as that of an extremely large dog, that is to say, two very small dogs, or four very large hamsters, or one medium-size rabbit if you count the whole of the body and not just the head. Robin.

*(He has a model of Tchaikowsky which comes apart.)*

**Second Expert:** Thank you. Well here is a three-stage model of Tchaikowsky... here you see the legs, used for walking around, and which can be jettisoned at night ... *(he takes the legs off)* And this is the main trunk,. the power house of the whole thing, incorporating of course the naughty bits, which were extremely naughty for his time, and the whole thing is subservient to *(takes it off)* this small command module, the, as it were, head of the whole, as it were, body. Robin.

*(Cut to first expert.)*

**First Expert:** Peter.

*(Cut to first presenter.)*

**First Presenter:** Simon.

*(Cut to second presenter.)*

**Second Presenter:** Maurice.

*(Cut to Maurice.)*

**Maurice:** Me. Well, poor pet, she was like a lost lamb in an abattoir. Eventually she Dickie died of Colin Cholera in St Patsy Petersburg, in Gettie great Percy pain.

*(Cut to a piano in a pool of light.)*

**Voice Over:** Here to play Tchaikowsky's first piano concerto in B Flat Minor is the world-famous soloist Sviatoslav Richter. 'During the performance he will escape from a sack, three padlocks and a pair of handcuffs.

*(A chained figure in a sack rolls into shot and starts rolling about and playing the piano concert. After a minute 'Rita' enters and gestures to him. She is in fish-na tights, etc, - the full conjurer's assistant. He wriggles free from the sack, playing the while. The music stops.)* CAPTION: 'SVIATOSLAV RICHTER AND RITA'

*(Film of an applauding audience in the Royal Albert Hall,)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'AND NOW'

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# Trim-Jeans Theatre

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 28

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**The cast:**

**GARY COOVER**  
Eric Idle

**JEAN WENNERSTORM**

Graham Chapman



**MARK EDWARDS**

Michael Palin

**PRIEST**

Graham Chapman

**FIRST KNIGHT**  
Eric Idle

**SECOND KNIGHT**

Terry Jones

# **THIRD KNIGHT**

Michael Palin

## FOURTH KNIGHT

John Cleese

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### The sketch:

*(Jolly showbiz music. A flat goes up, revealing three actors in thin-jeans (which are heavily padded to make you sweat off weight) grouped for an advert. They all have slight Australian accents.)*

CAPTION: 'TRIM-JEANS THEATRE PRESENTS'

**Gary:** Good evening. This new series of 'Trim-Jeans Theatre Presents' will enable you to enjoy the poetry of T. S. Eliot whilst losing unsightly trouser bulge. Jean.

CAPTION: 'THESE THREE PEOPLE ARE REDUCING THEIR WAIST, THIGHS, HIPS AND ABDOMEN EVEN AS THEY RECOMMEND'

**Jean:** Wow, yes and the inches stay off. Mark.

**Mark:** Terrific! Thrill to Thomas a Becket's Kierkegaardian moment of choice while making your physique fighter, firmer, neater.

*(Cut to a cathedral interior. There are three priests, four knights and two women, all in trim-jeans. Thomas does not wear one.)*

**Priest:** I am here. No traitor to the King.

**First Knight:** Absolve all those you have excommunicated.

**Second Knight:** Resign those powers you have arrogated.

**Third Knight:** Renew the obedience you have violated.

**Fourth Knight:** Lose inches off your hips, thighs, buttocks and abdomen.

*(Cut back to Gary and the others.)*

**Gary:** A terrific product.

**All:** Terrific.

**Gary:** And this comes complete with the most revolutionary guarantee in slenderizing history!

*(Cut to a man in trim-jeans under a sign saying 'Before'.)*

**Voice Over:** This was Kevin Francis before last season's 'Trim-Jean Play of the Month' production of 'The Seagull' by Anton Chekhov and the Sauna Belt Trim-Jean Company Limited. See Kevin has slipped into his slenderizing garment and is inflating it with the handy little pump provided. Three

acts and a few special torso exercises later, Kevin, as Trigorin, the failed writer of sentimental romances, has lost over thirty-three inches. *(same shot but very skinny John Hughman has replaced Terry J)* Wow. What a difference. That Anton Chekhov can certainly write.

**Gary:** Terrific.

**Mark:** Terrific.

**Gary:** Yes, why not join us for a season of classic plays and rapid slenderizing. Enjoy Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson losing a total of fifteen inches in David Storey's 'Home'.

**Mark:** Enjoy the 'The Trim Gentlemen of Verona' and 'Long Day's Journey into Night' while inches melt away.

**Jean:** Enjoy Glenda Jackson with a Constant Snug Fit and Solid Support in all four areas.

**Gary:** Other productions will include... 'Treasure Island' ... *(Long John Silver in trim-jeans)* 'Swan Lake' *(cut to a photo of two ballet dancers in a 'lift' position, both wean'ng tights and trim-jeans)* 'The Life and Loves of Toulouse Lautrec', *(cut to a photo of Toulouse Lautrec, his feet sticking out of the bottom of the trim-jeans)* and the Trim-Jeans version of 'The Great Escape', with a cast of thousands losing well over fifteen hundred inches.

*(Cut to scrubland, barbed wire a la prison camp in the background. After a few seconds a head appears out of a hole in the ground. He looks around then gets out. He is wearing trim-jeans. He looks back. Satisfied he beckons. Others start appearing. Three German guards behind the wire muttering.)* SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'INCHES LOST SO FAR'

*(A superimposed counter shows the numbers increasing.)*

**Guard:** Achtung! Hait! Halt!

*(A moment's panic. Shooting starts and a siren goes. Men pour out of hole rapidly. Guards pursue them with tracker dogs in trim~jeans. The counter goes berserk.)*



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# Fish Slapping Dance

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 28

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**The cast:**



**JOHN CLEESE**

## The sketch:

(An animated item ends with a sign saying 'And now, the Fish Slapping Dance'.

*(Cut to a quayside. John and Michael, dressed in tropical gear. John stands still while Michael dances up and down before him to the jolly music of Edward German. Michael holds two tiny fish and from time to time in the course of the dance he slaps John lightly, across the cheeks with them. The music ends; Michael stops dancing. John produces a huge great fish and swipes Michael with it. Michael falls off the quay into the water.) (ANIMATION: underwater. We see an animated Michael sinking. He is swallowed by a fish with a swastika on its side.)*

**Nazi Fish:** Welcome aboard, Britisher pig. Quite a little surprise, eh? But perhaps you would be so kind as to tell us au you know about certain allied shipping routes, ja? Come on, talk!

*(The Nazi fish is swallowed by a bigger fish with an RAF emblem.)*

**British Fish:** Hello, Fritz. Tables seem to have turned, old chap, let's see how you like a bit of your own medicine, eh? Come on, Fritz, now tell us - tell us about...

*(The British fish is swallowed by an even bigger Chinese fish.)*

**Chinese Fish:** Ah, greetings, capitalist dog; very sorry but must inform you, you are now plisoner of People's Republic.

**Second Voice:** Am very sorry, comrade commando, but have just picked up capitalist ship on ladar scanner.

*(The Chinese fish bites the underside of a large ship. Film of big liner sinking in storm. General panic and dramatic music.)*

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# World War One

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 28](#)

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**The cast:**

**CAPTAIN**

Terry Jones

**FIRST OFFICER**  
John Cleese

**SECOND OFFICER**  
Terry Gilliam

**THIRD OFFICER**  
Eric Idle

**FOURTH OFFICER**  
Graham Chapman



**FIFTH OFFICER**

Michael Palin

**POLICE CHIEF**  
John Cleese

**FIRST GUARD**

Terry Gilliam

## SECOND GUARD

Eric Idle

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### The sketch:

**Captain:** (over tannoy) This is your captain speaking. There is no need for panic. Woman and children first. I repeat that, women and children first.

*(Cut to the ship's bridge. The captain and two or three officers are seen scrambling into ladies' clothing or young children's short trousers and school satchels and caps. The ship pitches and rolls in the gale. The captain is still trying to speak into the PA.)* **Captain:** Do not rush for the lifeboats - remember, women and children first.

*(A first officer is revealed in the corner of the bridge putting a head-dress on a Red Indian outfit.)*

**First Officer:** And Red Indians!

**Captain:** *(putting his hand over the PA)* What did you have to get dressed up like that for?

**First Officer:** It was the only thing left.

**Captain:** Oh. All right. *(into the PA)* Women, children and Red Indians...

*(Cut to another officer in astronaut's kit.)*

**Second Officer:** And spacemen!

**Captain:** Here is a revised list. Women, children, Red Indians and spacemen, *(hand over PA)* what's that meant to be?

*(Cut to third officer who is putting finishing touches to a medieval outfit.)*

**Third Officer:** Well it's a sort of impression of what a kind of Renaissance courtier artist might have looked like at the court of one of the great families like the Medicis or the Borgias...

**Fourth Officer:** No it's not, it's more Hemish than Italian.

**Fifth Officer:** Yes - that's a Flemish merchant of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries...

**Third Officer:** What! With these tassles...

**Fourth Officer:** Yes, yes. They had those fined doublets going tapering down into the full hose you know - exacdy like that.

**Captain:** *(into the PA)* One moment, please, don't panic. *(puts his hand over the PA)* Now, what is it meant to be? I've got to tell them something. .. is it a Flemish merchant?

**Third Officer:** No, it is not a Flemish merchant. It's more a sort of idealized version of the complete

Renaissance Man...

**Captain:** Oh, all right.

**Fourth Officer:** It's not...

**Captain:** All right! All right! *(into the PA)* this is your captain speaking... do not rush for the lifeboats ... women, children, Red Indians, spacemen *(stock film of long shot of sinking vessel, the voice over fading)* and a sort of idealized version of complete Renaissance Men first!

CAPTION: 'A FEW DAYS LATER'

*(Cut to a police chief's office in an anonymous South American police state. The chief of police at his desk. From outside we hear footsteps approaching the office and voices.)*

**Third Officer's Voice:** Flemish merchants did not wear hand- embroidered chevrons. They did not!

*(The door opens and two guards roughly, push in the captain in drag, another officer half in drag, half in naval uniform, two officers hastily dressed as children, a complete Renaissance Man, a Red Indian and a spaceman. They stand there for a moment. Then one of the guards pushes his way forward and hands the police chief a piece of paper.)* **Police Chief:** Yes, Gomez? *(reads)* Vee found zero valking on zee beach, my capitain. *(the guard nods enthusiastically)* Gomez, why can't you say this? *(the guard mouths something)* What? Oh, I see, we can't afford it. *(to camera)* You see the BBC has to pay an actor twenty guineas if he speaks and it makes a bit of a hole in the budget...

**First Guard:** Twenty-right guineas, sir! Ooh, sorry.

**Police Chief:** You fool Gomez - that's twenty-eight guineas ...

**Second Guard:** What about me, sir?

**Police Chief:** Are you supposed to speak?

**Second Guard:** No, sir.

**Police Chief:** But you've just spoken!

**Second Guard:** Oh, sorry, sir.

**Police Chief:** You fool, that's, that's fifty-six guineas before we've even started; *(a third guard suddenly rushes up to the window and flashes through it; scream and breaking glass)* What did he do that for?

**Second Guard:** It's a stunt, sir, an extra twenty guineas.

**Police Chief:** *(banging the desk)* Look! We can't afford it! [The BBC are short of money](#) as it is.



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# The BBC is short of money

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 28](#)

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**The cast:**

## NEWS READER

Eric Idle

## MR. KELLY

Graham Chapman

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### The sketch:

*(Cut to a news reader in a 'News at Nine' set with a bare light bulb hanging in shot. He wears only an old blanket round his shoulders. He is shivering.)*

**News reader:** The BBC wishes to deny rumours that it is going into liquidation. Mrs Kelly, who owns the flat where they live, has said that they can stay on till the end of the month ... *(he is handed a piece of paper)* and we've just heard that Huw Weldon's watch has been accepted by the London Electricity Board and transmissions for this evening can be continued as planned. *(he coughs and pulls the blanket tighter round his shoulders)* That's all from me so... goodnight.

*(Knocking on the door.)*

**Mr Kelly's Voice:** Are you going to be in there all night?

**News reader:** It's just a bulletin, Mr Kelly... and now back to the Story *(banging)*... All right!

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# Puss in Boots

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 28

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The cast:

**PRINCIPAL BOY**  
Julia Breck

**POLICE CHIEF**  
John Cleese

**CAPTAIN**

Terry Jones

**MRS. KELLY**

Micheal Palin

**MR. KELLY**

Graham Chapman

## SECOND GUARD

Eric Idle

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### The sketch:

*(Enter a pantomime principal boy holding a stuffed cat. All the rest of the group break back in a well-choreographed panto arrowhead and raise their hands toward her.)*

**All:** It's ... Puss!

**Audience:** Hello, Puss!

**Principal Boy:** Hello, children!

**Police Chief:** Stop! Stop this adaptation of 'Puss-in-Boots'! This is the Police Department of the State of Venezuela!

**Principal Boy:** Oh no it isn't!

**Police Chief:** Oh, yes it is!

**Principal Boy:** *(kids joining in voice over)* Oh no it isn't!

**All:** *(plus kids)* Oh yes it is!

**Principal Boy:** *(plus kids)* Oh no it isn't...

**Police Chief:** Shut up! Shut up! *(getting up, holding a pistol; he has no trousers; silence)* Now I'm going to ask you some questions, and remember, if you do not give me correct answers, we have ways of making you answer!

**Voice From Back:** Like not paying twenty-eight guineas.

**Police Chief:** Shut up! Now, what ship are you from?

**Captain:** We are from the SS Mother Goose, we were twelve days out from Port of Spain, and I ...

*(The door is flung open and the second - trouserless - guard rushes in.)*

**Second Guard:** I got thirty bob for the trousers!

**Captain:** We are from SS Mother Goose. We were twelve days out from Port of Spain, and one night I was doing my usual rounds, when I had occasion to pass the forward storage lockers...

*(Slightly eerie music has crept in under his words and the screen goes into a ripple. It gets right out of focus and continues to ripple as it pulls back into focus. Ripple stops and they are still in the same set as they were.)*

**Police Chief:** Go on!

**Captain:** Well, I noticed something unusual, the main bilge hatches had been opened... *(at this point three men in brown coats come in and start taking pictures off the wall, clearing props and chairs from the set, etc.)* and there, crouching amidst the scuppers was the most ghastly creature I'd ever seen in my life. *(the flats start to be flown up, revealing behind a sitting room - so that we can see the police office has been built in the Kelly's sitting room)* As soon as it saw me, its horrible face split aside in a ghastly look of terror. His head, which was like ...

**Scene Shifter:** Could you sign this please? *(handing the captain a piece of paper)* Thank you.

**Captain:** A small, small rat was ghastly and horrible and befurred... its little red eyes glinted in the unaccustomed glare of the midday sun and before I could shut the hatch, it sprang upon me with one almighty...

*(By this time the whole office set has been removed revealing the Kelly's boarding house sitting room. Mr and Mrs Kelly come in through door and put their heads round.)*

**Mrs Kelly:** What's this about doing the 'Horse of the Year Show' in here tonight?

**Chief Officer:** I'm sorry, Mrs Kelly. We don't know, I'm afraid - this is drama.

**Mrs Kelly:** Mr Fox told me, before he went down to the pub, that they were doing 'Horse of the Year Show' in here tonight at 9.10.

**Chief of Police:** This is BBC 2.

**Captain:** I think BBC I are in the kitchen.

**Mrs Kelly:** Well, I'm not having Harvey Smith jumping over my binette.

**Mr Kelly:** No, come on. *(they go)*

**Captain:** ... tearing at my throat, ripping my clothes...

*(Mr Kelly puts his head round the door.)*

**Mr Kelly:** And turn the gas off before you leave!

**Police Chief:** All right!!

*(Mr Kelly goes.)*

**Captain:** I fought it with all my strength, but it was too much for me...

*(Cut to Mr and Mrs Kelly coming through the hall. We can hear the captain's voice growing faster. Mr and Mrs Kelly go towards the kitchen door and stop and listen. We have lost the captain's voice by now, but · from inside the kitchen we hear 'Horse of the Year Show' sound track.)* **Dorian Williams:** *(voice over)* Another clear round for Harvey Smith on 'Orealley'.

**Commentator:** *(voice over on tannoy)* And now it's Mrs David Barker riding 'Atalanta' Number 3.

*(Crash of breaking pottery, falling pots and pans, horse neighing.)*

**Mrs Kelly:** Right! That's it! *(they throw door open and march into the kitchen; a horse plus Pat Hornsby Smith and the commentator and the wreckage of a jump)* Come on now, out! All of you - get out of my kitchen, all of you - come on! Harvey Smith, get out of here!

*(She chases them out and down the hall.)*

**Paul Fox:** *(emerging from another door)* It's one of our most popular programmes.

**Mrs Kelly:** That's what you think, Mr Fox!

*(She shooshes them all out down the passage and out of the front door. The newsreader with a blanket over him joins them and tn'es to read off a piece of paper.)*

**Newsreader:** Well, that's all from BBC Television for this evening...

**Mrs Kelly:** *(slamming door on him)* Shove off! Go and find yourself another flat! Get out!

*(As she slams the door, a piece of paper (obviously a tax return fore) is shoved through the door. It has the credits scribbled hurriedly on it; the camera pans into it. After the credits Mrs Kelly stamps on the paper. Fade out.)*



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# It's Man Show

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 28

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The cast:



**ANNOUNCER**

Eric Idle

**IT'S MAN**

Eric Idle

**RINGO STARR**  
Ringo Starr

# LULU

Lulu

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## The sketch:

*(Showbiz music, cut to a big sign saying 'It's'. Pull out to reveal glossy spangly, opulent showbiz set. Two extraordinary famous guests sitting on sofas)*

**Announcer's Voice:** Tonight from London your special guests are Lulu, Ringo Starr and the man you've all been waiting for - your host for tonight.....

*(More music. The It's man, tattered and ragged as usual, emerges onto set)*

**Lulu:** Love the outfit dear, it's gorgeous

**It's Man** Hello, good evening, welcome. It's.....

*(The signature tune and opening animated titles start. the It's man, still visible through the titles, tries vainly to stop them. The guests walk off in disgust. The It's man tries to drag them back. Failing, he sits down as the music ends. Fade out)*

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# The Money Programme

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 29

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 29](#), it also performed on their albums 'Monty Python's Previous Record' and 'Lust for Glory'..

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## The cast:

## **PRESENTER**

Eric Idle

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### **The sketch:**

*(Begins with pictures of money, bank vaults, gold, etc. overwritten by 'THE MONEY PROGRAMME'. Eric Idle sits at a desk between Michael Palin and John Cleese. He begins quietly but becomes increasingly agitated as he speaks.)*

#### **PRESENTER:**

Good evening, and welcome to The Money Programme. Tonight on The Money Programme, we're going to look at money. Lots of it. On film, and in the studio. Some of it in nice piles, others in lovely clanky bits of loose change. Some of it neatly counted into fat little hundreds, delicate fivers stuffed into bulging wallets, nice crisp clean checks, pert pieces of copper coinage thrust deep into trouser pockets, romantic foreign money rolling against the thigh with rough familiarity, beautiful wayward curlicued banknotes, filigreed copper plating cheek by jowl with tumbly ( ? ) rubbing gently against the terse leather of beautifully balanced bank books!

*(He looks around in surprised realization that he's panting and screaming.)*

I'm sorry.

*(adjusts tie, darts eyes around room)*

But I love money. All money. *(growing excited again)* I've always wanted money. To handle! To touch! The smell of the rain-washed florin! The lure of the lira! The glitter and the glory of the guinea! *(stands up)* The romance of the ruble! *(stands on chair)* The feel of the franc! *(stands on desk)* The heel of the deutschmark! *(stomps foot)* The cold antiseptic sting of the Swiss franc! And the sunburnt splendor of the Australian dollar! *(slaps knee)*

*(sings the rest while dancing across desk; Michael and John just look at him blandly.)*

#### **PRESENTER:**

I've got ninety thousand pounds in my pyjamas.

I've got forty thousand French francs in my fridge.

I've got lots of lovely lire.

Now the Deutschmark's getting dearer,

And my dollar bills would buy the Brooklyn  
Bridge.

#### **PRESENTER and CHORUS:**

There is nothing quite as wonderful as money.

There is nothing quite as beautiful as cash.

Some people say it's folly,

But I'd rather have the lolly.

With money you can make a splash.

**PRESENTER:**

There is nothing quite as wonderful as money.

**CHORUS:**

...Money, money, money, money.

**PRESENTER:**

There is nothing like a newly minted pound.

**CHORUS:**

...Money, money, money, money.

**PRESENTER and CHORUS:**

Everyone must hanker

For the butchness of a banker.

It's accountancy that makes the world go 'round.

**CHORUS:**

'Round, 'round, 'round.

**PRESENTER:**

You can keep your Marxist ways,

For it's only just a phase,

For it's money, money, money makes the world go 'round.

**CHORUS:**

...Money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, moneeeeeey!



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# Erizabeth L. / Fraud Film Squad

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 29

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The cast:

**MESSENGER**

Michael Palin



**CLERK**  
Eric Idle

QUEEN

Graham Chapman

**LEICESTER**  
Eric Idle

**JAPANESE DIRECTOR**

Terry Jones

# INSPECTOR LEOPARD

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(Exterior of an Elizabethan palace. Elizabethan music. An Elizabethan messenger on a moped, comes up the drive and drives in through the front door.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'ERIZABETH L'

*(Cut to a long corridor. The messenger appears riding along the corridor very fast. He leaps off his moped and hands it to a guard at a door. The guard places the moped on a rack and the messenger enters the door going past three trumpeters who play a fanfare. He approaches a clerical figure, who stands at yet another door.)* SUPERIMPOSED CAPTIONS: 'EPISODE THREE' and 'THE ALMALDA'

**Messenger:** I bling a dispatch flom Prymouth.

**Clerk:** Flom Prymouth?

**Messenger:** Flom Sil Flancis Drake.

**Clerk:** Entel and apploach the thlone.

*(The doors open. The messenger leaps on another moped and rides up to the throne on which sits Elizabeth surrounded by her courtiers, all of who are on motorized bicycles.)*

**Queen:** What news fion Prymouth?

**Messenger:** Drake has sighted the Spanish Freet, youl Majesty.

**Queen:** So! Phirip's garreons ale hele. How many?

**Messenger:** One hundled and thilty-six men of wal.

**Leicester:** Broody herr.

**Queen:** Is Drake plepaled?

**Messenger:** He has oldeled the whore fret into the Blitish Channer.

**Queen:** So, we must to Tirbuly. Reicestel! Sil Wartel Lareigh! Groucester! We sharr lide to...

*(Enter Japanese director.)*

**Japanese:** Groucestel! Groucestel! Not Groucester. Come on, ret's get this light. Reicestel!

**Leicester:** Yes.

**Japanese:** That was telliber.

**Leicester:** What?

**Japanese:** Telliber.

**Leicester:** Oh! Solly.

**Japanese:** When you have a rine, ling your berr.

**Leicester:** Ling my berr?

**Japanese:** *(linging his berr for him)* Ling ling. Rike this. And cut the broody herr. Elizabeth!

**Queen:** *(cheesed off)* Yes?

**Japanese:** You should be on a bicycer.

**Queen:** Why?!

**Japanese:** You rook odd rike that.

**Queen:** I do not look odd like this - it's that lot that looks odd. It's bleeding weird having half the Tudor nobility ligging around on motorized bicycles.

**Japanese:** It's vely sullearist.

**Queen:** Horsefeathers!

**LeicesterL:** Listen mate. I'm beginning to have my doubts about you.

**Japanese:** What do you mean?

**Leicester:** I'm telling you straight, mate. I don't think you're Luchino Visconti at all.

**Japanese:** Of course I am. Me vely impoltant Itarian firm dilectol.

**Queen:** You are a Nip.

**Japanese:** Lubbish! Me genuine wop. *(sings)* Alliveldelchi Loma...

**Leicester:** He's bluffing.

**Japanese:** *(sings)* Vo-oorale... Ooh ... Is that the time, I must fry.

*( The door opens. Inspector Leopard rum through the door followed by a copper.)*

**Inspector:** Not so fast, Yakomoto. *(trumpeters play a fanfare)* Shut up! *(fanfare stops)* Allow me to introduce myself. I am Inspector Leopard of Scotland Yard, Special Fraud Film Director Squad.

**Court:** Leopard of the Yard!

**Inspector:** The same. Only more violent. *(he demonstrates this by kneeing tht copper in the balls)* Right, Slit Eyes Yakomoto, I'm arresting you for the impersonation of Signor Luchino Visconti, famous Italian director of such movie classics as 'Ossessione' (1942), 'La Tetra Trema' (1948), and 'Bellissima' (1951) - a satisfying ironic slice-of-life drama. 1957 brought to the silver screen his 'I Bianche Notre' adapted by Dostoyevsky, a mannered and romantic melancholy of snow and mist and moonlit encounters on canal bridges. 'Boccaccio 70' followed five years later and the following year saw 'The Leopard'! So impressed was I with this motion picture treatment of the Risorgimento that I went along to Somerset House and changed me own name to Leopard, preferring it to me original handle, 'Panther' (Aargh). 1 digress. 1969 saw 'The Damned', a GöStterdämmerung epic of political and industrial shennanigans in good old Nazi Germany, starring Helmut Berger as a stinking transvestite what should have his face sawn off, the curvaceous Charlotte Rampling as a bit of tail, and the impeccable Dirk Bogarde as Von Essen. The association of the latter with Signor Visconti fructified with Dirk's magnificent portrayal of the elderly pour what expires in Venice. And so, Yakomoto... blimey, he gone! Never mind. I'll have you instead. *(grabs the queen)* **Queen:** What?

**Inspector:** I haven't got time to go chasing after him, there's violence to be done.

*(ANIMATION: sketch about violence.)*



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# Salavation Fuzz (Dead Bishop)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 29

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch was also known as 'The Church Police'. Not only did the sketch appear in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 29](#), it was also performed live in the Movie - 'Live at the Hollywood Bowl' and featured on their albums - 'The Monty Python Matching Tie and Handkerchief' and 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (US version). They also performed this sketch live on their album - Monty Python live at City Center'.

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## The cast:



**WOMAN**

Terry Jones

MAN

Eric Idle

**SON**

Graham Chapman

# CHURCH POLICEMAN

Michael Palin

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to a kitchen. A man and woman listening to a radio.)*

**Radio Voice:** I would like to ask the team what they would do if they were Hitler.

**Man's Voice:** Gerald?

**Another Voice:** Well I'd annex the Sudetenland and sign a non-aggression pact with Russia.

**First Man's Voice:** Norman?

**Norman's Voice:** Well I'd do the Reichstag bathroom in purples and golds and ban abortion on demand.

**Woman:** *(switching the radio off)* Liberal rubbish. Klaus ... what do you want with your jugged fish?

**Man:** Halibut.

**Woman:** The jugged fish is halibut.

**Man:** What fish have you got that isn't jugged, then?

**Woman:** Rabbit.

**Man:** What? Rabbit fish?

**Woman:** Yes. It's got fins.

**Man:** Is it dead?

**Woman:** Well, it was coughing up blood last night.

**Man:** All right I'll have the dead unjugged rabbit fish.

CAPTION: 'ONE DEAD UNJUGGED RABBIT FISH LATER'

**Man:** Well that was really horrible.

**Woman:** You're always complaining.

**Man:** What's for afters?

**Woman:** Well there's rat cake ... rat sorbet... rat pudding... or strawberry tart.

**Man:** Strawberry tart?!

**Woman:** Well it's got some rat in it.

**Man:** How much?

**Woman:** Three, rather a lot really.

**Man:** ... well, I'll have a slice without so much rat in it.

CAPTION: 'ONE SLICE OF STRAWBERRY TART WITHOUT SO MUCH RAT IN IT LATER'

**Man:** Appalling.

**Woman:** Moan, moan, moan.

*(Enter their son.)*

**Son:** Hello, mum, hello, dad.

**Man:** Hello, son.

**Son:** There's a dead bishop on the landing.

**Woman:** Where did that come from?

**Son:** What do you mean?

**Woman:** What's its diocese?

**Son:** Well it looked a bit Bath and Wellsish to me.

**Man:** I'll go and have a look. *(goes out)*

**Woman:** I don't know who keeps bringing them in here.

**Son:** Well it's not me.

**Woman:** I've put three out by the bin and the dustmen won't touch 'em.

**Man:** *(coming back)* Leicester.

**Woman:** How do you know?

**Man:** Tattooed on the back of his neck. I'm going to call the police.

**Woman:** Shouldn't you call the Church?

**Son:** Call the Church police.

**Man:** ... all fight. (*shouts*) The Church police!

(*Enter two policemen with ecclesiastical accoutrements.*)

**Church Policeman:** Yus!

**Woman:** There's another dead bishop on the landing.

**Church Policeman:** Suffragan or diocesan?

**Woman:** How should I know?

**Church Policeman:** It's tattooed on the back of their necks. Ere! Is that rat tart?

**Woman:** Yes.

**Church Policeman:** Disgusting. Right! The hunt is on. (*kneels*) Oh Lord we beseech thee tell us who croaked Leicester.

(*Organ music. A huge hand descends and points at the man.*)

**Man:** All right, it's a fair cop, but society is to blame.

**Church Policeman:** Agreed.

**Man:** I would like the three by the bin to be taken into consideration.

**Church Policeman:** Right. And now, I'd like to conclude this arrest with a hymn.

**All:** (*singing*) And did those feet in ancient times walk upon England's mountains green. (*policemen escort the man out*) And was the holy lamb of God on England's pleasant pastures seen.



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# Jungle Restaurant

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 29

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The cast:

**FIRST EXPLORER**

John Cleese



**SECOND EXPLORER**

Eric Idle

**THIRD EXPLORER**  
Graham Chapman

**FOURTH EXPLORER**  
Carol Cleveland

**The sketch:**

(A steamy tropical jungle. A native guide leads four explorers in pith helmets and old-fashioned long shorts through the jungle. Cicada sounds and shrieks of predatory jungle birds. Intercut close ups of perspiring foreheads etc. The native guide keeps beckoning them to hurry. The jungle appears to get thicker: they have to push their way through the undergrowth. Finally the guide stops and points, with eyes staring. The four explorers duster round and look over his shoulder. A neat clearing in the thick of the jungle. Tables set as in a London bistro with check cloths and big wooden pepper mills, candles and menus standing on each table. Sitting at the tables are six other explorers in pith helmets etc., eating and chatting. Clink of coffee cups.

**First Explorer:** What a simply super little place!

**Second Explorer:** Yes, they've done wonders with it. You know this used to be one of the most swampy disease infested areas of the whole jungle, and they've turned it into this smashing little restaurant. *(across the restaurant the head waiter appears, dressed in black tie and tails just a bit too big for him; he beckons them to a table)* Here you are Omkami, thank you. Hello, Mr Akwekwe.

**Akwekwe:** Hello, Mr Spare-Buttons-Supplied-With-The- Shirt. Nice to see you again.

**Second Explorer:** These are some of my fellow explorers: Sir Charles Farquarson, Briar Bailey, Betty Bailey and this is Mr Akwekwe, who started the whole place.

**Third Explorer:** It really is super.

**Fourth Explorer:** *(who is dressed as a man and has a moustache)* Terrific idea.

**Akwekwe:** May I recommend the alligator purees.

(Suddenly there is a hideous scream. We see a gorilla tear a man from his table at the back of the restaurant, in front of a tree and drag him back into the jungle. Awful shrieks are heard. Akwekwe runs into the jungle shouting, Terrible sounds of the unseen fight. Thrashing about of bushes in the distance. A shot rings out. Then silence also rings out. Akwekwe emerges, dragging the inert body of the cash customer whom he puts back in his chair. He slumps forward. Akwekwe comes back to the table in the foreground which has remained in the foreground throughout this preceding shot, with cut ins of the four explorers looking through the menu. Akwekwe has a bloodstained claw mark right across his face and chest and his dic.ty is torn and bloodstained.

**Akwekwe:** Now then, have you decided?

*(He produces a notepad such as waiters always carry.)*

**Second Explorer:** Ye-es ... Well there's two avocado vinaigrette here and what are you going to have Briar?

**Fourth Explorer:** Er quiche lorraine for me, please.

**Akwekwe:** Right, so that's two avocado, one quiche ...

*(Cut to close up of pigmy's evil face parting leaves and firing a blow-pipe. Cut to another table where two explorers are having coffee and cigars. One of them stiffens and then slumps forward. Cut to Akwekwe at the main table registering what has happened. We pan with him as he rushes over to the bushes. Sound of pigmies retreating into the bushes. Akwekwe shouts after him. We pan with Akwekwe as he walks over to the table where the customer has slumped forward. He pulls him up, looks at dart sticking out of his chest, tut tuts with annoyance and lets him slump back on to the table again. He returns to the main table.)* **Akwekwe:** So, that's two avocado, one quiche ...

**Third Explorer:** And a soup of the day.

**Akwekwe:** Right. (sinister sound of jungle drums in distance; close up of look of fear in Akwekwe's eyes) And to follow?

**Second Explorer:** Two chicken a la reine, with sauce provencale.

**First Explorer:** And one scampi desiree.

**Third Explorer:** And boeuf bourguignon with a green salad.

*(Jungle drums getting louder. Akwekwe shouts off towards the back of the clearing where we assume the kitchens must be.)*

**Akwekwe:** Right on. Two chicken! One scampi! One boeuf with green salad!

*(He casts yet another fateful glance in the direction of the ever-increasing drum beats.)*

**Akwekwe:** There may be ... a little delay.

**Second Explorer:** That's fine but we have to be out by three.

**Akwekwe:** Yes, sir. Yes, we'll try.

*(The drum beats get louder. Shot of forest, rustling of bushes. Close up of Akwekwe's eyes. Another shot of forest. Drum beats louder. More rustling. Close up of Akwekwe's eyes and sweating forehead. Forest again and more noise. Close up of Akwekwe; he now has blood on his face, his eyes dilate with fear, the drum beats became deafening. [Sudden cut to BBC world symbol.](#))*



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# Apology for Violence and Nudity

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 29

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## The sketch:

**Voice Over (Eric Idle):** The BBC would like 'to announce that the next scene is not considered suitable for family viewing. It contains scenes of violence, involving people's heads and arms getting chopped off, their ears nailed to trees, and their toenails pulled out in slow motion. There are also scenes of naked women with floppy breasts, and also at one point you can see a pair of buttocks and there's another bit where I'll swear you can see everything, but my friend says it's just the way he's holding the spear. *(pulling himself together)* Because of the unsuitability of the scene, the BBC will be replacing it with a scene from a repeat of 'Gardening Club' for 1958.

*(A beautiful well-stocked garden bed. 'Gardening Club' music. After two seconds there are shrieks of licentious and lustful laughter. A nude woman pursues a city gent, both screaming with pleasure, into the middle of the flowerbed and they roll around smashing up the flowers in unbridled erotic orgy. Immediately two nuns run in to join the fun, followed by two Vikings, a gumby, a pantomime goose, etc. The whole of this orgy is speeded up.)* CAPTION: 'KEN RUSSELL'S GARDENING CLUB (1958)'

**Voice Over:** [And now back to the story.](#)

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# Ken Russell's 'Gardening Club

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 29

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**The cast:**

**FIRST EXPLORER**

John Cleese



**SECOND EXPLORER**

Eric Idle

**THIRD EXPLORER**  
Graham Chapman

**FOURTH EXPLORER**  
Carol Cleveland

**NATIVE**

Michael Palin

## VOICE OVER

Graham Chapman

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### The sketch:

CAPTION: 'KEN RUSSELL'S GARDENING CLUB (1958)'

**Voice Over:** And now back to the story.

*(Cut to the edge of the jungle. Emerging from the dense undergrowth are two pigmy warriors pulling the four explorers who are roped together. The pigmies carry spears. We lose the pigmies and hold just the explorers in frame, and track with them.)*

**Third Explorer:** That was a nasty business back at the restaurant.

**First Explorer:** Yes, I thought most places took Barclaycard nowadays.

**Second Explorer:** Where do you think they're taking us, Brian?

**Fourth Explorer:** God knows!

**Third Explorer:** *(pointing, eyes wide with amazement)* Look!

*(Cut to a stock shot of a volcano. Thrilling chord. Cut back to explorers.)*

**Second Explorer:** *(filled with awe)* The sacred volcano Andu! Which no man has seen before.

**Third Explorer:** No, no, no, next to that.

*(Cut to stock shot of collection of big chimneys in a brickworks. Another thrilling chord. Cut back to explorers.)*

**First Explorer:** The London Brick Company?

**Third Explorer:** No, no, no, no - next to that.

*(Cut to stock shot of plateau of Roirama. Yet another thrilling chord. Cut back to explorers.)*

**First Explorer:** The forbidden plateau of Roirama, the Lost World, thrown up by mighty earth movements thousands of millions of years ago, where strange primeval creatures defying evolution, lurk in the dark, impenetrable forests, cut off forever from the outside world.

**Second Explorer:** I still can't see it.

**Fourth Explorer:** You don't think that's where they're taking us?

**Third Explorer:** Yes, and God knows what we'll find there.

*(A pigmy native rushes up from behind them, holding a script.)*

**Native:** What page please?

**Second Explorer:** What?

**Native:** *(with a trace of irritation)* What page in the script?

**Second Explorer:** *(whispered)* Page 7.

**Native:** *(he speaks the lines over to himself)* 'Come on, you dogs, we have far to go. We must lose no time'. *(tries with eyes shut)* 'Come on, you dogs, we have far to go. We must lose no time'. 'Come on you dogs'. *(throws away the script, starts to push them roughly)* Come on you dogs, we have time to lose, this has gone too far.

*(Stock film of Houses of Parliament from across the Thames.)*

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# The Lost World of Roiurama

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 29

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
Graham Chapman



**OUR HERO**

Terry Jones

**HARGREAVES**

Michael Palin

**FIRST EXPLORER**

John Cleese

**SECOND EXPLORER**

Eric Idle

**THIRD EXPLORER**  
Graham Chapman

**FOURTH EXPLORER**  
Carol Cleveland

**DIRECTOR**  
Terry Jones

**INSPECTOR**  
Eric Idle



# CONTINUITY VOICE

Eric Idle

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## The sketch:

**Voice Over:** Meanwhile back in London ... at the British Explorers' Club in the Mall...

*(Cut to the hallway of a London club. In four leather armchairs sit men in polar explorers' kit - furs, iced-over goggles, etc. - reading newspapers. At one chair sits a man in Norfolk jacket and plus fours. Around his neck he wears a sign saying 'Our Hero'. He is reading a newspaper but obviously has something else on his mind. Suddenly he throws the paper down and gets up. He walks over to the porter's desk. As he does this a polar expedition with four huskies, a sled, and two explorers pass him. Our Hero goes up to the desk. A whiskery old porter stands behind it.)*

**Our Hero:** Any news of Betty Bailey's expedition, Hargreaves?

**Hargreaves:** Er ... um ... er...

**Our Hero:** *(through clenched teeth)* Page 9...

**Hargreaves:** *(thumbing over page of script beneath counter)* 'The Lost World of Roiurama'.

**Our Hero:** That's my line.

**Hargreaves:** Oh, sorry. 'Where were they going, sir'?

**Our Hero:** The Lost World of Roiurama.

**Hargreaves:** Yes sir, we've got a telegram.

**Our Hero:** OH

**Hargreaves:** *(reads it)* Reads it. Expedition superb. Weather excellent. Everything wonderful.

**Our Hero:** I wonder what's gone wrong.

**Hargreaves:** For God's sake be careful...

**Our Hero:** *(irritably)* Wait a minute... I'm going to go... after them.

**Hargreaves:** For God's sake be careful, sir.

*(Cut to film of the lost world. Tropical South American vegetation. Our four explorers from Jungle Restaurant & Ken Russell's Gardening Club sketches limp along exhaustedly.)* **Second Explorer:** My God, Betty, we're done for...

**Third Explorer:** We'll never get out of here... we're completely lost, lost. Even the natives have gone.

**First Explorer:** Goodbye Betty, Goodbye Farquarson. Goodbye Brian. It's been a great expedition...

*(Music. Cut to engraving of Crystal Palace.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'CRYSTAL PALACE 1851'

*(Cut immediately back to jungle.)*

**First Explorer:** Great expedition .. ·

**Third Explorer:** All that'll be left of us will be a map, a compass and a few feet of film, recording our last moments...

**First Explorer:** Wait a moment!

**Fourth Explorer:** What is it?

**First Explorer:** If we're on film, there must be someone filming us.

**Second Explorer:** My God, Betty, you're right!

*(They all look around, then gradually all notice the camera. They break out in smiles of relief, come towards the camera and greet the camera crew.)*

**Third Explorer:** Look! Great to see you!

**First Explorer:** What a stroke of luck!

**Camera Crew:** Hello! ...

**First Explorer:** Wait a minute!

**Fourth Explorer:** What is it again?

**First Explorer:** If this is the crew who were filming us . .. who's filming us now? Look!

*(Cut to another shot which includes the first camera flew and yet another camera crew with all their equipment. The director is dressed the same as Yakomoto, the director in '[Erizabeth L](#)', only he is blacked up.)* **Director:** *(African accent)* Cut there man! No! No good! How we going to get feeling of personal alienation of self from society with this load of Bulldog Drummond crop? When I was doing 'La Notte' wi' dot Monica Vitti gal she don't gimme none of this empire building shit, man ...

*(Camera pans slightly to reveal a door in jungle. It opens and an inspector enters.)*

**Inspector:** Not so fast, Akarumba! Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Inspector Baboon of Scodand Yard's Special Fraud Film Director Squad, Jungle Division.

**Fourth Explorer:** Baboon of the Yard!

**Inspector:** Shut up! *(shoots her)* Right, Akarumba! I'm arresting you for impersonating Signor Michelangelo Antonioni, an Italian film director who co-scripts all his own films, largely jettisoning narrative in favour of vague incident and relentless character study . . . *(during this harangue the credits start to roll, music very faint beneath his words)* ... In his first film: 'Cronaca Di Un Areore' (1950), the couple are brought together by a shared irrational guilt. 'L'Amico' followed in 1955, and 1959 saw the first of Antonioni's world-famous trilogy, 'L'Avventura' - an acute study of boredom, restlessness and the futilities and agonies of purposeless living. In 'L'Eclisse', three years later, this analysis of sentiments is taken up once again. 'We do not have to know each other to love', says the heroine, 'and perhaps we do not have to love...' The 'Eclipse' of the emotions finally casts its shadow when darkness descends on a street corner. *(the credits end; voice and picture start to fade)*... Signor Antonioni first makes use of colour to underline...

*(Fade to black and at to BBC world symbol)*

**Continuity Voice:** (talc) And now on BBC another six minutes of Monty Python's Flying Circus.

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# Argument Clinic

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 29](#), it also performed live in the Movie - 'Live at the Hollywood Bowl'. It was also featured on their albums 'Monty Python's Previous Record', 'Monty Python's Instant Record Collection (UK version)', 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (US version), 'Monty Python's The Final Ripoff' and 'The Ultimate Monty Python Ripoff'. It was also performed live on their album - 'Monty Python live at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane'.

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## The cast:

**MAN**

Michael Palin

**RECEPTIONIST**

Rita Davies

**MR. BARNARD**

Graham Chapman

**MR. VIBRATING**

John Cleese

**COMPLAINER**  
Eric Idle

# SPREADERS

Terry Jones

---

## The sketch:

**Man:** Ah. I'd like to have an argument, please.

**Receptionist:** Certainly sir. Have you been here before?

**Man:** No, I haven't, this is my first time.

**Receptionist:** I see. Well, do you want to have just one argument, or were you thinking of taking a course?

**Man:** Well, what is the cost?

**Receptionist:** Well, It's one pound for a five minute argument, but only eight pounds for a course of ten.

**Man:** Well, I think it would be best if I perhaps started off with just the one and then see how it goes.

**Receptionist:** Fine. Well, I'll see who's free at the moment.

*(Pause)*

**Receptionist:** Mr. DeBakey's free, but he's a little bit conciliatory. Ah yes, Try Mr. Barnard; room 12.

**Man:** Thank you.

*(Walks down the hall. Opens door.)*

**Mr Barnard:** WHAT DO YOU WANT?

**Man:** Well, I was told outside that...

**Mr Barnard:** Don't give me that, you snotty-faced heap of parrot droppings!

**Man:** What?

**Mr Barnard:** Shut your festering gob, you tit! Your type really makes me puke, you vacuous, coffee-nosed, maloderous, pervert!!!

**Man:** Look, I CAME HERE FOR AN ARGUMENT, I'm not going to just stand...!!

**Mr Barnard:** OH, oh I'm sorry, but this is abuse.

**Man:** Oh, I see, well, that explains it.



**Mr Barnard:** Ah yes, you want room 12A, Just along the corridor.

**Man:** Oh, Thank you very much. Sorry.

**Mr Barnard:** Not at all.

**Man:** Thank You. *(Under his breath)* Stupid git!!

*(Walk down the corridor)*

**Man:** (Knock)

**Mr Vibrating:** Come in.

**Man:** Ah, Is this the right room for an argument?

**Mr Vibrating:** I told you once.

**Man:** No you haven't.

**Mr Vibrating:** Yes I have.

**Man:** When?

**Mr Vibrating:** Just now.

**Man:** No you didn't.

**Mr Vibrating:** Yes I did.

**Man:** You didn't

**Mr Vibrating:** I did!

**Man:** You didn't!

**Mr Vibrating:** I'm telling you I did!

**Man:** You did not!!

**Mr Vibrating:** Oh, I'm sorry, just one moment. Is this a five minute argument or the full half hour?

**Man:** Oh, just the five minutes.

**Mr Vibrating:** Ah, thank you. Anyway, I did.

**Man:** You most certainly did not.

**Mr Vibrating:** Look, let's get this thing clear; I quite definitely told you.

**Man:** No you did not.

**Mr Vibrating:** Yes I did.

**Man:** No you didn't.

**Mr Vibrating:** Yes I did.

**Man:** No you didn't.

**Mr Vibrating:** Yes I did.

**Man:** No you didn't.

**Mr Vibrating:** Yes I did.

**Man:** You didn't.

**Mr Vibrating:** Did.

**Man:** Oh look, this isn't an argument.

**Mr Vibrating:** Yes it is.

**Man:** No it isn't. It's just contradiction.

**Mr Vibrating:** No it isn't.

**Man:** It is!

**Mr Vibrating:** It is not.

**Man:** Look, you just contradicted me.

**Mr Vibrating:** I did not.

**Man:** Oh you did!!

**Mr Vibrating:** No, no, no.

**Man:** You did just then.

**Mr Vibrating:** Nonsense!

**Man:** Oh, this is futile!

**Mr Vibrating:** No it isn't.

**Man:** I came here for a good argument.

**Mr Vibrating:** No you didn't; no, you came here for an argument.

**Man:** An argument isn't just contradiction.

**Mr Vibrating:** It can be.

**Man:** No it can't. An argument is a connected series of statements intended to establish a proposition.

**Mr Vibrating:** No it isn't.

**Man:** Yes it is! It's not just contradiction.

**Mr Vibrating:** Look, if I argue with you, I must take up a contrary position.

**Man:** Yes, but that's not just saying 'No it isn't.'

**Mr Vibrating:** Yes it is!

**Man:** No it isn't!

**Man:** Argument is an intellectual process. Contradiction is just the automatic gainsaying of any statement the other person makes.

*(short pause)*

**Mr Vibrating:** No it isn't.

**Man:** It is.

**Mr Vibrating:** Not at all.

**Man:** Now look.

**Mr Vibrating:** *(Rings bell)* Good Morning.

**Man:** What?

**Mr Vibrating:** That's it. Good morning.

**Man:** I was just getting interested.

**Mr Vibrating:** Sorry, the five minutes is up.

**Man:** That was never five minutes!

**Mr Vibrating:** I'm afraid it was.

**Man:** It wasn't.

*(Pause)*

**Mr Vibrating:** I'm sorry, but I'm not allowed to argue anymore.

**Man:** What?!

**Mr Vibrating:** If you want me to go on arguing, you'll have to pay for another five minutes.

**Man:** Yes, but that was never five minutes, just now. Oh come on!

**Mr Vibrating:** *(Hums)*

**Man:** Look, this is ridiculous.

**Mr Vibrating:** I'm sorry, but I'm not allowed to argue unless you've paid!

**Man:** Oh, all right.

*(pays money)*

**Mr Vibrating:** Thank you. *(short pause)*

**Man:** Well?

**Mr Vibrating:** Well what?

**Man:** That wasn't really five minutes, just now.

**Mr Vibrating:** I told you, I'm not allowed to argue unless you've paid.

**Man:** I just paid!

**Mr Vibrating:** No you didn't.

**Man:** I DID!

**Mr Vibrating:** No you didn't.

**Man:** Look, I don't want to argue about that.

**Mr Vibrating:** Well, you didn't pay.

**Man:** Aha. If I didn't pay, why are you arguing? I Got you!

**Mr Vibrating:** No you haven't.

**Man:** Yes I have. If you're arguing, I must have paid.

**Mr Vibrating:** Not necessarily. I could be arguing in my spare time.

**Man:** Oh I've had enough of this.

**Mr Vibrating:** No you haven't.

**Man:** Oh Shut up.

*(Walks down the stairs. Opens door.)*

**Man:** I want to complain.

**Complainer:** You want to complain! Look at these shoes. I've only had them three weeks and the heels are worn right through.

**Man:** No, I want to complain about...

**Complainer:** If you complain nothing happens, you might as well not bother.

**Man:** Oh!

**Complainer:** Oh my back hurts, it's not a very fine day and I'm sick and tired of this office.

*(Slams door. walks down corridor, opens next door.)*

**Man:** Hello, I want to... Ooooh!

**Spreaders:** No, no, no. Hold your head like this, then go Waaah. Try it again.

**Man:** uuuwwhh!!

**Spreaders:** Better, Better, but Waah, Waah! Put your hand there.

**Man:** No.

**Spreaders:** Now..

**Man:** Waaaaah!!!

**Spreaders:** Good, Good! That's it.

**Man:** Stop hitting me!!

**Spreaders:** What?

**Man:** Stop hitting me!!

**Spreaders:** Stop hitting you?

**Man:** Yes!

**Spreaders:** Why did you come in here then?

**Man:** I wanted to complain.

**Spreaders:** Oh no, that's next door. It's being-hit-on-the-head lessons in here.

**Man:** What a stupid concept.

([\*Detective Inspector Fox\*](#) enters.)

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# Inspector Flying Fox of the Yard

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 29

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**The cast:**

**INSPECTOR FOX**

Graham Chapman



**MAN**

Michael Palin

**SPREADERS**  
Terry Jones

**INSPECTOR GAZELLE**

Eric Idle

# POLICEMAN

John Cleese

---

## The sketch:

*(This sketch continues from - [Hitting on the Head Lessons](#). We see Detective Inspector Fox enter the room.)*

**Inspector Fox:** Right. Hold it there.

**Man and Spreaders:** What?

**Inspector Fox:** Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Inspector Fox of the Light Entertainment Police, Comedy Division, Special Flying Squad.

**Man and Spreaders:** Flying Fox of the Yard.

**Inspector Fox:** Shut up! *(he hits the man with a truncheon)*

**Man:** Ooooh?

**Spreaders:** No, no, no - Waagh!

**Inspector Fox:** And you. *(he hits Spreaders)*

**Spreaders:** Waagh!

**Inspector Fox:** He's good! You could learn a thing or two from him. Right now you two me old beauties, you are nicked.

**Man:** What for?

**Inspector Fox:** I'm charging you two under Section 21 of the Strange Sketch Act.

**Man:** The what?

**Inspector Fox:** You are hereby charged that you did willfully take part in a strange sketch, that is, a skit, spoof or humorous vignette of an unconventional nature with intent to cause grievous mental confusion to the Great British Public. *(to camera)* Evening all.

**Spreaders:** It's a fair cop.

**Inspector Fox:** And you tosh. *(.hits the man)*

**Man:** WAAAGH!

**Inspector Fox:** That's excellent! Right, come on down the Yard.

*(Another inspector arrives.)*

**Inspector Gazelle:** Hold it. Hold it. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Inspector Thompson's Gazelle of the Programme Planning Police, Light Entertainment Division, Special Flying Squad.

**Inspector Fox:** Flying Thompson's Gazelle of the Yard!

**Inspector Gazelle:** Shut up! *(he hits him)*

**Inspector Fox:** Waaaagh!

**Spreaders:** He's good.

**Inspector Gazelle:** Shut up! *(hits Spreaders)*

**Spreaders:** WAAGH!

**Man:** Rotten. *(he gets hit)* WAAAGH!

**Inspector:** Good. Now I'm 'arrestin' this entire show on three counts: one, acts of self-conscious behaviour contrary to the 'Not in front of the children' Act, two, always saying 'It's so and so of the Yard' every time the fuzz arrives and, three, and this is the cruncher, offences against the 'Getting out of sketches without using a proper punchline' Act, four, namely, simply ending every bleedin' sketch by just having a policeman come in and... wait a minute.

*(Another policeman enters.)*

**Policeman:** Hold it. *(puts his hand on Inspector Thompson's Gazelle's shoulder)*

**Inspector:** It's a fair cop.

*(A large hairy hand appears through the door and claps him on the shoulder.)*

CAPTION: 'THE END'

*(Cut to BBC world symbol.)*

**Announcer's Voice:** And now on BBC 1, one more minute of Monty Python's Flying Circus.



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# 'Blood, Devastation, Death, War and Horror' / The Man who speaks in anagrams

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 30](#)

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**The cast:**

**INTERVIEWER**  
Michael Palin

**The sketch:**

*(Stock colour film of vivid explosive action for fifteen seconds: dog fight RAF style; trains crashing; Spanish hotel blowing up; car crashing and exploding; train on collapsing bridge; volcano erupting; Torrey Canyon burning; forest fire blazing. From this we zoom the following words individually:)* CAPTION: 'BLOOD, DEATH, WAR, HORROR'

*(Cut to an interviewer in a rather dinky little set. On the wall there is a rather prettily done sign, not too big, saying 'Blood, Devastation, Death, War and Horror', as if it were a show's title.)*

**Interviewer:** Hello, good evening and welcome to another edition of Blood Devastation Death War and Horror, and later on we'll be meeting a man who *\*does\** gardening. But first on the show we've got a man who speaks entirely in anagrams.

**Man:** Taht si crreoct.

**Interviewer:** Do you enjoy it?

**Man:** I stom certainly od. Revy chum so.

**Interviewer:** And what's your name?

**Man:** Hamrag - Hamrag Yatlerot

**Interviewer:** Well, Graham, nice to have you on the show. Now, where do you come from?

**Man:** Bumcreland.

**Interviewer:** Cumberland?

**Man:** Stah't it sepricely.

**Interviewer:** And I believe you're working on an anagram version of Shakespeare?

**Man:** Sey, sey - taht si crreoct, er - ta the mnemot I'm wroking on "The Mating of the Wersh".

**Interviewer:** "The Mating of the Wersh"? By William Shakespeare?

**Man:** Nay, by Malliwi Rapesheake.

**Interviewer:** And what else?

**Man:** "Two Netlemeng of Verona", "Twelfth Thing", "The Chamrent of Venice"....

**Interviewer:** Have you done "Hamlet"?



**Man:** "Thamle". 'Be ot or bot ne ot, tath is the nestquoi.'

**Interviewer:** And what is your next project?

**Man:** "Ring Kichard the Thrid".

**Interviewer:** I'm sorry?

**Man:** 'A shroe! A shroe! My dingkom for a shroe!'

**Interviewer:** Ah, Ring Kichard, yes... but surely that's not an anagram, that's a spoonerism.

**Man:** If you're going to split hairs, I'm going to piss off. *(Exit)*

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# Anagram Quiz

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 30](#)

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**PRESENTER**  
John Cleese

# PEPPERPOT

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

**Voice Over:** Tony M. Nyphot's Flying Riscu.

**CAPTION:** 'CHAMRAN KNEBT'

*(Pull out a little. The board has little green curtains and there is a pepperpot standing in front of it.)*

**Presenter:** Mrs Scab, you have twelve hours to beat the clock.

*(A gong goes. A superimposed clock starts to move incredibly fast. It has a minute hand and an hour hand. Twelve hours pass very quickly. The pepperpot starts to rearrange the letters, very quickly. She gets it right. It reads: 'merchant bank: The gong goes, and the clock stops.)*

**Presenter:** Correct!

**Pepperpot:** I've done it. I've done it. Ha, ha, ha!

*(An enormous head of a large cartoon-type hammer hits her and she goes down very fast.)*

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# Merchant Banker

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 30

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The cast:



rich.

**Mr Ford:** So er, how about a pound?

**City Gent:** A pound. Yes, I see. Now this loan would be secured by the...

**Mr Ford:** It's not a loan, sir.

**City Gent:** What?

**Mr Ford:** It's not a loan.

**City Gent:** Ah.

**Mr Ford:** You get one of these, sir. *(he gives him a flag)*

**City Gent:** It's a bit small for a share certificate isn't it? Look, I think I'd better run this over to our legal department. If you could possibly pop back on Friday.

**Mr Ford:** Well do you have to do that, couldn't you just give me the pound?

**City Gent:** Yes, but you see I don't know what it's for.

**Mr Ford:** It's for the orphans.

**City Gent:** Yes?

**Mr Ford:** It's a gift.

**City Gent:** A what?

**Mr Ford:** A gift?

**City Gent:** Oh a gift!

**Mr Ford:** Yes.

**City Gent:** A tax dodge.

**Mr Ford:** No, no, no, no.

**City Gent:** No? Well, I'm awfully sorry I don't understand. Can you just explain exactly what you want.

**Mr Ford:** Well, I want you to give me a pound, and then I go away and give it to the orphans.

**City Gent:** Yes?

**Mr Ford:** Well, that's it.



**City Gent:** No, no, no, I don't follow this at all, I mean, I don't want to seem stupid but it looks to me as though I'm a pound down on the whole deal.

**Mr Ford:** Well, yes you are.

**City Gent:** I am! Well, what is my incentive to give you the pound?

**Mr Ford:** Well the incentive is - to make the orphans happy.

**City Gent:** (*genuinely puzzled*) Happy?... You quite sure you've got this fight?

**Mr Ford:** Yes, lots of people give me money.

**City Gent:** What, just like that?

**Mr Ford:** Yes.

**City Gent:** Must be sick. I don't suppose you could give me a list of their names and addresses could you?

**Mr Ford:** No, I just go up to them in the street and ask.

**City Gent:** Good lord! That's the most exciting new idea I've heard in years! It's so simple it's brilliant! Well, if that idea of yours isn't worth a pound I'd like to know what is. (*he takes the tin from Ford*)

**Mr Ford:** Oh, thank you, sir.

**City Gent:** The only trouble is, you gave me the idea before I'd given you the pound. And that's not good business.

**Mr Ford:** Isn't it?

**City Gent:** No, I'm afraid it isn't. So, um, off you go. (*he pulls a lever opening a trap door under Ford's feet and Ford falls through with a yelp*) Nice to do business with you.



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# **Pantomine Horses / Life and Death Struggles**

**As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 30**

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**The cast:**



## VOICE OVER

John Cleese

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### The sketch:

*(The door opens and two pantomime horses run in. Pantomime music. They do a routine including running round the room and bumping into each other. They then stand in front of the city gent crossing their legs and putting their heads on one side.)*

**City Gent:** Now I've asked you to ... *(they repeat the routine)* Now I've asked you ... *(they start again)* Shut up! *(they stop)* Now I've asked you in here to see me this morning because I'm afraid we're going to have to let one of you go. *(the pantomime horses heads go up, their ears waggle and their eyes go round)* I'm very sorry but the present rationalization of this firm makes it inevitable that we have one of you off. *(mater spurts out of their eyes in a stream)* Now you may think that this is very harsh behaviour but let me tell you that our management consultants actually queried the necessity for us to employ- a pantomime horse at all. *(the horses register surprise and generally behave ostentatiously)* And so the decision has to be made which one of you is to go. Champion... how many years have you been with this firm? *(Champion stamps his foot three times)* Trigger? *(Trigger stamps his front foot twice and rear foot once)* I see. Well, it's a difficult decision. But in accordance with our traditional principles of free enterprise and healthy competition I'm going to ask the two of you to fight to the death for it. *(one of the horses runs up to him and puts his head by the city gent's ear)* No, I'm afraid there's no redundancy scheme.

*(The horses turn and start kicking each other on the shins. After a few blows)*

**Voice Over:** *(German accent)* In the hard and unrelenting world of nature the ceaseless struggle for survival continues. *(one of the pantomime horses turns tail and runs out)* This time one of the pantomime horses concedes defeat and so lives to fight another day. *(cut to stock film of sea lions fighting)* Here, in a colony of sea lions, we see a huge bull sea lion seeing off an intruding bull who is attempting to intrude on his harem. This pattern of aggressive behaviour is typical of these documentaries. *(cut to shot of two almost stationary limpets)* Here we see two limpets locked in a life or death struggle for territory. The huge bull limpet, enraged by the rock, endeavours to encircle its sprightly opponent. *(shot of wolf standing still)* Here we see an ant. This ant is engaged in a life or death struggle with the wolf. You can see the ant creeping up on the wolf on all sixes. *(a moving arrow is superimposed)* Now he stops to observe. Satisfied that the wolf has not heard him, he approaches nearer. With great skill he chooses his moment and then, quick as a limpet, with one mighty bound *(the arrow moves to the wolf's throat; the wolf does not move)* buries his fangs in the wolf's neck. The wolf struggles to no avail. A battle of this kind can take anything up to fifteen years because the timber ant has such a tiny mouth. *(distant shot of two men fighting violently)* Here we see Heinz Sielmann engaged in a life or death struggle with Peter Scott. They are engaged in a bitter punch-up over repeat fees on the overseas sales of their nature documentaries. *(another man joins in)* Now they have been joined by an enraged Jacques Cousteau. This is typical of the harsh and bitchy world of television features. *(shot of honey bear sitting about aimlessly)* Here we see a honey bear not engaged in a life or death struggle about anything. These honey bears are placid and peaceful creatures and consequently bad television. *(shot of pantomime horse running along in a wood)* Here we see a pantomime horse. It is engaged in a life or death struggle for a job with a

merchant bank. However, his rival employee, the huge bull pantomime horse, is lying in wait for him. *(pantomime horse behind tree drops sixteen-ton weight on the horse running under the tree)* Poor pantomime horse. *(shot of pantomime goose behind a small tree with a bow and arrow)* Here we see a pantomime goose engaged in a life or death struggle with Terence Rattigan. *(we see Terrace walking along)* The enraged goose fires. *(the goose fires and hits Terence in the neck; Terrace looks amazed and dies)* Poor Terence. Another victim of this silly film. *(shot of an amazing-looking large woman with a crown waiting in the undergrowth by the side of a path)* Here we see an enraged pantomime Princess Margaret, she is lying in wait for her breakfast. *(a breakfast tray appears being pulled along the path by a length of wire)* The unsuspecting breakfast glides over closer to its doom. The enraged pantomime royal person is poised for the kill. She raises her harpoon and fires. *(the pantomime Princess Margaret does so, hurling the harpoon at the moving tray)* Pang! Right in the toast. A brief struggle and all is over. Poor breakfast! Another victim of the.... aargh!

*(ANIMATION: which beans by showing the sudden demise of the previous voice over and continues with the story of a carnivorous house.)*

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# Mary Recruitment Office

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 30

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The cast:

## VOICE OVER

John Cleese

## MR. MAN

Eric Idle

## R.S.M.

Graham Chapman

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### The sketch:

(Pull back to show that 'Mary' is part of a sign saying: 'Mary Recruitment Office'. Pull out to reveal that it is a sign over a shop as for 'army recruiting office. An R.S.M. with waxed moustache and snappy straight-against-the-firehead peaked cap come out of the shop. He hangs a clearly printed sign on a nail on the door. It reads: 'Sketch just starting - actor wanted'.

**Voice Over:** Sketch just starting, actor wanted.

*(The R.S.M. looks up and down the road, glances up at the sign above his shop without noticing it. He goes inside again. A man walks up, reads the sign and enters. He is Mr Man.)*

**Mr Man:** Good morning.

**R.S.M.:** Morning, sir.

**Mr Man:** I'd like to join the army please.

**RSM:** I see, sir. Short service or long service commission, sir?

**Mr Man:** As long as possible please.

**R.S.M.:** Right well I'll just take a few particulars and then...

*(Suddenly he looks as though a dim memory has penetrated his skull. He breaks off, looking thoughtful, walks towards the door and exits. He comes out of shop, looks up at word 'Mary' tuts and changes the letters round to read 'Army'. He suddenly looks round and we see a queue of nuns.)* **R.S.M.:** Shove off! *(he goes back inside)* Then there'll be a few forms to sign, and of course we'll need references and then a full medical examination by the ...

**Mr Man:** Yes. Yes, yes I see. *(diffidently)* I was just wondering whether it would be possible for me to join... the women's army?

**R.S.M.:** The Women's Royal Army Corps, sir?

**Mr Man:** Yes. I was just thinking, you know, if it was possible for me to have my choice ... I'd prefer to be in the Women's Royal Amy Corps.

**R.S.M.:** Well, I'm afraid that the people that recruit here normally go straight into the Scots Guards.

**Mr Man:** Which is all... men... I suppose?

**R.S.M.:** Yes it is.

**Mr Man:** Yes. Are there any regiments which are more effeminate than others?

**R.S.M.:** Well, no sir. I mean, apart from the Marines, they're all dead butch.

**Mr Man:** You see, what I really wanted was a regiment where I could be really quiet and have more time to myself m work with fabrics, and creating new concepts in interior design.

**R.S.M.:** Working with fabrics and experimenting with interior design!

**Mr Man:** Yes.

**R.S.M.:** Oh well you want the Durham Light Infantry then, sir.

**Mr Man:** Oh.

**R.S.M.:** Oh yes. That's the only regiment that's really doing something new with interior design, with colour, texture, line and that.

**Mr Man:** I see.

**R.S.M.:** Oh yes, I mean their use of colour with fabrics is fantastic. I saw their pattern book the other day - beautiful, beautiful. Savage tans, great slabs of black, set against aggressive orange. It really makes you want to shout out, this is good! This is real!

**Mr Man:** Really?

**R.S.M.:** Oh yes. I mean the Inniskillin Fusiliers and the Anglian Regiment are all right if you're interested in the art nouveau William Morris revival bit, but if you really want a regiment of the line that is really saying something about interior decor, then you've got to go for the Durham Light Infantry.

**Mr Man.:** Oh, I've had enough of this. I'm handing in my notice.

**R.S.M.:** What do you mean?

**Mr Man:** Well I 'mean, when I applied for this job I thought I'd get a few decent lines but you end up doing the whole thing. I mean my last five speeches have been 'really, really - I see - I see' and 'really'. I wouldn't give those lines to a dog.

**R.S.M.:** All right, all right, all right, sonny. I'll tell you what. We'll do something different. I'll be a bus conductor, and you can be a really funny [passenger on a bus](#).

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# Bus Conductor Sketch

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 30](#)

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## The cast:

**MR. MAN**

Eric Idle

**R.S.M.**

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

*(Sketch continues on from ['Mary Recruitment Office'](#) Cut to a bus set. There is a very bad backcloth of the interior of the top deck of a bus. It looks like the set for a rather tatty revue. On the cut Mr Man is standing in exactly the same place as he was - so that it looks as if the scene has changed around him. The RSM appears from one side. He is still dressed basically as an RSM but has a few bus conductor , things such as a ticket machine, money satchel and a big arrow through his neck. He talks like a music-hall comedian.)* **RSM:** Any more fires please? I've got a chauffeur and every time I go to the lavatory he drives me potty! Boom-boom! One in a row *(sings)* I'm not unusual. I'm just...

**Mr Man:** Fivepenny please.

**RSM:** Five beautiful pennies going in to the bag... and you are the lucky · winner of... one fivepenny ticket! *(hands him a ticket)* What's the Welshman doing under the bed? He's having a leak! Oh they're all in here tonight. *(brief film dip of audience laughing)* **Mr Man:** Look!

**RSM:** I am looking - it's the only way I keep my eyelids apart! Boom-boom! Every one a Maserati!

**Mr Man:** Look! You said I was going to be a funny passenger.

**RSM:** *(snapping out of music-hall manner)* What do you mean?

**Mr Man:** I mean, all I said was, fivepenny please, You can't call that a funny line.

**RSM:** Well it's the way you said it.

**Mr Man:** No it isn't. Nobody can say 'fivepenny please' and make it funny.

*(Cut to vox pop of [city gent](#) in a busy street.)*

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# The man who makes people laugh uncontrollably

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 30

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The cast:

**CITY GENT**  
Terry Jones

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to vox pop of city gent in a busy street.)*

**City Gent:** Fivepenny please.

*(Cut to stock film of audience rolling about with laughter and clapping. Cut back to vox pop. of city gent in street. He looks rather bewildered. He shrugs, turns and as he starts to walk away the camera pulls out. We see the city gent pass two colleagues.)* **City Gent:** Morning.

*(They collapse laughing and roll about on the pavement. The city gent hurries on, and turns into the door of a big office block. Cut to the foyer. A hall porter is standing behind a counter.)*

**City Gent:** Not so warm today, George.

*A shriek of mirth from the porter who collapses behind the counter. The city gent continues walking into the lift. There are two other dry gents and one secretary already in the lift. The doors shut.)*

**Man's Voice:** Good morning.

**Secretary's Voice:** Good morning.

**City Gents:** Voice Good morning.

*(Shrieks of laughter. Cut to the doors of the lift on the third floor. Lift doors open and the city gent steps out rather quickly looking embarrassed. Behind him he leaves the three collapsed with mirth on the floor. The lift doors shut and the lift goes down again. Cut to interior of boss's office. A knock on the door. The boss is standing with his back to the door desperately preparing himself to keep a straight face.)* **Boss:** Come in, Mr Horton.

*(The city gent enters.)*

**City Gent:** Morning, sir.

**Boss:** Do - do sit down. *(he indicates chair, trying not to look at the city gent)*

**City Gent:** Thank you, sir.

*(The boss starts to snigger but suppresses it with feat of self-control.)*

**Boss:** Now then Horton, you've been with us for twenty years, and your work in the accounts department has been immaculate *(the city gent starts to speak; the boss suppresses another burst of laughter)* No no - please don't say anything. As I say, your work has been beyond reproach, but unfortunately the effect you have on your colleagues has undermined the competence *(almost starts*

laughing) ... has undermined the competence of this firm to such a point that I'm afraid that I've got no option but to sack you.

**City Gent:** *(in a broken voice)* I'm sorry to hear that, sir. *(the boss giggles, gets up hastily and turning his back on city gent leans against the mantelpiece; his desire to laugh mounts through the next speech)* It couldn't have come at a worse time. There's school fees for the two boys coming up, and the wife's treatment costing more now ... I don't know where the money's coming from as it is. And now I don't see any future ... I'd been hoping I'd be able to hang on here just for the last couple of years but... now ... I just want to go out and end it all.

*(The boss cannot control himself any longer. He collapses in helpless mirth, falling all over the room. Immediately we cut to stock film of terrific audience laughter.)*

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# Army Captain as Clown

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 30](#)

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The cast:





**The sketch:**

*(Cut to backdrop of a circus ring. In front of it, as if in the ring, stand the RSM and Mr Man. Mr Man is as [before](#). The RSM is dressed the same except that over his uniform he wears baggy trousers and braces and a funny nose. He is responding to the audience applause. Mr Man has obviously just been drenched with hot water - he is soaked and steam is rising.)* **RSM:** Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you and now for the fish - the fish down the trousers. *(the RSM picks up fish and puts it down Mr Man's trousers)* It's your laugh mate it's not mine. It's your trousers - not my trousers - it's your trousers - and now for the whitewash. *(the RSM pours a bucket of whitewash over him)* The whitewash over you - not over me. It's over you. You get the laugh. You get all the laughs. And now for the custard pie in the mush. *(more laughter, the RSM puts custard pie in his face and knees him in the balls)* It's not my mush - it's your mush. It's your laugh - it's your laugh mate - not mine. It's your bleeding laugh.

*(Cut to stock film of Mr Heath laughing followed by stock film of Women's Institute applauding.)*

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# Gestures to indicate pauses in televised talk

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 30

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## The cast:

**MR. ORBITER**

Michael Palin

**The sketch:**

CAPTION: 'THE STORY OF HOLLAND'S MOST FAMOUS APERITIF'

*(Mr Orbiter-5 is sitting in a swivel chair facing camera in a TV presentation set. Behind him is a set with enormous lettering which says 'Is the Queen sane?' Zoom in on Mr Orbleer-5. He starts talking immediately)*

**Mr Orbiter:** Good evening. Well tonight, we are going to talk about... well that is... I am going to talk about... well actually I am talking about it now... well I'm not talking about it now, but I am talking... I know I'm pausing occasionally, and not talking during the pauses, but the pauses are pan of the whole process of talking... when one talks one has to pause... er ... like then! I paused ... but I was still talking ... and again there! No the real point of what I'm saying is that when I appear not to be talking don't go nipping out to the kitchen, putting the kettle on ... buttering scones... or getting crumbs and bits of food out of those round brown straw mats that the teapot goes on... because in all probability I'm still talking and what you heard was a pause ... er ... like there again. Look! To make it absolutely easier, so there's no problem at all, what I'll do, I'll give you some kind of sign, like this *(makes a gesture)* while I'm still talking, and only pausing in between words... and when I've finished altogether I'll do this. *(he sits upright and filch his arms)* All right?

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'THE END'

**Mr Orbiter:** No, no! No sorry - just demonstrating... haven't finished. Haven't started yet. *(the caption is removed; he sits and tries to gather his thoughts then suddenly, remembers)* Oh dear. *(does the gesture hastily)* Nearly forgot the gesture. Hope none of you are nipping out into the kitchen, getting bits of food out of those round brown mats which the teapot... Good evening *(gesture)* Tonight I want to talk about...

*(Cut to the BBC world symbol.)*

**Adrian:** *(voice over)* We interrupt this programme to annoy you and make things generally irritating for you.

*(Cut back to Mr Orbiter-5.)*

**Mr Orbiter:** ... with a large piece of wet paper. *(gesture)* Turn the paper over - turn the paper over keeping your eye on the camel, and paste down the edge of the sailor's uniform, until the word 'Maudlin' is almost totally obscured. *(gesture)* Well, that's one way of doing it. *(gesture)* *(Cut to the BBC world symbol again and hold throughout the following dialogue.)*

**Adrian:** *(voice over)* Good evening, we interrupt this programme again, a, to irritate you and, b, to provide work for one of our announcers.

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# Neurotic Announcers

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 30

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**The cast:**

**JACK**

Jone Cleese

**JOE-JUMS**

Carol Cleveland

**DICK**

Michael Palin



**The sketch:**

**Jack:** *(voice over)* Good evening, I'm the announcer who's just been given this job by the BBC and I'd just like to say how grateful I am to the BBC for providing me with work, particularly at this time of year, when things are a bit thin for us announcers ... um ... I don't know whether I should tell you this, but, well, I have been going through a rather tough time recently. Things have been pretty awful at home. My wife, Josephine... 'Joe-jums' as I call her ... who is also an announcer...

**Joe-jums:** Hello.

**Jack:** ... has not been able to announce since our youngest, Clifford, was born, and, well, *(tearfully)* I've just got no confidence left ... I can't get up in the morning... I feel. there's nothing worth living for... *(he starts to sob)* **Dick:** Hello, I'm another announcer, my name's Dick. Joe-jums just rang me and said Jack was having a bad time with this announcement, so I've just come to give him a hand. How is he, Joe-jums?

**Joe-jums:** Pretty bad, Dick.

**Dick:** Jack ... it's Dick ... Do you want me to make the announcement?

**Jack:** No, no Dick. I must do it myself... *(emotionally)* it's my last chance with the BBC, I can't throw it away... I've got to do it ... for Joe-jums... for the kids... I've got to go through with it...

**Dick:** Good man. Now remember your announcer's training: deep breaths, and try not to think about what you're saying...

**Jack:** Good evening. This *(a trace of superhuman effort in his voice)* is BBC 1...

**Joe-jums:** Good luck, Jack.

**Dick:** Keep going, old boy.

**Jack:** It's ... nine o'clock ... and ... time ... for ... the News ... read by ... Richard Baker...

*(Cut to start of the 'Nine O'Clock News '.)*

**Joe-jums:** You've done it.

**Dick:** Congratulations, old man!

*(Richard Baker is sitting at a desk. As Richard Baker speaks we hear no sounds apart from the sounds of celebration of the announcers - champagne corks popping, etc. At the beginning of the news Baker uses the gesture between sentences that we have seen [Mr Orbiter](#) use, plus other gestures. Behind him on the screen a collage of photos appear one after the other: Richard Nixon, Tony Armstrong-Jones, the White House, Princess Margaret, parliament, naked breasts, a*

scrubbing brush, a man with a stone through his head, Margaret Thatcher, a lavatory, a Scotsman lying on his back with his knees drawn up, a corkscrew, Edward Heath, a pair of false teeth in a glass. Whilst these have been going on Baker has been making gestures starting with elbow-up gesture and getting progressively more obscure and intriguing. We don't hear him at all, we hear all the announcers having a party and congratulating Jack.) **Joe-jums:** Fantastic darling, you were brilliant. No, no, it was the best you ever did.

**Jack:** Thank God.

**Joe-jums:** It was absolutely super.

**Dick:** ... have a drink. For God's sake drink this...

**Jack:** Fantastic.

**Dick:** The least I could do - super - I must come over.

**Jack:** I can't tell you how much that means.

*(Eventually the voices stop and four the first time we hear Richard Baker's voice.)*

**Baker:** ... until the name Maudling is almost totally obscured. That is the need of the micro-not wens. And now it's time for the [late night film](#).

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# The Pantomine Horse is a Secret Agent Film

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 30

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**The cast:**

**GIRL**

Carol Cleveland

**LOONY**

Graham Chapman

# VOICE OVER

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(James Bond style opening titles with pictures of a pantomime horse.)*

THE PANTOMIME HORSE IS A SECRET AGENT FILM.  
WRITTEN BY TALBOT ROTHWELL AND MIREILLE MATHIEU.  
BASED ON AN IDEA BY EDWARD VII.  
DIRECTED BY QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS.  
PRODUCED BY SIR ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME AND KING HAARON OF NORWAY.  
A CORPSE-HAARON PRODUCTION'.

*(Cut to an idyllic scene - a boat drifting serenely on a river. A beautiful girl lies reclining in one end of the boat. A hoof appears round Carol's shoulders.)*

**Girl:** Oh pantomime horse, that was wonderful. -

**Dobbin:** Would you like another glass?

**Girl:** No, no, I mustn't. It makes me throw up... oh, I'm so bleeding happy.

**Dobbin:** Oh, Simone!

**Girl:** Oh, pantomime horse.

*(Cut to Graham in loony get up.)*

**Loony:** Then...

*(The pantomime horse spins round and fires his revolver towards some trees overhanging the water. Another pantomime horse falls out of the tree into the water. A third pantomime horse scurries out behind a bush and runs off into the undergrowth. Dobbin leaps out of the boat. The girl jumps after him. A car drives out of some bushes on to the road and accelerates away. The pantomime horse is in it. Dobbin and the girl leap into their own expensive sports car and give chase. Shots of exciting chase. After two or three shots of the cars chasing, the two pantomime horses are seen on two tandems, continuing the chase. Cut to them chasing each other on horseback. Cut to them chasing each other on rickshaws. Cut to them chasing each other on foot.)* **Voice Over:** And now the English pantomime horse has very nearly caught up with the Russian pantomime horse, I think he's going to take him any moment now but what is this? What is this? *(round the corner are waiting a pantomime goose and a pantomime Princess Margaret; the Russian pantomime horse runs past them and they leap on the English pantomime horse and a fight starts)* Yes it's pantomime Princess Margaret and the pantomime goose and they're attacking the English pantomime horse and the Russian pantomime horse has got away. But who is this? *(a car draws up and Terence Rattigan and the Duke of Kent and the RSM run up and join in the fighting; the Russians are joined by Heinz Sielmann and Peter Scott and Jacques Cousteau)* My goodness

me it's the Duke of Kent to the rescue...

*(The fighting continues, behind, while the credits roll in front, reading as follows:)*

TONY M. NYPHOT'S FLYING RISCCU

SAW CODVENICE, TWITNER

DNA FORDEPERM YB

HAMRAG PACHMAN

JOHN ECLES

RICE LIED

TORN JERSEY (5.5)

MICHAEL LAPIN

MARTY RIGELLI

SOLA GAERAPPIN

CAROL CLEVELAND

ARCHSEER YB

SUZAN DAVIES

KAME PU

MADELAINE GAFFNEY

MUTESOCS

HAZEL PETHIG

MAINATIONS YB

TERRY GILLIAM

CUFFS LAVISEET

BERNARD WILKIE

PISHCARG

BOB BLAGDEN

MALE FANCIMARM

ALAN FEATHERSTONE

MOLE TRIFID

RAY MILLICHOPE

DOSUN

RICHARD CHUBB

LIGHTGIN

JIMMY PURDIE

REDENSIG

IAN WATSON

DECODURP YB

IAN MACNAUGHTON

B. B. LURCOO

**Voice Over:** *(German accent)* Here you see some English comic actors engaged in a life or death struggle with a rather weak ending. This is typical of the zany madcap world of the irresistible kooky funsters. The English pantomime horse wins and so is assured of a place in British history and a steady job in a merchant bank. Unfortunately, before his pension fights are assured, he catches bronchitis and dies, another victim of the need to finish these shows on time.

*(Shot of pantomime horse in bed with his legs sticking in the air.)*

CAPTION: 'ETH NED'

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# 'Summarize Proust Competition'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 31

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 31](#), it also featured on their album - 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (UK version).

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## The cast:

**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

**ARTHUR MEE**  
Terry Jones

**HARRY**

Graham Chapman

## The sketch:

*(The hall of the Memorial Baths, Swansea, done up for a gala occasion. There is a stage with flags, bunting and flowers. Echoing noise of audience anticipation. Muffled tannoy announcements in background.)*

**Voice Over:** Good evening, and welcome to the Arthur Ludlow Memorial Baths, Newport, for this year's finals of the All-England Summarize Proust Competition. *(pull back slightly to reveal big banner across the top of the stage: 'All-England Summarize Proust Competition')* As you may remember, each contestant has to give a brief summary of Proust's 'A La Recherche du Temps Perdu', once in a swimsuit and once in evening dress. The field has now narrowed to three finalists and your judges tonight are... *(cut to panel of judges at long desk; they are all cut-outs of smiling photos of the following)* Alec and Eric Bedser, ex-Surrey cricketers, Stewart Surridge, ex-captain of Surrey, Omar Sharif, Laurie Fishlock, ex-Surrey opening batsman, Peter May, the former Surrey and England Captain, and Yehudi Menuhin, the world-famous violinist and the President of the Surrey Cricket Club. And right now it's time to meet your host for tonight - Arthur Mee!

*(Showbiz music, applause, and Arthur Mee appears from the back of the stage; he wears the now traditional spangly jacket. He comes forward and speaks into the mike ; the sound is rather hollow and strident as in big halls with a hastily rigged PA.)*

**Mee:** (TERRY J) Good evening and welcome, whereas Proust would say, 'la malade imaginaire de recondition et de toute surveillance est bientôt la même chose'. *(roars of applause; quick shot of grinning faces of the jury)* Remember each contestant this evening has a maximum of fifteen seconds to sum up 'A La Recherche du Temps Perdu' and on the Proustometer over here... *(curtain pulls back at back of stage to reveal a true, enormous, but cheap, audience appreciation gauge; it lists the seven books of Proust's masterwork in the form of a thermometer)* you can see exactly how far he gets. So let's crack straight on with our first contestant tonight. He's last year's semi-finalist from Luton - Mr Harry Bagot. *(Harry Bagot, in evening dress, comes forward from back of stage, he has a number three on his back; Mee leads the applause for him)* Hello Harry. Now there's the summarizing spoh you're on the summarizing spot, fifteen seconds from now.

*(Music starts, continuity-type music. The needle of the Proustometer creeps up almost iraperceptibly to a tiny level.)*

**Harry:** Proust's novel ostensibly tells of the irrevocability of time lost, the forfeiture of innocence through experience, the reinstatement of extra-temporal values of time regained, ultimately the novel is both optimistic and set within the context of a humane religious experience, re-stating as it does the concept of intemporality. in the first volume, Swarm, the family friend visits...

*(Gong goes, chord of rausic, applause. The meter has hardly risen at all.)*

**Mee:** Well tried, Harry.

**Voice Over:** A good attempt there but unfortunately he chose a general appraisal of the work, before getting on to the story and as you can see (*close up of Proustometer*) he only got as far as page one of 'Swarm'sWay', the first of the seven volumes. A good try though and very nice posture, (*Cut back to the stage.*)

**Mee:** Harry: Bagot, you're from Luton?

**Harry:** Yes, Arthur, yeah.

**Mee:** Now Harry what made you first want to try and start summarizing Proust

**Harry:** Well I first entered a seaside Summarizing Proust Competition when I was on holiday in Bournemouth, and my doctor encouraged me with it.

**Mee:** And Harry, what are your hobbies outside summarizing?

**Harry:** Well, strangling animals, golf and masturbating.

**Mee:** Well, thank you Harry Bagot.

**Harry:** walks off-stage. Music and applause.

**Voice Over:** Well there he goes. Harry Bagot. He must have let himself down a bit on the hobbies, golf's not very popular around here, but never mind, a good try.

**Mee:** Thank you ladies and gentlemen. Mr Rutherford from Leicester, are you ready Ronald? (*Ronald is a very eager man in tails*) Right. On the summarizing spot. You have got fifteen seconds from now.

**Ronald:** Er, well, Swann, Swann, there's this house, there's this house, and er, it's in the morning, it's in the morning - no, it's the evening, in the evening and er, there's a garden and er, this bloke comes in - bloke comes in - what's his name - what's his name, er just said it - big bloke - Swarm, Swarm (*The gong sounds. Mee pushes Ronald out.*)

**Mee:** And now ladies and gentlemen, I'd like you to welcome the last of our all-England finalists this evening, from Bingley, the Bolton Choral Society and their leader Superintendent McGough, (a big choir comes on, immaculately drilled, each holding a score, with Fred Tomlinson as superintendent McGough) All right Bingley, remember you've got fifteen seconds to summarize Proust in his entirety starting from now.

**First Soloist:** Proust, in his first book wrote about... fa la la...

**Second Soloist:** Proust in his first book wrote about...

**Tenors:** He wrote about...

(*They continue contrapuntally, in madrigal, never getting beyond these words until they rallentando to say...*)

**All:** Proust in his first book wrote about the... (gong sounds)

**Voice Over:** Very ambitious try there, but in fact the least successful of the evening, they didn't even get as far as the first volume. *(the singers leave the stage)*

**Mee:** Well ladies and gendemen, I don't think any of our contestants this evening have succeeded in encapsuladng the intricacies of Proust's masterwork, so I'm going to award the first prize this evening to the girl with the biggest tits.

*(Applause and music. A lady with enormous knockers comes on to the side of the stage. Roll credits:)*

THE ALL-ENGLAND SUMMARIZE PROUST COMPETITION A BBG PRODUCTION WITH MR I. T. BRIDDOCK, 2379, THE TERRACE, HODDESDON. IT WAS CONCEIVED, WRITFEN AND PERFORMED BY...

*(Roll usual Mon!y Python credits and music. Behind them the lady accepts the cup and the singers come back on stage and admire her. Fade out.)*

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# Hairdressers' Ascent up Mount Everest

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 31

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## The sketch:

*(Begins with a picture of the sun rising over two mountain peaks)*

**Announcer (Graham Chapman):** Mount Everest. Forbidding, aloof, terrifying. The mountain with the biggest tits in the world.

*(Gong crashes, a disgusted voice interrupts)*

**Voice Over:** Start again!

*(A hideous clown in green plaid shirt, 14-inch wide blue polka-dotted bow tie, red curly wig, false teeth and an ugly mask steps in front of the picture of the mountain for a second and waves.)*

**Announcer:** Mount Everest. Forbidding, aloof, terrifying. This year, this remote Himalayan mountain, this mystical temple, surrounded by the most difficult terrain in the world, repulsed yet another attempt to conquer it. (Picture changes to wind-swept, snowy tents and people) This time, by the International Hairdresser's Expedition. In such freezing, adverse conditions, man comes very close to breaking point. What was the real cause of the disharmony which destroyed their chances at success?

*(Hairdresser #1 is a snowy, bundled up climber with a very gay voice. Hairdressers #2 and #3 are even more gay and windswept.)*

**Hairdresser #1:** Well, people keep taking your hairdryer on every turn.

**Hairdresser #2:** There's a lot of bitching in the tents.

**Hairdresser #3:** You couldn't get near the mirror.

*(Cut to the announcer, a stuffy looking older man, delicately trimming millimetres off the leaves of cabbages growing in his country garden.)*

**Announcer:** The leader of the expedition was Colonel Sir John Cheesy-Weezy Butler, veteran K2, Annapurna, and Vidal. His plan was to ignore the usual route around the south and to make straight for the top.

*(next part shows a map of the mountain)*

**Cheesy-Weezy:** We established Base Salon here, and climbed quite steadily up to Mario's, here. From here, using crampons and cutting ice steps as we went, we moved steadily up the face to the north ridge, establishing Camp Three, where we could get a hot meal, a manicure, and a shampoo



and set.

**Announcer:** Could it work? Could this 18-year old hairdresser from Brixton succeed where others had failed? The situation was complicated by the imminent arrival of the monsoon storms. Patrice takes up the story.

*(cut to Patrice (Eric Idle) in a salon, very effeminately brushing and blow-drying a customer's hair.)*

**Patrice:** Well, we knew as well as anyone that the monsoons were due. But the thing was, Ricky and I had just had a blow dry and rinse, and we couldn't go out for a couple of days.

*(Picture of mountaineers climbing down mountain)*

**Announcer:** After a blazing row, the Germans and Italians had turned back, taking with them the last of the hairnets. On the third day, a blizzard blew up. Temperatures fell to minus 30 degrees centigrade. Inside the little tent, things were getting desperate.

*(Ricky (Michael Palin) and John Cleese are crowded inside a little tent, sporting beards, hairnets, and curlers. They sit beneath stationary hairdryers. Cleese is reading, Ricky is buffing his nails.)*

**Ricky:** Well, things have gotten so bad that we've been forced to use the last of the heavy oxygen equipment just to keep the dryers going. (A woman hands him a cup of tea.) Oh, she's a treasure.

**Cleese:** Shhh!

*(another mountain climbing scene)*

**Announcer:** But a new factor had entered the race. A team of French chiropodists, working with brand new corn plasters and Dr. Scholl's Mountaineering Sandals, were close behind. The Glasgow Orpheus male voice choir were tackling the difficult north part. All together, fourteen expeditions were at the scene. This was it. Ricky had to make a decision.

*(back to Patrice at his salon)*

**Patrice:** Well, we decided to open a salon.

**Announcer:** It was a tremendous success.

*(the following is accompanied by pictures of great mountaineering heros upon whom are pasted elaborate Marie Antoinette style hairdos)*

**Announcer:** Challenging Everest? Why not drop in at Ricky Pule's, only 2400 feet from this cinema. (A huge pink neon sign reading 'Ricky's' appears on the mountain.) Ricky and Maurice offer a variety of styles for the well-groomed climber. Why should Tensing and Sir Edmond Hillary be number one on top, when you're number one on top?

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# Fire Brigade / Our Eamonn

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 31

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## The cast:

**MRS. LITTLE**

Terry Jones

**FIRST FIREMAN**

Michael Palin

**SECOND FIREMAN**

Eric Idle

**MERVYN**

John Cleese

**EAMONN**

Graham Chapman

# ANNOUNCER

Michael Palin

---

## The sketch:

*(We see little old Mrs Little on the phone in her hall. She is a dear little old lady and lives in a rather fussy ducks-on-wall house.)*

**Mrs Little:** Hello, is that the fire brigade?

*(Cut to the fire station.)*

**First Fireman:** No, sorry, wrong number.

*(He puts the phone back. Pull out to reveal four or five firemen in full gear, surrounded by fire-fighting equipment and a gleaming fire engine. The firemen are engaged in a variety of homely pursuits: one is soldering a crystal set, another is cooking at a workbench, another is doing embroidery, another is at a sewing machine. The first fireman is at the phone on the wall. He goes back to clearing up a budgie's cage.)* **Second Fireman:** That phone's not stopped ringing all day.

**Third Fireman:** What happens when you've mixed the batter, do you dice the ham with the coriander?

**First Fireman:** No, no, you put them in separately when the vine leaves are ready.

*(The phone ring.)*

**Second Fireman:** Oh, no, not again.

**Third Fireman:** Take it off the hook.

*(The first fireman takes the phone off the hook. Cut back to Mrs Little on phone. She looks at the receiver then listens again.)*

**Mrs Little:** I can't get the fire brigade Mervyn.

*(Mervyn, her 38-year-old, 6' 8" son appears.)*

**Mervyn:** Here, let me try, dear. You go and play the cello.

**Mrs Little:** Oh it doesn't do any good, dear.

**Mervyn:** Look. Do you want the little hamster to live or not?

**Mrs Little:** Yes I do, Mervyn.

**Mervyn:** Well go and play the cello!



*(She looks helplessly at him, then goes into the sitting room, Mervyn dials.)*

**Mervyn:** Hello, hello, operator? Yes we're trying to get the fire brigade ... No, the fire brigade. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, what? ... *(he takes one of his shoes off and looks in it)* Size eight. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, no of course not, Yes...

*(Mrs Little appears, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief.)*

**Mrs Little:** *(touching Mervyn gently on the arm)* He's gone, dear.

**Mervyn:** What?

**Mrs Little:** He's slipped away.

**Mervyn:** What?

**Mrs Little:** The sodding hamster's dead!

**Mervyn:** *(broken)* Oh no!! What were you playing?

**Mrs Little:** Some Mozart concertos, dear.

**Mervyn:** What... How did he... ?

**Mrs Little:** His eyes just closed, and he fell into the wastepaper basket. I've covered him with a copy of the 'Charlie George Football Book'.

**Mervyn:** *(handing her the phone)* Right, you hang on. I must go and see him.

**Mrs Little:** There was nothing we could do, Mervyn. If we'd have had the whole Philharmonic Orchestra in there, he'd still have gone.

**Mervyn:** I'm going upstairs, I can't bear it.

**Mrs Little:** *(restraining him)* There isn't an upstairs dear, it's a bungalow.

**Mervyn:** Dam. *(he storms off)*

**Mrs Little:** *(into the phone)* Hello, I'm sorry to keep you waiting, It's just that... *(she takes her shoe off and looks inside)* size three, yes it's iust - we've lost a dear one and my son was ... yes, that's fight, size eight, yes and... Oh I see... yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, I see, yes, yes, I, I ... Yes, yes. No ... no... yes, · see ..... ; can't get the fire brigade Mervyn - ,will the Boys' Brigade do?

**Mervyn:** *(off)* No! They'd be useless!

**Mrs Little:** No, he doesn't want anyone at the moment, thank you. No, yes, yes, no thank you for trying, yes, yes, ... no, Saxones, yes, yes thank you, bye, bye.

*(As she puts the phone down the front door beside her opens and there stands a huge African*

*warrior in war paint and with a spear and shield. At his feet are several smart suitcases.)*

**Eamonn:** Mummy,

**Mrs Little:** Eamonn. *(he brings in the cases and doses the front door)* Mervyn! Look it's our Eamonn - oh let me look at you, tell me how... how is it in Dublin?

**Eamonn:** Well, things is pretty bad there at the moment but there does seem some hope of a constitutional settlement.

**Mrs Little:** Oh don't talk. Let me just look at you,

**Eamonn:** Great to be home, mummy. How are you?

**Mrs Little:** Oh, I'm fine. I must just go upstairs and get your room ready.

**Eamonn:** It's a bungalow, mummy.

**Mrs Little:** Oh dam, yes. Mervyn, Mervyn - look who's here, it's our Eamonn come back to see us.

*(Mervyn appears. He still looks shattered by the death of the hamster.)*

**Mervyn:** Hello, Eamonn.

**Eamonn:** Hello, Merv.

**Mervyn:** How was Dublin?

**Eamonn:** Well as I was telling mummy here, things is pretty bad there at the moment but there does seem some hope of a constitutional settlement.

*(The phone rings)*

**Mervyn:** *(answering phone)* Hello, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes - what? what? ... *(looking at Eamonn bare foot)* Size seven. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes .... it's the fire brigade, they want to know if they can come round Thursday evening.

**Mrs Little:** Oh no, Thursday's the Industrial Relations Bill Dinner Dance. Can't they make it another day?

**Mervyn:** *(into the phone)* Hello, no Thursday's right out. Yes, yes, yes, yes... *(fade out)*

*(Fade up on a dinner-jacketed announcer sitting at a table with a bowl of flowers on it. A hand waves bm inside the bowl of flowers.)*

**Announcer:** And so it was the fire brigade eventually came round on Friday night.

*(Cut to fire engines skidding out of the fire station and roaring away - speeded up. They skid to a halt outside the Litties' suburban house. Fireman pour out of the fire engine and start to swarm in*

*through the windows. Cut to interior of Littles' sitting room. It is laid out for a cocktail party. Mervyn is in evening dress and is sitting on the sofa looking very depressed Mrs Little in a faded cocktail dress. Eamonn still in warpaint with spear and shield~ The fireman appear.)* **Mrs Little:** Oh, so glad you could come. What would you like to drink? Gin and tonic? Sherry?

**Fireman:** *(in unison)* A drop of sherry would be lovely. *(as she starts to pour drinks the firemen confide in unison)* We do' like being called out to these little parties, they're much better than fires. The phone ring. Half the fireman go to answer it. A Fireman *(off)* Yes, yes yes.

**Fireman:** Well, how was Dublin, Eamonn?

**Eamonn:** Well, as I was telling mummy and Mervyn earlier, things is pretty bad there at the moment but there does seem some hope of a constitutional...

**Mrs Little:** *(to camera)* Look at them enjoying themselves. *(shot of party in the hall; we can just see the fireman on phone; they keep looking at their shoe sizes)* You know I used to dread parties until I watched 'Party Hints by Veronica'. I think it's on now...

*(Panning shot across mountains in CinemaScope format.)*

SUPERIMPOSED ROLLER CAPTION:

THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION  
IN ASSOCIATION WITH TRANSWORLD INTERNATIONAL  
AND NIMROD PRODUCTIONS PRESENT  
AN ARTHUR E. RICEBACHER  
AND DAVID A. SELTZER PRODUCTION  
FOR HASBACH ENTERPRISES  
OF CHARLES D. ORTIZ' ADAPTATION  
OF THE PULITZER PRIZEWINNING IDEA  
BY DANIEL E. STOLLMAYER  
BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN FROM ROBERT HUGHES'S NOVEL  
BY LOUIS H. TANNHAUSER AND VERNON D. LARUE  
PARTY HINTS BY VERONICA SMALLS  
A SELZENBACH-TANSROD PRODUCTION  
IN ASSOCIATION WITH  
VICTOR A. LOUNGE  
ROLO NICE SWEETIES  
FISON'S FERTILIZERS  
TIME LIFE INNIT-FOR-THE-MONEY LIMITED  
THE TRUSTEES OF ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL  
THAT NICE MR ROBINSON AT THE VET'S  
RALPH READER  
RALPH NADER  
THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT  
MICHAEL'S AUNTIE BETTY IN AUSTRALIA  
A CINEMASCOPE PRODUCTION



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# 'Party Hints' with Veronica Smalls

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 31

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to Veronica in the 'Party Hints' set - a chintzy kitchen.)* **Veronica (Eric Idle):** Hello, last week on 'Party Hints' I showed you how to make a small plate of goulash go round twenty-six people, how to get the best out of your canapes, and how to unblock your 100. This week I'm going to tell you what to do if there is an armed communist uprising near your home when you're having a party. Well obviously it'll depend how far you've got with your party when the signal for Red Revolt is raised. If you're just having preliminary aperitifs - Dubonnet, a sherry or a sparkling white wine - then the guests will obviously be in a fairly formal mood and it will be difficult to tell which are the communist agitators. So the thing to do is to get some cloth and some bits of old paper, put it down on the floor and shoot everybody. This will deal with the Red Menace on your own doorstep. If you're having canapds, as I showed you last week, or an outdoor barbecue, then the thing to do is set fire to all houses in the street. This will stir up anti-communist hatred and your neighbours will be right with you as you organize counter-revolutionary terror. So you see, if you act promptly enough, any left-wing uprising can be dealt with by the end of the party. Bye...

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# Language Laboratory

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 31

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**The cast:**

**FIRST BOOTH**  
Eric Idle

**SECOND BOOTH**

Terry Jones



**THIRD BOOTH**

Michael Palin

**MR. MANN**

Graham Chapman

**TICK**

John Cleese

**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

---

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to a language laboratory. Mr Mann is showing Tick round. There is a line of booths, each lined with pegboard. Each has a person with a pair of earphones on with attached microphones, a tape recorder and a swivel chair)*

**First Booth:** (ERIC) Bleck people. Bleck people. Rrrhodesian. Kill the blecks. Rrhodesian. Smith, Smith. Kill the blecks within the five principles.

*(He starts to rewind the tape recorder. Nods at Mr Mann. They come to the second booth.)*

**Second Booth:** I'm afraid I cannot comment on that until it's been officially hushed up.

**Mr Mann:** This is our politicians' booth.

**Second Booth:** While there is no undue cause for concern, there is certainly no room for complacency. Ha, ha, ha. He, he, he.

*(They pass on to the next booth.)*

**Third Booth:** Well I'll go, I'll go to the foot of our stairs. Ee ecky thump. put wood in 'ole, muther.

**Mr Mann:** taps him. He removes his earphones.

**Third Booth:** *(normal)* Yes?

**Mr Mann:** Ee ecky thump.

**Third Booth:** *(trying it)* Ee ecky thump.

**Mr Mann:** Ee ecky thump! *(indicates more power)*

**Third Booth:** Ee ecky thump!

**Mr Mann:** Excellent.

**Third Booth:** Thank you, sir. *(puts earphones on, listens)*

**Mr Mann:** It's a really quick method of learning.

**Third Booth:** Can you smell gas or is it me?

**Tick:** *(who is very different)* Looks jolly good.

*(They come to the fourth booth where sits a very city-type gent.)*

**Fourth Booth:** Hello, big boy. *(very breathy)* Oo varda the ome. D'you want a nice time?

**Mr Mann:** Very good.

**Fourth Booth:** *(butch)* Thank you very much, sir.

*(They pass the fifth booth, whose occupant is making silly noises.)*

**Mr Mann:** And we control everything from here. *(indicating the control desk)*

**Tick:** Superb.

**Mr Mann:** Well then what sort of thing were you looking for?

**Tick:** Well, er, really something to make me a little less insignificant?

**Mr Mann:** Oh, I see sort of 'Now look here, you may be Chairman but your bloody pusillanimous behaviour makes me vomit!' That sort of thing?...

**Tick:** Oh no, no, no, not really no.

**Mr Mann:** Oh I see, well perhaps something a bit more sort of Clive Jenkins-ish? Perhaps - sort of *(Welsh accent)* 'Mr Sinarmy so-called Harold Wilson can call himself pragmatic until he's blue in the breasts'.

**Tick:** Oh no, I really want something that will make people be attracted to me like a magnet.

**Mr Mann:** I see, well, you want our 'Life and Soul of the Party' tape then, I think.

**Tick:** What's that?

**Mr Mann:** Well it's sort of "Ello squire, haven't seen you for a bit, haven't seen you for a bit either, Beryl. Two pints of wallop please, love. Still driving the Jensen then? Cheer up Jack it may never happen, what's your poison then?"

**Tick:** Fantastic, yes.

**Mr Mann:** Right, I'll iust see if we've got the tape.

*(He puts the headphones on. Whilst he looks away, the whole of the back wall of people in booths, swing round on their chairs and do a little thirties routine, with their earphones on, kicking their legs, etc., they sing.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'SANDY WILSON'S VERSION OF "THE DEVILS" '

**All:**

Boo boopee doo  
Boo boopee doo

Scuby duby duby doo-oo!  
Hello operator  
Is that the central line  
Give me the Piccadilly number  
Nine one o nine  
Mr operator now that number's wrong  
So come on everybody  
Let's sing this song...  
... Prouse in his first book wrote about... etc ....

*(Gong sounds.)*

**Voice Over:** Start again.

*(The loony leans into shot and waves. Fade to black.)*

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# Travel Agent / Watney's Red Barrell

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 31

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 31](#), it also was performed live in the Movie - 'Live at the Hollywood Bowl' and it was featured on their albums - 'Monty Python's Previous Record', 'Monty Python's The Final Ripoff' and 'The Ultimate Monty Python Ripoff'. They also performed this sketch live on their albums - 'Monty Python live at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane' and 'Monty Python live at City Center'.

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## The cast:

**MR. BOUNDER OF ADVENTURE**

Michael Palin

**MR. SMOKE-TOO-MUCH (TOURIST)**

Eric Idle

# SECRETARY

Carol Cleveland

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## The sketch:

**Tourist:** Good morining

**Secretary:** Oh good morning, Do you want to come upstairs?

**Tourist:** What?

**Secretary:** Do you want to come upstairs? Or have you come to arrange a holiday?

**Tourist:** Er.....to arrange a holiday

**Secretary:** Oh sorry

**Tourist:** What's all this about going upstairs?

**Secretary:** Oh, nothing, nothing. Now where were you thinking of going?

**Tourist:** India

**Secretary:** Ah one of our adventure holidays

**Tourist:** Yes

**Secretary:** Well you'd better speaker to Mr Bounder about that. *(Calls out to Mr Bounder)* Mr Bounder, this gentleman is interested in the India Overland

*(walks over to Mr Bounder's desk)*

**Bounder:** Ah good morning. I'm Bounder of Adventure

**Tourist:** My name is Smoke-too-much

**Bounder:** Well you'd better cut down a little then

**Tourist:** What?

**Bounder:** You'd better cut down a little then

**Tourist:** Oh I see! Cut down a little then.....

**Bounder:** Yes...I expect you get people making jokes about your name all the time?

**Tourist:** No, no actually it never struck me before. Smoke...to...much....*(laughs)*

**Bounder:** Anyway you're interested in one of our adventure holidays?

**Tourist:** Yes I saw your advert in the bolour supplement

**Bounder:** The what?

**Tourist:** The bolour supplement

**Bounder:** The colour supplement?

**Tourist:** Yes I'm sorry I can't say the letter 'B'

**Bounder:** C?

**Tourist:** Yes that's right. It's all due to a trauma I suffered when I was a spoolboy. I was attacked by a bat

**Bounder:** A cat?

**Tourist:** No a bat

**Bounder:** Can you say the letter 'K'

**Tourist:** Oh yes, Khaki, king, kettle, Kuwait, Keble Bollege Oxford

**Bounder:** Why don't you say the letter 'K' instead of the letter 'C'

**Tourist:** what you mean.....spell bolour with a K

**Bounder:** Yes

**Tourist:** Kolour. Oh that's very good, I never thought of that what a silly bunt

**Bounder:** Anyway about the holiday

**Tourist:** Well I saw your adverts in the paper and I've been on package tours several times you see, and I decided that this was for me

**Bounder:** Ah good

**Tourist:** Yes I quite agree I mean what's the point of being treated like sheep. What's the point of going abroad if you're just another tourist carted around in buses surrounded by sweaty mindless oafs from Kettering and Coventry in their cloth caps and their cardigans and their transistor radios and their Sunday Mirrors, complaining about the tea - "Oh they don't make it properly here, do they, not like at home" - and stopping at Majorcan bodegas selling fish and chips and Watney's Red Barrel and calamares and two veg and sitting in their cotton frocks squirting Timothy White's suncream all over their puffy raw swollen purulent flesh 'cos they "overdid it on the first day."

**Bounder:** (*agreeing patiently*) Yes absolutely, yes I quite agree...

**Tourist:** And being herded into endless Hotel Miramars and Bellvueses and Continentales with their



modern international luxury roomettes and draught Red Barrel and swimming pools full of fat German businessmen pretending they're acrobats forming pyramids and frightening the children and barging into queues and if you're not at your table spot on seven you miss the bowl of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom soup, the first item on the menu of International Cuisine, and every Thursday night the hotel has a bloody cabaret in the bar, featuring a tiny emaciated dago with nine-inch hips and some bloated fat tart with her hair brylcreemed down and a big arse presenting Flamenco for Foreigners.

**Bounder:** (*beggining to get fed up*) Yes, yes now.....

**Tourist:** And then some adenoidal typists from Birmingham with flabby white legs and diarrhoea trying to pick up hairy bandy-legged wop waiters called Manuel and once a week there's an excursion to the local Roman Remains to buy cherryade and melted ice cream and bleeding Watney's Red Barrel and one evening you visit the so called typical restaurant with local colour and atmosphere and you sit next to a party from Rhyl who keep singing "Torremolinos, torremolinos" and complaining about the food - "It's so greasy isn't it?" - and you get cornered by some drunken greengrocer from Luton with an Instamatic camera and Dr. Scholl sandals and last Tuesday's Daily Express and he drones on and on about how Mr. Smith should be running this country and how many languages Enoch Pow ell can speak and then he throws up over the Cuba Libres.

**Bounder:** Will you be quiet please

**Tourist:** And sending tinted postcards of places they don't realise they haven't even visited to "All at number 22, weather wonderful, our room is marked with an 'X'.

**Bounder:** Shut up

**Tourist:** Food very greasy but we've found a charming little local place hidden away in the back streets

**Bounder:** Shut up!

**Tourist:** where they serve Watney's Red Barrel and cheese and onion.....

**Bounder:** Shut up your bloody gob....

**Tourist:** crisps and the accordionist plays 'Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner'." And spending four days on the tarmac at Luton airport on a five-day package tour with nothing to eat but dried BEA-type sandwiches and you can't even get a drink of Watney's Red Barrel because you're still in England and the bloody bar closes every time you're thirsty and there's nowhere to sleep and the kids are crying and vomiting and breaking the plastic ash-trays and they keep telling you it'll only be another hour although your plane is still in Iceland and has to take some Swedes to Yugoslavia before it can load you up at 3 a.m. in the bloody morning and you sit on the tarmac till six because of "unforeseen difficulties", i.e. the permanent strike of Air Traffic Control in Paris - and nobody can go to the lavatory until you take off at 8, and when you get to Malaga airport everybody's swallowing "enterovioform" and queuing for the toilets and queuing for the armed customs officers, and queuing for the bloody bus that isn't there to take you to the hotel that hasn't yet been finished. And when you finally get to the half-built Algerian ruin called the Hotel del Sol by paying half your holiday money

to a licensed bandit in a taxi you find there's no water in the pool, there's no water in the taps, there's no water in the bog and there's only a bleeding lizard in the bidet. And half the rooms are double booked and you can't sleep anyway because of the permanent twenty-four-hour drilling of the foundations of the hotel next door - and you're plagued by appalling apprentice chemists from Ealing pretending to be hippies, and middle-class stockbrokers' wives busily buying identical holiday villas in suburban development plots just like Esher, in case the Labour government gets in again, and fat American matrons with sloppy-buttocks and Hawaiian-patterned ski pants looking for any mulatto male who can keep it up long enough when they finally let it all flop out. And the Spanish Tourist Board promises you that the raging cholera epidemic is merely a case of mild Spanish tummy, like the previous outbreak of Spanish tummy in 1660 which killed half London and decimated Europe - and meanwhile the bloody Guardia are busy arresting sixteen-year-olds for kissing in the streets and shooting anyone under nineteen who doesn't like Franco. And then on the last day in the airport lounge everyone's comparing sunburns, drinking Nasty Spumante, buying cartons of duty free "cigarillos" and using up their last pesetas on horrid dolls in Spanish National costume and awful straw donkeys and bullfight posters with your name on "Ordoney, El Cordobes and Brian Pules of Norwich" and 3-D pictures of the Pope and Kennedy and Franco, and everybody's talking about coming again next year and you swear you never will although there you are tumbling bleary-eyed out of a tourist-tight antique Iberian airplane...

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# Miss Anne Elk

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 31](#), it was also performed on their Album - Monty Python's Previous Record'.

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## The cast:

**PRESENTER**  
Graham Chapman

## The sketch:

**Presenter:** Good evening. Tonight: "dinosaurs". I have here, sitting in the studio next to me, an elk. Ahhhh!!! Oh, I'm sorry! Anne Elk - Mrs Anne Elk

**Anne Elk:** Miss!

**Presenter:** Miss Anne Elk, who is an expert on di...

**Anne Elk:** N' n' n' n' no! Anne Elk!

**Presenter:** What?

**Anne Elk:** Anne Elk, not Anne Expert!

**Presenter:** No! No, I was saying that you, Miss Anne Elk, were an , A-N not A-N-N-E, expert...

**Anne Elk:** Oh!

**Presenter:** ...on elks - I'm sorry, on dinosaurs. I'm ...

**Anne Elk:** Yes, I certainly am, Chris. How very true. My word yes.

**Presenter:** Now, Miss Elk - Anne - you have a new theory about the brontosaurus.

**Anne Elk:** Can I just say here, Chris for one moment, that I have a new theory about the brontosaurus?

**Presenter:** Uh... Exactly... What is it?

**Anne Elk:** Where?

**Presenter:** No! No, what is your theory?

**Anne Elk:** What is my theory?

**Presenter:** Yes!

**Anne Elk:** What is my theory that it is? Yes. Well, you may well ask what is my theory.

**Presenter:** I am asking.

**Anne Elk:** And well you may. Yes, my word, you may well ask what it is, this theory of mine. Well, this theory, that I have, that is to say, which is mine,... is mine.

**Presenter:** I know it's yours! What is it?

**Anne Elk:** ... Where? ... Oh! Oh! What is my theory?

**Presenter:** Yes!

**Anne Elk:** Ahh! My theory, that I have, follows the lines that I am about to relate. *(starts prolonged throat clearing)*

**Presenter:** *(under breath)* Oh, God! *(Anne still clearing throat)*

**Anne Elk:** The Theory, by A. Elk (that's "A" for Anne", it's not by a elk.)

**Presenter:** Right...

**Anne Elk:** *(clears throat)* This theory, which belongs to me, is as follows... *(more throat clearing)*  
This is how it goes... *(clears throat)* The next thing that I am about to say is my theory. *(clears throat)* Ready?

**Presenter:** *(wimpers)*

**Anne Elk:** The Theory, by A. Elk *(Miss)*. My theory is along the following lines...

**Presenter:** *(under breath)* God!

**Anne Elk:** ...All brontosauruses are thin at one end; much, much thicker in the middle and then thin again at the far end. That is the theory that I have and which is mine and what it is, too.

**Presenter:** That's it, is it?

**Anne Elk:** Right, Chris!

**Presenter:** Well, Anne, this theory of yours seems to have hit the nail right on the head.

**Anne Elk:** ... and it's mine.

**Presenter:** Thank you for coming along to the studio.

**Anne Elk:** My pleasure, Chris.

**Presenter:** Britain's newest wasp farm...

**Anne Elk:** It's been a lot of fun...

**Presenter:** ...opened last week...

**Anne Elk:** ...saying what my theory is...

**Presenter:** ... Yes, thank you.

**Anne Elk:** ...and whose it is.

**Presenter:** Yes.... opened last week...

**Anne Elk:** I have another theory.

**Presenter:** Not today, thank you.

**Anne Elk:** My theory #2, which is the second theory that I have. *(clears throat)*. This theory...

**Presenter:** Look! Shut up!

**Anne Elk:** ...is what I am about to say.

**Presenter:** Please shut up!

**Anne Elk:** which, with what I have said, are the two theories that are mine and which belong to me.

**Presenter:** If you don't shut up, I shall have to shoot you!

**Anne Elk:** *(clears throat)* My theory, which I possess the ownership of, which belongs to... *(Sound of a single gun shot)*

**Anne Elk:** *(clearing throat)* The Theory the Second, by Anne... *(Sound of prolonged machine gun fire)*

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# Tory Housewives Clean-Up Campaign

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 32

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The cast:



**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

**FIRST PEPPERPOT**  
Graham Chapman

**SECOND PEPPERPOT**

Terry Jones

# THIRD PEPPERPOT

Eric Idle

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## The sketch:

**Voice Over:** *(newsreel voice)* In the modern Britain, united under a great leader, it's the housewives of Britain who are getting things moving. *(Red Devils flying; picture of Edward Heath)* Here a coach load of lovely ladies are on their way to speed up production in a car factory. *(coach load of pepperpots, middle class, grey hair, Mary Whitehouse glasses; the coach says 'Tory Tours)* And here we are boys, it's the no-hurry brigade hanging about for endless overtime. And just watch these gallant girls go into action . . . *(cut to a factory yard; some workers in brown overalls are eating sandwiches out of tins; the clock says 1.15; the coach comes swinging in, the ladies pour out about to belt the men with umbrellas and handbags; the men flee back into factories)* Not working fast enough? Well, there's an answer for that. *(a man at a machine, producing something incredibly fast; a pepperpot holds an enormous sledgehammer)* Yes, this is certainly the way to speed up production. *(wide shot of factory interior; three pepperpots stand on a gantry above work floor, wearing armbands, saying 'P.P. ' and dark Mary Whitehouse glasses)* This is the recipe for increased productivity to meet the threat of those nasty foreigners when Britain takes her natural place at the head of the British Common Market. *(a group of strikers, picketing with slogans, 'Fair Pay', 'Less Profits', 'Parity', 'No Victimization')* And how's this for a way to beat strikers. *(pepperpots arrive, clinging to side of old Buick; they race in and start beating the strikers with the banners)* Those spotty continental boys will soon have to look out for Mrs Britain, and talking of windmills, these girls aren't afraid to tilt at the permissive society, *(art gallery exterior; pepperpots run in with bundles and ladders)* Business is booming in the so-called arts, but two can play at that game, chum. *(cut to art gallery interior, pan around paintings 'cleaned up'- trousers and cardigans being added to nude picares and statues, Bermuda shorts on David, shorts on tubular structure, an attendant in shorts too).* And it's not just the modern so-called plastic arts that get the clean-up treatment.

*(Cut to a theatre stage. Desdemona on a bed. Othello with her.)*

**Othello:** Oh Desdemona, Desdemona.

*(The pepperpots race on to the stage and pull him off.)*

**Voice Over:** And those continentals had better watch out for their dirty foreign literature. Jean-Paul Sartre and Jean Genet won't know what's hit them. Never mind the foulness of their language - come '73 they'll all have to write in British. *(pepperpots burning books: 'Bertrand Russell', 'Das Kapital', the 'Guardian ', 'Sartre', 'Freud')* You can keep your fastidious continental bidets Mrs Foreigner - Mrs Britain knows how to keep her feet clean ... but she'll baffle like bingo boys when it comes to keeping the television screen dean...

*(Cut to the BBC TV Centre. The pepperpots parade in carrying signs: 'Clean TV Centre', 'God Says No To Filth', 'To The Cells'. Another pepperpot in the background holds a sign: 'Wanted Dead Or Alive' and photo of Robert Robinson.)*

**Voice Over:** Better watch out for those nasty continental shows on the sneaky second channel.

*(armed pepperpots escorting people out of TV Centre)* But apart from attacking that prurient hot-bed of left-wing continentalism at Shepherds Bush, what else do these ordinary mums think? Do they accept Hegelianism?

**1st Pepperpot:** No! ..

**Voice Over:** Do they prefer Leibnitz to Wittgenstein?

**2nd Pepperpot:** No! No!

**Voice Over:** And where do they stand on young people?

**3rd Pepperpot:** Just here, dear. *(pepperpot standing on long-haired youth's head)*

**Voice Over:** And their power is growing daily and when these girls roll their sleeves up its arms all the way. *(pepperpots standing on the turret of an armoured vehicle; four pepperpots on motor bikes flank it)* Yes, this is the way to fight the constant war against pornography.

*(Machine guns chatter. Two pepperpots in a trench firing. Mortar bombs, reloading and firing. Bombs and smoke. At the end of the film we pick up on the nude organist (Terry Jones), sitting amongst the explosions. He plays his chords.)*



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# Gumby Brain Specialist

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 32

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## The cast:

**T.F. GUMBY**

Michael Palin

**GUMBY BRAIN SPECIALIST**

John Cleese

# GUMBY SURGEON

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

*(Close up on a sign saying 'Harley Street'. Stirring music. Mix through to interior of a smart, plush, ever so expensive Harley Street consulting room. The music swells and fades. Knocking at door, a short pause, then T.F. Gumby enters, backwards.)*

**T. F. Gumby:** Doctor! Doctor! DOCTOR! *(he goes up to the antique desk and bangs the bell violently; he smashes the intercom and generally breaks the desk up)* Doctor! Doctor! DOCTOR! DOCTOR! Doctor! Doctor! Where is the Doctor?

*(A pause. Then another door opens and another Gumby appears.)*

**Specialist:** Hello!

**T. F. Gumby:** Are you the 'brain specialist?

**Specialist:** Hello!

**T. F. Gumby:** Are you the brain specialist?

**Specialist:** No, no, I am not the brain specialist. No, no, I am not... Yes. Yes I am.

**T. F. Gumby:** My brain hurts!

**Specialist:** Well let's take a look at it, Mr Gumby.

*(Gumby specialist starts to pull up Gumby's sweater.)*

**T. F. Gumby:** No, no, no, my brain in my head. *(specialist thumps him on the head)*

**Specialist:** It will have to come out.

**T. F. Gumby:** Out? Of my head?

**Specialist:** Yes! All the bits of it. Nurse! Nurse! *(a nurse enters)* Nurse, take Mr Gumby to a brain surgeon.

**Nurse:** Yes doctor...

*(She leads Gumby out. In the background the specialist is grunting and shouting.)*

**Specialist:** Where's the 'Lancet'?

**Nurse:** *(to T. F. Gumby)* He's brilliant you know.



**Specialist:** Where's the bloody 'Lancet'? My brain hurts too.

*(Ambulance racing. 'Dr Kildare' theme. Cut to operating theatre. The surgeon is not a Gumby.)*

**Surgeon:** *(putting on Gumby props)* Gloves ... glasses... moustache... handkerchief... *(Gumby voice)* I'm going to operate!!

*(We now see he is surrounded by Gumbys. T. F. Gumby is on operating table.)*

**All:** Let's operate.

*(They begin to use woodworking implements on T. F. Gumby.)*

**T. F. Gumby:** Hello!

**Surgeon:** Ooh! We forgot the anaesthetic!

**Operating Gumbys:** The anaesthetic! The anaesthetic!

*(At that moment a Gumby anaesthetist comes crashing through the wall with two gas cylinders.)*

**Gumby Anaesthetist:** I've come to anaesthetize you!!

*(He raises a gas cylinder and strikes Gumby hard over the head with it. Bong. Blackness.)*

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# Molluscs - Live TV Documentary

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 32

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**The cast:**

**VOICE**

Eric Idle

**COMMENTATOR**

Michael Palin

**MRS. JALIN**

Graham Chapman

**MR. JALIN**

Terry Jones

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to an ordinary suburban living room. Mr and Mrs Jalin are sitting on a sofa. The previous item in the show is visible on their TV set. Mrs Jalin is stuffing a chicken. Mr Jalin is reading the telephone directory. The picture changes and we hear voice from TV.)* **Voice:** The 'Nine O'Clock News' which was to follow has been cancelled tonight so we can bring you the quarter final of the All Essex Badminton Championship. Your commentator as usual is Edna O'Brien.

**Commentator:** *(Irish accent)* Hullo fans. Begorra an' to be sure there's some fine badminton down there in Essex this afternoon. We really...

*(Mr Jalin picks up a jousting ball and chain and smashes the TV set. There is a ring from the doorbell. Mr Jalin sits, Mrs Jalin goes to the door, exits and comes back.)*

**Mrs Jalin:** George.

**Mr Jalin:** Yes, Gladys.

**Mrs Jalin:** There's a man st the door with a moustache.

**Mr Jalin:** Tell him I've already got one. *(Mrs Jalin hits him hard with a newspaper)* All right, all right. What's he want then?

**Mrs Jalin:** He says do we want a documentary on molluscs.

**Mr Jalin:** Molluscs!

**Mrs Jalin:** Yes.

**Mr Jalin:** What's he mean, molluscs?

**Mrs Jalin:** MOLLUSCS!! GASTROPODS! LAMELLIBRANCHS! CEPHALOPODS!

**Mr Jalin:** Oh molluses, I thought you said bacon. *(she hits him again)* All right, all right. What's he charge then?

**Mrs Jalin:** It's free.

**Mr Jalin:** Ooh! Where does he want us to sit?

**Mrs Jalin:** *(calling through the door)* He says yes.

*(Mr Zorba enters carrying plywood flat with portion cut out to represent TV. He stands behind flat and starts.)*

**Zorba:** Good evening. Tonight molluscs. The mollusc is a soft-bodied, unsegmented invertebrate animal usually protected by a large shell. One of the most numerous groups of invertebrates, it is exceeded in number of species only by the arthropods ... viz. *(he holds up a lobster)* **Mrs Jalin:** Not very interesting is it?

**Zorba:** What?

**Mrs Jalin:** I was talking to him.

**Zorba:** Oh. Anyway, the typical mollusc, viz, a snail *(holds one up)* consists of a prominent muscular portion... the head-foot... a visceral mass and a shell which is secreted by the free edge of the mantle.

**Mrs Jalin:** Dreadful isn't it?

**Zorba:** What?

**Mrs Jalin:** I was talking to him.

**Zorba:** Oh. Well anyway... in some molluscs, however, viz, slugs, *(holds one up)* the shell is absent or rudimentary...

**Mr Jalin:** Switch him off.

*(Mrs Jalin gets up and looks for the switch unsuccessfully)*

**Zorba:** Whereas in others, viz, cephalopods the head-foot is greatly modified and forms tentacles, viz, the squid. *(looking out)* What are you doing?

**Mrs Jalin:** Switching you off.

**Zorba:** Why, don't you like it?

**Mrs Jalin:** Oh it's dreadful.

**Mr Jalin:** Embarrassing.

**Zorba:** Is it?

**Mrs Jalin:** Yes, it's perfectly awful.

**Mr Jalin:** Disgraceful! I don't know how they've got the nerve to put it on.

**Mrs Jalin:** It's so boring.

**Zorba:** Well ... it's not much of a subject is it ... be fair.

**Mrs Jalin:** What do you think, George?

**Mr Jalin:** Give him another twenty seconds.

**Zorba:** Anyway the majority of the molluscs are included in three large groups, the gastropods, the lamellibranchs and the cephalopods...

**MrsJalin:** We knew that (*she gets up and goes to the set*)

**Zorba:** However, what is more interesting, er ... is the molluscs's er ... sex life.

**Mrs Jalin:** (*stopping dead*) Oh!

**Zorba:** Yes, the mollusc is a randy little fellow whose primitive brain scarcely strays from the subject of the you know what.

**Mrs Jalin:** (*going back to sofa*) Disgusting!

**Mr Jalin:** Ought not to be allowed.

**Zorba:** The randiest of the gastropods is the limpet. This hot-blooded little beast with its tent-like shell is always on the job. Its extra-marital activities are something startling. Frankly I don't know how the female limpet finds the time to adhere to the rock-face. How am I doing?

**Mrs Jalin:** Disgusting.

**Mr Jalin:** But more interesting.

**Mrs Jalin:** Oh yes, tch, tch, tch.

**Zorba:** Another loose-living gastropod is the periwinkle. This shameless little libertine with its characteristic ventral locomotion ... is not the marrying kind: Anywhere anytime is its motto. Up with the shell and they're at it.

**Mrs Jalin:** How about the lamellibranchs?

**Zorba:** I'm coming to them ... the great scallop (*holds one up*) ... this tatty, scrofulous old rapist, is second in depravity only to the common clam. (*holds up a clam*) This latter is a fight whore, a harlot, a trollop, a cynical bed-hopping firm-breasted Rabelaisian bit of sea food that makes Fanny Hill look like a dead Pope... and finally among the lamellibranch bivalves, that most depraved of the whole sub-species - the whelk. The whelk is nothing but a homosexual of the worst kind. This gay boy of the gastropods, this queer crustacean, this mincing mollusc, this screaming, prancing, limp-wristed queen of the deep makes me sick.

**Mrs Jalin:** Have you got one?

**Zorba:** Here! (*holds one up*)

**Mrs Jalin:** Let's kill it. Disgusting.

(*Zorba throws it on the floor and Mr and Mrs Jalin stamp on it.*)

**Mr Jalin:** That'll teach it. Well thank you for a very interesting programme.

**Zorba:** Oh, not at all. Thank you.

**Mrs Jalin:** Yes, that was very nice.

**Zorba:** Thank you. *(he shakes hands with her)*

**Mrs Jalin:** Oh, thank you.

*(Cut to a studio presenter at a desk.)*

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# The Minister for not listening to people

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 32

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to a 'Nine O'clock News' set. A news reader is at a desk. Photos come up on inlay screen behind him. An anonymous minister's photo is on screen.)*

**News reader (Michael Palin):** The Minister for not listening to people toured Batley today to investigate allegations of victimization in home-loan improvement grants, made last week *(photo behind changes to close up of another faceless minister)* by the Shadow Minister for judging people at first sight to be marginally worse than they actually are. *(photo changes to exterior of the Home Office)* At the Home Office, the Minister for inserting himself in between chairs and walls in men's dubs, was at his desk after a short illness. He spent the morning dealing with the Irish situation and later in the day had long discussions with the Minister for running upstairs two at a time, flinging the door open and saying 'Ha, ha Caught you, Mildred'. *(photo of the Houses of Parliament)* In the Commons there was another day of heated debate on the third reading of the Trade Practices Bill. Nix Roland Penrose, the Under-Secretary for making deep growling noises grrr, launched a bitter personal attack on the ex-Minister for delving deep into a black satin bag and producing a robe of Euthymol toothpaste. Later in the debate the Junior Minister for being frightened by any kind of farm machinery, challenged the Under-Secretary of State for hiding from Terence Rattigan to produce the current year's trading figures, as supplied by the Department of stealing packets of bandages from the self-service counter at Timothy Whites and selling them again at a considerable profit. Parliament rose at 11.30, and, crawling along a dark passageway into the old rectory *(the camera starts to track slowly into the news reader's face so that it is eventually filling the screen)* broke down the door to the serving hatch, painted the spare room and next weekend I think they'll be able to make a start on the boy's bedroom, while Amy and Roger, up in London for a few days, go to see the mysterious Mr Grenville.

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# Tuesday Documentary / Children's Story / Political Broadcast

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 32

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The cast:



**PRESENTER**  
Eric Idle

## The sketch:

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'TODAY IN PARLIAMENT HAS NOW BECOME THE CLASSIC SERIAL'

**Newsreader:** He in turn has been revealed by D'Arcy as something less than an honest man. Sybil feels once again a resurgence of her old affection and she and Balreau return to her little house in Clermont-Ferrand, the kind of two-up, two-down house that most French workers throughout the European Community are living in today.

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'THE CLASSIC SERIAL HAS NOW BECOME THE TUESDAY DOCUMENTARY'

*(Cut to a photo of a French construction site. The camera tracks over the photo.)*

**Presenter:** The ease of construction, using on-site prefabrication facilities *(the camera starts to pull out slowly from the photo to reveal the photo is part of the backdrop of a documentary set about the building trade; the documentary Presenter is sitting in a chair)* makes cheap housing a reality. The walls of these houses are lined with pre-stressed asbestos which keeps the house warm and snugly and ever so safe from the big bad rabbit, who can scratch and scratch for all he's worth, but he just can't get into Porky's house.

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'THE TUESDAY DOCUMENTARY HAS BECOME "CHILDREN'S STORY" '

**Presenter:** Where is Porky? Here he is. What a funny little chap. *(cut to animated Porky doing little dance)* But Porky's one of the lucky ones - he survived the urban upheaval of the thirties and forties. For him, Jarrow is still just a memory. *(zoom out to see Porky as pan of documentary-the graph)* The hunger marches, the East End riots, the collapse of the Labour Government in 1931... *(stock film of Ramsay MacDonald)* SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'THE CHILDREN'S STORY HAS GONE BACK INTO THE TUESDAY DOCUMENTARY'

**Presenter:** ... are dim reminders of the days before a new-found affluence swept the land, *(stock shots of Christmas lights in Regent Street, shopping crowds, tills and consumer goods ending up with toys)* making it clean and tidy and making all the shops full of nice things, lovely choo-choo trains ...

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'NO IT HASN'T'

**Presenter:** . . . and toys and shiny cars that go brmm, brmm, brmm, *(shots of toys)* and everybody was happy and singing all the day long *(cut to the Presenter; by now he has a big kiddies' book which he shuts)* and nobody saw the big bad rabbit ever again.

*(Cut to a politician giving a party political broadcast in one of those badly lit sets that they use*

*for broadcasts of that nature.)*

**Politician:** But you know it's always very easy to blame the big bad rabbit...

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'NOW IT'S BECOME A PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST!'

**Politician:**.. when by-elections are going against the Government, (he turns and we cut to side camera which reveals a cross behind him as in a religious broadcast) Do you think we should really be blaming ourselves?

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'NO, SORRY, "RELIGION TODAY" '

**Politician:** Because you know, that's where we really ought to start looking.

*(A football comes in, he heads it neatly out of shot.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'MATCH OF THE DAY'

*(Cut to stock film of ball flying into net and shot of Wembley crowd roaring. Then cut into short sequence of footballers in slow-motion kissing each other.)*

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# Apology (politicians)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 32](#)

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## The sketch:

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'POLITICIANS - AN APOLOGY'

*(The camera pans across a landscape. Roller caption starts to come up, superimposed. The words are quite large and easily readable, but well spaced so that the roller will seem to go on for quite some time. Voice over reads)*

**Voice Over (Eric Idle):** and CAPTION: 'WE WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE WAY IN WHICH POLITICIANS ARE REPRESENTED IN THIS PROGRAMME. IT WAS NEVER OUR INTENTION TO IMPLY THAT POLITICIANS ARE WEAK-KNEED, POLITICAL TIME-SERVERS WHO ARE CONCERNED MORE WITH THEIR PERSONAL VENDETTAS AND PRIVATE POWER STRUGGLES THAN THE PROBLEMS OF GOVERNMENT, NOR TO SUGGEST AT ANY POINT THAT THEY SACRIFICE THEIR CREDIBILITY BY DENYING FREE DEBATE ON VITAL MATTERS IN THE MISTAKEN IMPRESSION THAT PARTY UNITY COMES BEFORE THE WELL-BEING OF THE PEOPLE THEY SUPPOSEDLY REPRESENT NOR TO IMPLY AT ANY STAGE THAT THEY ARE SQUABBLING LITTLE TOADIES WITHOUT AN OUNCE OF CONCERN FOR THE VITAL SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF TODAY. NOR INDEED DO WE INTEND THAT VIEWERS SHOULD CONSIDER THEM AS CRABBY ULCEROUS LITTLE SELF-SEEKING VERMIN WITH FURRY LEGS AND AN EXCESSIVE ADDICTION TO ALCOHOL AND CERTAIN EXPLICIT SEXUAL PRACTICES WHICH SOME PEOPLE MIGHT FIND OFFENSIVE. WE ARE SORRY IF THIS IMPRESSION HAS COME ACROSS.

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# Expedition to Lake Pahoe

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 32

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**The cast:**



**INTERVIEWER**  
John Cleese

**SIR JANE**

Graham Chapman

**DOROTHY LAMOUR**

Eric Idle

**SECOND INTERVIEWER**

Terry Jones

**SIR JOHN**

Graham Chapman

**RATING**

Eric Idle

**MAN**

Michael Palin

## The sketch:

*(Cut to a similar landscape. Preparations for an expedition are underway. equipment being piled into land-rovers etc. An interviewer walks into shot.)*

**Interviewer:** Hello. All the activity you can see in progress here is part of the intricate... aah! *(he steps into a man-trap, but continues bravely)* preparations for the British Naval Expedition to Lake Pahoe. The leader of the expedition is Sir Jane Russell. *(the interviewer in slightly different spot with the admiral; we now see that the interviewer has a wooden leg and a crutch)* Sir Jane, what is the purpose of your expedition?

**Sir Jane:** Well this is a completely uncharted lake with like hitherto unclassified marine life man, so the whole scene's wide open for a scientific exploration.

**Interviewer:** *(now with a parrot on his shoulder)* One can see the immense amount of preparation involved. Have there been many difficulties in setting up this venture?

**Sir Jane:** *(with 'naval-lib' badge)* Well the real hang-up was with the bread man but when the top brass pigs came through we got it together in a couple of moons. Commodore Betty Grable, who's a real sub-aqua head, has got together diving wise and like the whole gig's been a real gas man.

**Interviewer:** *(now with Long John Silver hat)* Thank you. *(and an eye patch)* Lieutenant Commander Dorothy Lamour.

**Parrot:** Pieces of eight.

**Interviewer:** *(now with Long John Silver jacket)* Dorothy you're in charge of security and liaison for this operation.

**Dorothy Lamour:** Right on. *(he is smoking something and is really cool)*

**Interviewer:** You've kept this all rather hush-hush so far shipmate.

**Dorothy Lamour:** Yeah, it's been really heavy man with all these freaks from the fascist press trying to blow the whole scene.

**Interviewer:** *(to camera)* There's no doubt about it, this expedition does have some rather unusual aspects, Jim lad. For a first, why does the senior personnel all bear the names of Hollywood film stars of the forties ... and female ones at that, shiver me timbers 'tis the black spot, and secondly, I be not afraid of thee Blind Pew ... why do they talk this rather strange stilted, underground jargon, belay the mainbrace Squire Trelawney this be my ship now. *(he is hit by a dart)* Argh! A tranquillizing dart fired by the cowardly BBC health department dogs ... they've done filled me full of chlorpromazine damn!



*(He falls. A second interviewer comes into shot and catches the microphone.)*

**Second Interviewer:** I'm sorry about my colleague's rather unconventional behaviour.

**Sir Jane:** *(running towards the camera)* The navy's out of sight men come together with the RN it's really something other than else.

*(Animated psychedelic advert for the Royal Navy.)*

**Animated Voice:** You dig it, man?

*(Cut back to second interviewer.)*

**Second Interviewer:** Hello. I'm sorry about my colleague's rather unconventional behaviour just now, but things haven't been too easy for him recently, trouble at home, rather confidential so I can't give you all the details... interesting though they are... three bottles of rum with his weetabix, and so on, anyway... apparently the girl wasn't even ... anyway the activity you see behind me... it's the mother I feel sorry for. I'll start again. The activity you see behind me is part of the preparations for the new Naval Expedition to Lake Pahoe. The man in charge of this expedition is Vice Admiral Sir John Cunningham. Sir John, hello there.

**Sir John:** Ah, hello. Well first of all I'd like to apologize for the behaviour of certain of my colleagues you may have seen earlier, but they are from broken homes, circus families and so on and they are in no way representative of the new modern improved British Navy. They are a small vociferous minority; and may I take this opportunity of emphasizing that there is no cannibalism in the British Navy. Absolutely none, and when I say none, I mean there is a certain amount, more than we are prepared to admit, but all new ratings are warned that if they wake up in the morning and find toothmarks at all anywhere on their bodies, they're to tell me immediately so that I can immediately take every measure to hush the whole thing up. And, finally, necrophilia is right out. *(the interviewer keeps nodding but looks embarrassed)* Now, this expedition is primarily to investigate reports of cannibalism and necrophilia in ... this expedition is primarily to investigate reports of unusual marine life in the as yet uncharted Lake Pahoe.

**Interviewer:** And where exactly is the lake?

**Sir John:** Er 22A, Runcorn Avenue, I think. Yes, that's right, 22A.

**Interviewer:** Runcorn Avenue?

**Sir John:** Yes, it's just by Blenheim Crescent... do you know it?

**Interviewer:** You mean it's in an ordinary street?

**Sir John:** Of course it's not an ordinary street! It's got a lake in it!

**Interviewer:** Yes but I...

**Sir John:** Look, how many streets do you know that have got lakes in them?

**Interviewer:** But you mean... is it very large?

**Sir John:** Of course it's not large, you couldn't get a large lake in Runcorn Avenue! You'd have to knock down the tobacconist's! *(looking off camera)* Jenkins ... no!

*(We see a rather sheepish rating about to sink his teeth into a human leg. Sir John puts his hand in front of the lens. Cut to Runcorn Avenue, an ordinary street with houses now turned into flats. The land-rover arrives with the equipment.)*

**Interviewer:** I'm now standing in Runcorn Avenue. Sir John ... where exactly is the lake?

**Sir John:** Er, well let's see, that's 18... that's 20 so this must be the one.

**Interviewer:** Er, excuse me...

**Sir John:** Yes, that's the one all right.

**Interviewer:** But it's an ordinary house.

**Sir John:** Look, I'm getting pretty irritated with this line of questioning.

**Interviewer:** But it doesn't even look like a lake...

**Sir John:** Look, your whole approach since this interview started has been to mock the Navy. When I think that it was for the likes of you that I had both my legs blown off...

**Interviewer:** *(pointing at perfectly healthy legs)* You haven't had both your legs blown off!

**Sir John:** I was talking metaphorically you fool. Jenkins - put that down. *(Jenkins returns the leg to the land-rover)* Right, is the equipment ready?

**Rating:** Diving equipment all ready man. *(gives hippy salute)*

**Sir John:** *(warning finger)* Right. Now quite simply the approach to Lake Pahoe is up the steps, and then we come to the shores of the lake. Now, I'm going to press the bell just to see if there's anyone in.

**Man:** *(answering)* Hello?

**Sir John:** Good morning - I'm looking for a Lake Pahoe.

**Man:** There's a Mr Padgett.

**Sir John:** No, no a lake.

**Man:** There's no lake here, mate. This is Runcorn Avenue. What's the camera doing?

**Woman:** *(coming out)* Camera? What's he want? Oooh, are we on the telly? *(grins at the camera)*

**Man:** He's looking for a lake.

**Sir John:** Lake Pahoe.

**Woman:** Oh, you want downstairs, 22A the basement.

**Sir John:** Ah! Thank you very much. Good morning. Come on men, downstairs.

*(They walk down to the basement. The interviewer intercepts Sir John.)*

**Interviewer:** Were you successful, Sir John?

**Sir John:** It's in the basement.

**Interviewer:** In the basement?

*(He sees a parrot on his shoulder.)*

**Parrot:** Pieces of eight.

**Interviewer:** Eugh! *(he knocks it off)*

*(Sir John goes to the front door of 22a and rings. Then he looks into the living room through the window. A middle-aged couple are sitting inside. The room is full of water. The man reads the paper and the woman knits, Both wear breathing apparatus. Sir John knocks on the window. The woman looks up.)* **Sir John:** Hello.

**Woman:** Ooooh. I think' it's someone about the damp.

**Sir John:** Hello.

**Man:** Tell 'em about the bleeding rats, too.

**Woman:** I'll go *(she swims to window and shouts out)* Yes?

**Sir John:** Good morning, is this Lake Pahoe?

**Woman:** Well, I don't know about that, but it's bleeding damp. Are you from the council?

**Sir John:** No. We are the official British Naval Expedition to this lake. May we come in?

**Woman:** Hang on.

*(She submerges and picks up a big sign showing it to the man. The sign reads 'It's not the council, it's a British Naval Expedition to Lake Pahoe or something and can they come in'. The man reads the card An enormous shark looks over his shoulder appearing from a cupboard. The man sees it and hits it with a newspaper.)* **Man:** Bloody sharks.

**Woman:** Get in.

*(He holds up a sign reading 'Tell them to go away '. The woman swims to the window and gives a V-sign to Sir John.)*

**Sir John:** Well um... that would appear to be the end of the expedition.

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# **The silliest interview we've ever had / The silliest sketch we've ever done**

**As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 32**

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**The cast:**

**INTERVIEWER**  
John Cleese

**BADGER**  
Eric Idle

**WAITER**

Michael Palin

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to an interview set.)*

**Interviewer:** The Magna Carta - was it a document signed at Runnymede in 1215 by King John pledging independence to the English barons, or was it a piece of chewing gum on a bedspread in Dorset? The latter idea is the brainchild of a man new to the field of historical research. Mr Badger, why - why are you on this programme?

*(Pull back to show Mr Badger. He wears a flat cap and has a Scots accent)*

**Badger:** (EalC) Well, I think I can answer this question most successfully in mime. *(mimes incomprehensibly)*

**Interviewer:** But why Dorset?

**Badger:** Well, I have for a long time been suffering from a species of brain injury which I incurred during the rigours of childbirth, and I'd like to conclude by putting my finger up my nose.

**Interviewer:** Mr Badger, I think you're the silliest person we've ever had on this programme, and so I'm going to ask you to have dinner with me.

CAPTION: 'LATER THE SAME SKETCH'

*(Cut to them sitting at a restaurant table.)*

**Badger:** My wife Maureen ran off with a bottle of Bell's whisky during the Aberdeen versus Raith Rovers match which ended in a goalless draw. Robson particularly, in goal, had a magnificent first half, his fine positional sense preventing the build-up of any severe pressure on the suspect Aberdeen defence. McLoughlan missed an easy chance to clinch the game towards the final whistle but Raith must be well satisfied with their point.

**Interviewer:** Do please go on. This is the least fascinating conversation I've ever had.

*(A waiter comes in.)*

**Waiter:** Would you like to order sir?

**Interviewer:** Yes, Mr Badger, what .would you like to start with?

**Badger:** Er, I'll have a whisky to start with.

**Waiter:** For first course, sir?

**Badger:** Aye.



**Waiter:** And for main course, sir?

**Badger:** I'll have a whisky for main course and I'll follow that with a whisky for pudding.

**Waiter:** Yes sir, and what would you like with it, sir? A whisky?

**Badger:** No, a bottle of wine.

**Waiter:** Fine, sir, he said between clenched teeth knowing full well it was a most unrewarding part.

**Interviewer:** This is the silliest sketch I've ever been in.

**Badger:** Shall we stop it?

**Interviewer:** Yeah, all right. *(they get up and walk out)*

CAPTION: 'THE END'

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# Biggles: dictates a letter

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 33](#)

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**BIGGLES**

Graham Chapman



**ALGY**

Michael Palin

**GINGER**

Terry Gilliam

## The sketch:

*(Cut to stock film of First World War fighter planes in a dog-fight. Heroic war music.)*

**Voice Over:** The Adventures of Biggles. Part one - Biggles dictates a letter.

*(Mix through to Biggles and secretary in an office.)*

**Biggles:** Miss Bladder, take a letter.

**Secretary:** Yes, Senor Biggles. Biggles Don't call me senor! I'm not a Spanish person. You must call me Mr Biggles, or Group Captain Biggles: or Mary Biggles if I'm dressed as my wife, but never senor.

**Secretary:** Sorry.

**Biggles:** I've never even been to Spain.

**Secretary:** You went to Ibiza last year.

**Biggles:** That's still not grounds for calling me senor, or Don Beeg-les for that matter. Right, Dear King Haakon...

**Secretary:** Of Norway, is that?

**Biggles:** Just put down what I say.

**Secretary:** Do I put that down?

**Biggles:** Of course you don't put that down.

**Secretary:** Well what about that?

**Biggles:** Look. *(she types)* Don't put that down. Just put down - wait a mo - wait a too. *(puts on antlers)* Now, when I've got these antlers on - when I've got these antlers on I am dictating and when I take them off *(takes them off)* I am not dictating.

**Secretary:** *(types)* I am not dictating.

**Biggles:** What? *(she types; puts the antlers on)* Read that back.

**Secretary:** Dear King Haakon, I am not dictating what?

**Biggles:** No, no, no, you loopy brothel inmate.



**Secretary:** I've had enough of this. I am not a courtesan. *(moves round to front of the desk, sits on it and crosses her legs provocatively)*

**Biggles:** Oh, oh, 'courtesan', oh aren't we grand. Harlot's not good enough for us eh? Paramour, concubine, fille de joie. That's what we are not. Well listen to me my fine fellow, you are a bit of tail, that's what you are.

**Secretary:** I am not, you demented fictional character.

**Biggles:** Algy says you are. He says you're no better than you should be.

**Secretary:** And how would he know?

**Biggles:** And just what do you mean by that? Are you calling my old fictional comrade-in-arms a fairy?

**Secretary:** Fairy! Poof's not good enough for Algy, is it. He's got to be a bleedin' fairy. Mincing old RAF queen. *(sits at the desk)*

**Biggles:** *(into the intercom)* Algy, I have to see you.

**Algy:** Right ho. *(he enters)* What ho everyone.

**Biggles:** Are you gay?

**Algy:** I should bally well say so, old fruit.

**Biggles:** Ugh! *(he shoots him)* Dear King Haakon ... oh ... *(takes the antlers off)* Dear King Haakon. *(the secretary types)* Just a line to thank you for the eels. Mary thought they were really scrummy, comma, so did I full stop. I've just heard that Algy was a poof, exclamation mark. What would Captain W. E. Johns have said, question mark. Sorry to mench, but if you've finished with the lawn-edger could you pop it in the post. Love Biggles, Algy deceased and Ginger. Ginger! *(puts the antlers on)* **Secretary:** What?

**Biggles:** Rhyming slang - ginger beer.

**Secretary:** Oh.

**Biggles:** *(into the intercom)* Ginger.

**Ginger:** Hello, sweetie.

**Biggles:** I have to see you.

*(The door opens, Ginger enters as a terrible poof in camp flying gear, sequins, eye make-up, silver stars on his cheeks.)*

**Ginger:** Yes, Biggles?

**Biggles:** Are you a poof

**Ginger:** *(camp outrage)* I should say not.

**Biggles:** Thank God for that. Good lad. *(Ginger exits)* Stout fellow, salt of the earth, backbone of England. Funny, he looks like a poof. *(takes off the antlers)* Dear Princess Margaret.

*(Pantomime Princess Margaret enters from cupboard.)*

**Margaret:** Hello.

**Biggles:** Get back in the cupboard you pantomimetic royal person. *(she goes)*

*(Quick cut to a loony.)*

**Loony:** Lemon curry?

*(Cut back to Biggles.)*

**Biggles:** Dear real Princess Margaret, thank you for the eels, full stop. They were absolutely delicious and unmistakably regal, full stop. Sorry to mench but if you've finished with the hairdryer could you pop it in the post. Yours fictionally Biggles, Oh, PS see you at the Saxe-Coburgs' canasta evening. *(puts the antlers on)* That should puzzle her.

**Secretary:** *(sexily)* Si Sefior Biggles.

**Biggles:** Silence, naughty lady of the night!

*(Bring up heroic music and mix through to stock film of fighter planes in dog-fight.)*

**Voice Over:** Next week pan two - 'Biggles Flies Undone'.

*(Then a very noisy and violent animation sketch.)*



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# Climbing the north face of the Uxbridge road

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 33

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

**CHRIS**

Eric Idle



**BERT**

Graham Chapman

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to mountain climbers, with all the accoutrements: ropes, carabina's helmets, pitons, hammers, etc. They are roped together, apparently climbing a mountain.)*

**Voice Over:** Climbing. The world's loneliest sport, where hardship and philosophy go hand in glove. And here, another British expedition, attempting to be the first man to successfully climb the north face of the Uxbridge Road. *(Pull out to reveal that they are climbing along a wide pavement; a shopper pushing a pram comes into shot)* This four-man rope has been climbing tremendously. BBC cameras were there to film every inch.

*(Cut to a BBC cameraman clinging to a lamppost, filming. He is wearing climbing gear too. Cut to papier mache model of the Uxbridge Road, with the route all neatly marked out in white, and various little pins for the camps.)*

**Chris:** (voice over) The major assault on the Uxbridge Road has been going on for about three weeks, really ever since they established base camp here at the junction of Willesden Road, and from there they climbed steadily to establish camp two, outside Lewis's, and it's taken them another three days to establish camp three, here outside the post office. *(cut to a pup tent being firmly planted on the side of a large postbox; it has a little union jack on it.)* Well they've spent a good night in there last night in preparation for the final assault today. The leader of the expedition is twenty-nine-year-old Bert Tagg - a local headmaster and mother of three: *(Cut to Bert crawling along the pavement. The interviewer is crouching down beside him.)*

**Interviewer:** Bert. How's it going?

**Bert:** Well, it's a bit gripping is this, Chris. *(heavy breathing interspersed)* I've got to try and reach that bus stop in an hour or so and I'm doing it by... *(rearranging rope)* damn ... I'm doing it, er, by laying back on this gutter so I'm kind of guttering and laying back at the same time, and philosophizing.

**Interviewer:** Bert, some people say this is crazy.

**Bert:** Aye, well but they said Crippen was crazy didn't they?

**Interviewer:** Crippen was crazy.

**Bert:** Oh, well there you are then. *(shouts)* John, I'm sending you down this carabina on white, *(there is a white rope between Bert and John)*

*(Quick cut to Viking.)*

**Viking:** Lemon curry?



*(Cut back to the street.)*

**Bert:** Now you see he's putting a peg down there because I'm quite a way up now, and if I come unstuck here I go down quite a long way.

**Interviewer:** *(leaving him)* Such quiet courage is typical of the way these brave chaps shrug off danger. Like it or not, you've got to admire the skill that goes into it.

*(By the miracle of stop action, they all fall off the road, back down the pavement. Passers-by, also in stop action, walk by normally, ignoring the fall.)*

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# Lifeboat

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 33

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**The cast:**

**FIRST LIFEBOATMAN**

Michael Palin

**MRS. NEVES**

Terry Jones

**SECOND LIFEBOATMAN**

Graham Chapman

# THIRD LIFEBOATMAN

Terry Gilliam

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to an ordinary kitchen. A Mrs Pinnet type lady with long apron and headscarf is stuffing a chicken with various unlikely objects. The door opens. Sound of rain, wind and storm outside. A liftboatman enters, soaked to the skin. He shuts the door.)*

**First Lifeboatman:** *(taking off his sou 'wester and shaking the water off it)* Oh it's terrible up on deck.

**Mrs Neves:** Up on deck?

**First Lifeboatman:** Yes on deck. It's diabolical weather.

**Mrs Neves:** What deck, dear?

**First Lifeboatman:** The deck, The deck of the lifeboat.

**Mrs Neves:** This isn't a lifeboat, dear. This is 24, Parker Street.

**First Lifeboatman:** This is the Newhaven Lifeboat.

**Mrs Neves:** No it's not, dear.

*(The First Lifeboatman puts on his sou 'wester, goes over to the back door and opens it, He peers out. Sound of wind and lashing rain. Cut to the back door at the side of a suburban home, the lifeboatman looking out over the lawns, flowers and windless, rainless calm across to similar neat suburban houses. 'The noise cuts. The liftboatman withdraws his head from the door. Sound of wind and rain again which cease abruptly as he withdraws his head and shuts the door.)* **First Lifeboatman:** You're right. This isn't a lifeboat at all.

**Mrs Neves:** No, I wouldn't live here if it was,

**First Lifeboatman:** Do you mind if I sit down for a minute and collect my wits?

**Mrs Neves:** No, you do that, I'll make you a nice cup of tea.

**First Lifeboatman:** Thanks very much.

*(The door flies open. More sound of wind and rain. Two other rain-soaked lifeboatmen appear.)*

**Second Lifeboatman:** Oooh, it's a wild night up top.

**Third Lifeboatman:** Your turn on deck soon, Charlie.

**First Lifeboatman:** It's not a lifeboat, Frank.

**Third Lifeboatman:** What?

**Second Lifeboatman:** What do you mean?

**First Lifeboatman:** It's not a lifeboat. It's this lady's house.

*(The two lifeboatmen look at each other, then turn and open the door. Sound of wind and rain as usual. They peer out. Cut to the back door - the two lifeboatmen are peering out. They shout.)*

**Second and Third Lifeboatmen:** Captain! Captain! Ahoy there! Ahoy there! Captain!!

*(Their voices carry over the following shot or two. Cut to reverse angle of window across the road. A net curtain moves and an eye peers out... [continues](#))*

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# Old Lady Snoopers

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 33

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**The cast:**

**ENID**

Eric Idle



**GLADYS**

John Cleese

**FIRST LIFEBOATMAN**

Michael Palin

**SECOND LIFEBOATMAN**

Graham Chapman

**MRS. NEVES**

Terry Jones

**MRS. EDWARDS**

Graham Chapman

**DORIS**

John Cleese

## The sketch:

*(Sketch continues from the [Lifeboat Sketch](#). We still hear the shouts. Close up on an elderly spinster (Gladys) holding the net curtain discreetly ajar.)*

**Enid:** Who's that shouting?

*(We pull out to reveal a sitting room full of high-powered eavesdropping equipment, i.e. an enormous telescope on wheels with a controller's chair attached to it, several subsidiary telescopes pointing out of the window, radar scanners going round and round, two computers with flashing lights, large and complex tape and video recorders, several TV monitors, oscilloscopes, aerials, etc. All these have been squeezed in amongst the furniture of two retired middle-class old ladies. Enid, a dear old lady with a bun, sits at the control seat of an impressive-looking console, pressing buttons. She also has some knitting.)* **Gladys:** (JOHN) It's a man outside Number 24.

**Enid:** Try it on the five inch, Gladys.

**Gladys:** *(looking at the array of telescopes)* I can't. I've got that fixed on the Baileys at Number 13. Their new lodger moves in today.

**Enid:** All fight, hold 13 on the five-inch and transfer the Cartwrights to the digital scanner.

*(Gladys leaps over to the tape deck, presses levers and switches. Sound of tape reversing. There is a hum and lights flash on and off. A blurred image of a lady in the street comes up on one of the monitors.)*

**Enid:** Hold on, Mrs Pettigrew's coming back from the doctor's.

**Gladys:** All right, bring her up on two. What's the duration reading on the oscillator?

**Enid:** 48.47.

**Gladys:** Well that's a long time for someone who's just had a routine checkup.

**Enid:** *(reading a graph on a computer)* Yes, her pulse rate's 146!

**Gladys:** Zoom in on the 16mm and hold her, Enid.

**Enid:** Roger, Gladys.

**Gladys:** I'll try and get her on the twelve-inch. *(she climbs into the control seat of the huge mobile telescope; we cut to the view through Gladys's telescope - out of Jbcus at first, but then sharper as she zooms in towards the side door of Number 24)* Move the curtain, Enid. *(the curtain is opened a little)* Thank you, love.

*(Cut to the interior of Mrs Neves's kitchen once again. It is absolutely full of lifeboatmen. They are all talking happily and drinking cups of tea. We pick up the conversation between two them.)*

**First Lifeboatman:** Yes, it's one of those new self-righting models. Newhaven was about the first place in the country to get one.

**Second Lifeboatman:** What's the displacement on one of them jobs then?

**First Lifeboatman:** Oh it's about 140-150 per square inch.

**Mrs Neves:** Who's for fruit cake?

**All:** Oh yes, please, please.

**Mrs Neves:** Yes, right, macaroons, that's two dozen fruit cakes, half a dozen macaroons. Right ho. Won't be a jiffy then.

*(She puts a scarf on, picks up a basket and goes out of the front door. As she opens door, we hear the sound of a storm which carries us into the next shot. Cut to the deck of a lifeboat; rain-lashed, heaving, wind-tossed Mrs Neves struggles against the gale force winds along the deck. She hammers on a hatch in the forward part of the lifeboat.)* **Mrs Neves:** Yoohoo! Mrs Edwards!

*(The hatch opens and a cosy shop-keeping pepperpot sticks her head out.)*

**Mrs Edwards:** Hello.

**Mrs Neves:** Hello, two dozen fruit cakes and half a dozen macaroons.

**Mrs Edwards:** Sorry love, no macaroons. How about a nice vanilla sponge.

**Mrs Neves:** Yes, that'll be lovely.

**Mrs Edwards:** Right ho. *(sound of a ship's horn; they both look)* There's that nice herring trawler come for their Kup Kakes. Excuse me. *(she produces a loudhailer)* Hello, Captain Smith?

**Voice:** Hallooooo!

*(Mrs Edwards hurls a box of Kup Kakes off deck.)*

**Mrs Edwards:** Kup Kakes to starboard.

**Voice:** Coming.

**Mrs Neves:** I'll pay you at the end of the week, all right?

**Mrs Edwards:** OK, right ho.

*(Mrs Neves struggles back along the deck. Cut to stock film of Ark Royal in a storm.)*

**Mrs Neves:** Here; it's the Ark Royal, Doris. Have you got their rock buns ready?

*(Sound of a ship's horn.)*

**Mrs Edwards:** Hang on!

*(Doris appears at the hatch, and hands over two cake boxes.)*

**Doris:** Here we are, five for them and five for HMS Eagle.

**Mrs Edwards:** Right ho..*(takes them and throws them both overboard; an officer climbs up the side of the boat)* Yes?

**Officer:** HMS Defiant? Two set teas please.

**Mrs Edwards:** Two set teas, Doris. Forty-eight pence. There we are, thank you.

*(Money is handed over. The teas emerge on two little trays with delicate crockery, little teapots, milk jugs, etc.)*

**Officer:** By the way, do you do lunches?

**Mrs Edwards:** No, morning coffee and teas only.

**Officer:** Right ho. *(holding the teas he goes up to edge and jumps overboard)*

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# 'Storage Jars'/ The Show So Far

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 33

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**The cast:**



**PRESENTER**  
Eric Idle

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to very quick series of stills of storage jars.)*

CAPTION: 'STORAGE JARS'

*(Urgent documentary music. Mix through to an impressive documentary set. Zoom in fast to presenter in a swivd chair. He swing round to face the camera.)*

**Presenter:** Good evening and welcome to another edition of 'Storage Jars'. On tonight's programme Mikos Antoniarkis, the Greek rebel leader who seized power in Athens this morning, tells us what he keeps in storage jars. *(quick cut to photo of a guerrilla leader with a gun; sudden dramatic chord; instantly cut back to the presenter)* From strife-torn Bolivia, Ronald Rodgets reports on storage jars there. *(still of a Bolivian city and again dramatic chord and instantly back to the presenter)* And closer to home, the first dramatic pictures of the mass jail-break near the storage jar factory in Maidenhead. All this and more in storage jars!

*(Cut to a road in front of a heap of smoking rubble. Dull thuds of mortar. Reporter in short sleeves standing in tight shot. Explosions going off behind him at intervals.)*

**Rodgers:** This is La Paz, Bolivia, behind me you can hear the thud of mortar and the high-pitched whine of rockets, as the battle for control of this volatile republic shakes the foundations of this old city. *(slowly we pull out during this until we see in front of him a fairly long trestle table set out with range of different-sized storage jar)* But whatever their political inclinations these Bolivians are all keen users of storage jars. *(the explosions continue behind him)* Here the largest size is used for rice and for mangoes - a big local crop. Unlike most revolutionary South American states they've an intermediary size in between the 21b and 51b jars. This gives this poor but proud people a useful jar for apricots, plums and stock cubes. The smallest jar - this little 2oz jar, for sweets, chocolates and even little shallots. No longer used in the West it remains here as an unspoken monument to the days when La Paz knew better times. Ronald Rodgers, 'Storage Jars', La Paz.

Continues on to. . .

*(ANIMATION: television is bad for your eyes.)*

## **Voice Over**

*(and CAPTION:)* 'THE SHOW SO FAR'

*Cut to a man sitting at a desk with a script.*

## Mr Tussaud

Hello, the, er, show so far...well it all started with the organist losing all his clothes as he sat down at the organ, and after this had happened and we had seen the titles of the show, we saw Biggles dictating a letter to his secretary, who thought he was Spanish, and whom he referred to as a harlot and a woman of the night, although she preferred to be called a courtesan. Then we saw some people trying to climb a road in Uxbridge. And then there were some cartoons and then some lifeboatmen came into a woman's sitting room and after a bit the woman went out to buy some cakes on a lifeboat and then a naval officer jumped into the sea. Then we saw a man telling us about storage jars from Bolivia, then there were some more cartoons and a man told us about what happened on the show so far and a great hammer came down and hit him on the head. *(he frowns)* I don't remember that? *(a big hammer hits him on the head)* Quick cut to 'It's' man.

## It's Man

Lemon curry?

Continues to [The Cheese Shop](#)

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# The Cheese Shop

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 24](#), it was also featured on their albums - 'The Monty Python Matching Tie and Handkerchief', 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (UK version), 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (US version) and "Monty Python's The Final Ripoff".

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## The cast:

**CUSTOMER**  
John Cleese

**The sketch:**

*Customer walks in the Henry Wenslydale's Cheese shop and walks past the bazouki player.*

**Customer:** Good Morning.

**Wenslydale:** Good morning, Sir. Welcome to the National Cheese Emporium!

**Customer:** Ah, thank you, my good man.

**Wenslydale:** What can I do for you, Sir?

**Customer:** Well, I was, uh, sitting in the public library on Thurmon Street just now, skimming through "Rogue Herrys" by Hugh Walpole, and I suddenly came over all peckish.

**Wenslydale:** Peckish, sir?

**Customer:** Esuriant.

**Wenslydale:** Eh?

**Customer:** 'Ee, Ah wor 'ungry-loike!

**Wenslydale:** Ah, hungry!

**Customer:** In a nutshell. And I thought to myself, "a little fermented curd will do the trick," so, I curtailed my Walpoling activites, sallied forth, and infiltrated your place of purveyance to negotiate the vending of some cheesy comestibles!

**Wenslydale:** Come again?

**Customer:** I want to buy some cheese.

**Wenslydale:** Oh, I thought you were complaining about the bazouki player!

**Customer:** Oh, heaven forbid: I am one who delights in all manifestations of the Terpsichorean muse!

**Wenslydale:** Sorry?

**Customer:** 'Ooo, Ah lahk a nice tuune, 'yer forced too!

**Wenslydale:** So he can go on playing, can he?

**Customer:** Most certainly! Now then, some cheese please, my good man.

**Wenslydale:** (*lustily*) Certainly, sir. What would you like?

**Customer:** Well, eh, how about a little red Leicester.

**Wenslydale:** I'm, a-fraid we're fresh out of red Leicester, sir.

**Customer:** Oh, never mind, how are you on Tilsit?

**Wenslydale:** I'm afraid we never have that at the end of the week, sir, we get it fresh on Monday.

**Customer:** Tish tish. No matter. Well, stout yeoman, four ounces of Caerphilly, if you please.

**Wenslydale:** Ah! It's beeeen on order, sir, for two weeks. Was expecting it this morning.

**Customer:** 'T's Not my lucky day, is it? Aah, Bel Paese?

**Wenslydale:** Sorry, sir.

**Customer:** Red Windsor?

**Wenslydale:** Normally, sir, yes. Today the van broke down.

**Customer:** Ah. Stilton?

**Wenslydale:** Sorry.

**Customer:** Ementhal? Gruyere?

**Wenslydale:** No.

**Customer:** Any Norweigan Jarlsburg, per chance.

**Wenslydale:** No.

**Customer:** Lipta?

**Wenslydale:** No.

**Customer:** Lancashire?

**Wenslydale:** No.

**Customer:** White Stilton?

**Wenslydale:** No.

**Customer:** Danish Brew?

**Wenslydale:** No.



**Customer:** Double Gloucester?

**Wenslydale:** *(pause)* No.

**Customer:** Cheshire?

**Wenslydale:** No.

**Customer:** Dorset Bluveny?

**Wenslydale:** No.

**Customer:** Brie, Roquefort, Pol le Veq, Port Salut, Savoy Aire, Saint Paulin, Carrier de lest, Bres Bleu, Bruson?

**Wenslydale:** No.

**Customer:** Camenbert, perhaps?

**Wenslydale:** Ah! We have Camenbert, yessir.

**Customer:** *(surprised)* You do! Excellent.

**Wenslydale:** Yessir. It's..ah,.....it's a bit runny...

**Customer:** Oh, I like it runny.

**Wenslydale:** Well,... It's very runny, actually, sir.

**Customer:** No matter. Fetch hither the fromage de la Belle France! Mmmwah!

**Wenslydale:** I...think it's a bit runnier than you'll like it, sir.

**Customer:** I don't care how fucking runny it is. Hand it over with all speed.

**Wenslydale:** Oooooooooohhh.....!

**Customer:** What now?

**Wenslydale:** The cat's eaten it.

**Customer:** *(pause)* Has he.

**Wenslydale:** She, sir.

*(pause)*

**Customer:** Gouda?

**Wenslydale:** No.

**Customer:** Edam?

**Wenslydale:** No.

**Customer:** Case Ness?

**Wenslydale:** No.

**Customer:** Smoked Austrian?

**Wenslydale:** No.

**Customer:** Japanese Sage Darby?

**Wenslydale:** No, sir.

**Customer:** You...do *\*have\** some cheese, don't you?

**Wenslydale:** *(brightly)* Of course, sir. It's a cheese shop, sir. We've got--

**Customer:** No no... don't tell me. I'm keen to guess.

**Wenslydale:** Fair enough.

**Customer:** Uuuuuh, Wensleydale.

**Wenslydale:** Yes?

**Customer:** Ah, well, I'll have some of that!

**Wenslydale:** Oh! I thought you were talking to me, sir. Mister Wensleydale, that's my name.

*(pause)*

**Customer:** Greek Feta?

**Wenslydale:** Uh, not as such.

**Customer:** Uuh, Gorgonzola?

**Wenslydale:** no

**Customer:** Parmesan,

**Wenslydale:** no

**Customer:** Mozarella,

**Wenslydale:** no

**Customer:** Paper Cramer,

**Wenslydale:** no

**Customer:** Danish Bimbo,

**Wenslydale:** no

**Customer:** Czech sheep's milk,

**Wenslydale:** no

**Customer:** Venezuelan Beaver Cheese?

**Wenslydale:** Not \*today\*, sir, no.

*(pause)*

**Customer:** Aah, how about Cheddar?

**Wenslydale:** Well, we don't get much call for it around here, sir.

**Customer:** Not much ca--It's the single most popular cheese in the world!

**Wenslydale:** Not 'round here, sir.

**Customer:** {pause}and what IS the most popular cheese 'round hyah?

**Wenslydale:** 'Illchester, sir.

**Customer:** IS it.

**Wenslydale:** Oh, yes, it's staggeringly popular in this manor, squire.

**Customer:** Is it.

**Wenslydale:** It's our number one best seller, sir!

**Customer:** I see. Uuh...'Illchester, eh?

**Wenslydale:** Right, sir.

**Customer:** All right. Okay. 'Have you got any?' he asked, expecting the answer 'no'.

**Wenslydale:** I'll have a look, sir... nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnno.

**Customer:** It's not much of a cheese shop, is it?

**Wenslydale:** Finest in the district!

**Customer:** *(annoyed)* Explain the logic underlying that conclusion, please.

**Wenslydale:** Well, it's so clean, sir!

**Customer:** It's certainly uncontaminated by cheese....

**Wenslydale:** *(brightly)* You haven't asked me about Limburger, sir.

**Customer:** Would it be worth it?

**Wenslydale:** Could be....

**Customer:** Have you --SHUT THAT BLOODY BAZOUKI OFF!

**Wenslydale:** Told you sir....

**Customer:** *(slowly)* Have you got any Limburger?

**Wenslydale:** No.

**Customer:** Figures. Predictable, really I suppose. It was an act of purest optimism to have posed the question in the first place. Tell me

**Wenslydale:** Yessir?

**Customer:** Have you in fact got any cheese here at all.

**Wenslydale:** Yes,sir.

**Customer:** Really?

*(pause)* **Wenslydale:** No. Not really, sir.

**Customer:** You haven't.

**Wenslydale:** Nosir. Not a scrap. I was deliberately wasting your time,sir.

**Customer:** Well I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to shoot you.

**Wenslydale:** Right-0, sir.

*The customer takes out a gun and shoots the owner.*

**Customer:** What a \*senseless\* waste of human life.



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# Philip Jenkinson on Cheese Westerns

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 33

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to stock shot of man on horse riding into the sunset. Music swells dramatically.)*

CAPTION: 'ROGUE CHEDDAR (1967)'

CAPTION: 'FIN'

*(Ordinary simple Philip Jenkinson sits at a desk simpering and pouting like a cross between Truman Capote and a pederast vole.)*

**Philip Jenkinson (Eric Idle):** Horace Walpole's 'Rogue Cheddar', *(sniff)* one of the first of the Cheese Westerns to be later followed by 'Gunfight at Gruy&re Corral', 'Ilchester 73', and 'The Cheese Who Shot Liberty Valence'. While I'm on the subject of Westerns, I want to take a closer look at one of my favourite film directors, Sam Peckinpah, the expatriate from Fresno, California.

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'GET ON WITH IT'

**Philip Jenkinson:** In his earliest films, 'Major Dundee', *(sniff)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'AND STOP SNIFFING'

**Philip Jenkinson:** 'The Wild Bunch' and 'Straw Dogs' he showed his predilection for the utterly truthful and very sexually arousing portrayal of violence *(sniff)* in its starkest form. *(sniff)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'WILL YOU STOP SNIFFING'

**Philip Jenkinson:** In his latest film Peckinpah has moved into the calmer and more lyrical waters of Julian Slade's, ['Salad Days'](#).

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# Sam Peckinpah's 'Salad Days'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 33

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**The cast:**

**LIONEL**

Michael Palin



**WOMAN**

Carol Cleveland

**JULIAN**

Graham Chapman

**CHARLES**

Eric Idle

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## **The sketch:**

*(Lyrical scene of boys in white flannels and girls in pretty dresses frolicking on a lawn to the accompaniment of a piano played by one of the boys.)*

**SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION:** 'SALAD DAYS (1971) DIRECTOR SAM PECKINPAH'

*(The boys and girls cease frolicking and singing. Lionel enters holding a tennis racket.)*

**Lionel:** Hello everybody.

**All:** Hello Lionel.

**Lionel:** I say what a simply super day.

**All:** Gosh yes.

**Woman:** It's so, you know, sunny.

**Lionel:** Yes isn't it? I say anyone for tennis?

**Julian:** Oh super!

**Charles:** What fun.

**Julian:** I say, Lionel, catch.

*(He throws the tennis ball to Lionel. It hits Lionel on the head. Lionel claps one hand to his forehead. He roars in pain as blood seeps through his fingers.)*

**Lionel:** Oh gosh.

*(He tosses his racket out of frame and we hear a hideous scream. The camera pans to pick up a pretty girl in summer frock with the handle of the racket embedded in her stomach. Blood is pouring out down her dress.)*

**Girl:** Oh crikey.

*(Spitting blood out of her mouth she collapses onto the floor clutching at Charles's arm. The arm comes off. Buckets of blood burst out of the shoulder drenching the girl and anyone else in the area. He staggers backwards against the piano. The piano lid drops, severing the pianist's hands. The pianist screams. He stands, blood spurting from his hands over piano music.*

*The piano collapses in slow motion, shot from several angles simultaneously as per 'Zabriskie Point '. Intercut terrified faces of girls screaming in slow motion. The piano eventually crushes*

them to death; an enormous pool of blood immediately swells up from beneath piano where the girls are. We see Julian stagger across the frame with the piano keyboard through his stomach. As he turns the end of the keyboard knocks off the head of a terrified girl who is sitting on the grass nearby. A volcanic quantity of blood geysers upwards. Pull out and upward from this scene as the music starts again.) (Cut to [Apology](#))

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# Apology

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 33](#)

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**The cast:**

**FIRST VOICE OVER**

John Cleese

## SECOND VOICE OVER

Eric Idle

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### The sketch:

**1st Voice Over:** *(and Roller Caption)* 'THE BBC WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGIZE TO EVERYONE IN THE WORLD FOR THE LAST ITEM. IT WAS DISGUSTING AND BAD AND THOROUGHLY DISOBEDIENT AND PLEASE DON'T BOTHER TO PHONE UP BECAUSE WE KNOW IT WAS VERY TASTELESS, BUT THEY DIDN'T REALLY MEAN IT AND THEY DO ALL COME FROM BROKEN HOMES AND HAVE VERY UNHAPPY PERSONAL LIVES, ESPECIALLY ERIC. ANYWAY, THEY'RE REALLY VERY NICE PEOPLE UNDERNEATH AND VERY WARM IN THE TRADITIONAL SHOW BUSINESS WAY AND PLEASE DON'T WRITE IN EITHER BECAUSE THE BBC IS GOING THROUGH AN UNHAPPY PHASE AT THE MOMENT -- WHAT WITH ITS FATHER DYING AND THE MORTGAGE AND BBC 2 GOING OUT WITH MEN.'

**2nd Voice Over:** *(and Roller Caption):* 'THE BBC WOULD LIKE TO DENY THE LAST APOLOGY. IT IS VERY HAPPY AT HOME AND BBC 2 IS BOUND TO GO THROUGH THIS PHASE, SO FROM ALL OF US HERE GOOD NIGHT, SLEEP WELL, AND HAVE AN ABSOLUTELY SUPER DAY TOMORROW, KISS, KISS.'

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# **The News with Richard Baker / Seashore interlude film**

**As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 33**

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**The cast:**



**RICHARD BAKER**  
Richard Baker

# ANNOUNCER

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to Richard Baker sitting at the traditional news desk.)*

**Richard Baker:** We've just heard that an explosion in the kitchens of the House of Lords has resulted in the breakage of seventeen storage jars. Police ruled out foul play. *(pause)* Lemon curry?

*(Fade out. Fade up on film of seashore, waves breaking on beach.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'INTERLUDE'

*(The film goes on for quite a long time. Eventually, the announcer, dressed in medieval Spanish soldier's costume, walks into shot.)*

**Announcer:** *(to camera)* Um, I'm sorry about the ... the, er, pause, only I'm afraid the show is a couple of minutes short this week. You know, sometimes the shows aren't really quite as er, long as they ought to be. *(pause, he looks round at the sea)* Beautiful, isn't it. *(he walks out of shot; long pause; he walks back)* Look there's not really a great deal of point in your, sort of hanging on at your end, because I'm afraid there aren't any more jokes or anything.

*(He walks out of shot. We stay with the film for quite a long time before we finally fade out.)*



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# The Cycling Tour

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 34](#)

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The cast:

**PITHER**

Michael Palin



**DRIVER**

John Cleese

**OLD LADY**  
Eric Idle

**DOCTOR**  
Eric Idle



**GIRL**

Carol Cleveland

**MAN**

John Cleese

**GULLIVER**  
Terry Jones

**NURSE**

Graham Chapman

**SECOND DOCTOR**

John Cleese

**M. BRUN**

John Cleese

**MME. BRUN**

Eric Idle

**GENEVIEVE**  
Graham Chapman

**MILITARY MAN**  
Eric Idle

**DESK CLERK**

Terry Gilliam



**CHINAMAN**

Graham Chapman



**GRIP**

Eric Idle

**BAG**

John Cleese

**WALLET**

Graham Chapman

**TAXI**

Carol Cleveland

**GENERAL**

John Cleese

**SENIOR GENERAL**  
Graham Chapman



**OFFICER**

John Cleese

# MESSENGER

Graham Chapman

**MOTHER**

Eric Idle

**COMPÈRE**

Eric Idle

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## **The sketch:**

**Please note that this sketch is a combination of the 6 individual ones listed in the TV Series Guide. Even though they are listed separately they are in effect one sketch**

**THURSDAY, 4TH MAY, 1972**

*(The green, lush Devon countryside. Theme music. There are trees in the background perhaps and the camera is tracking along the hedgerow along a road. We see a head whizzing along, sometimes just above the hedgerow and sometimes bobbing down out of sight....occasionally for long periods.*

**Title: THE CYCLING TOUR**

*(Mr. Pither, the cyclist, bobs up and down a few more times, then disappears from sight. There is a crash and clang of a bicycle in collision, mixed with the scream of a frightened hen, and stifled shout of alarm. We are still in long shot and see nothing. The music stops abruptly on the crash.)*

**Pither (Voice Over):** August 18th. Fell off near Bovey Tracey. The pump caught in my trouser leg, and my sandwiches were badly crushed.

*(Cut to interior of a transport cafe. A rather surly proprietor with fag in mouth is operating an Espresso coffee machine. Pither, a fussy bespectacled little man, in sweater, trousers, is leaning over the counter, talking chattily).*

**Pither:** The pump caught in my trouser leg, and my sandwiches were badly crushed.

**Prop:** 35p. (He goes back to working the machine).

**Pither:** These sandwiches, however, were an excellent substitute.

*(Enormous lorry driver comes up to counter)*

**Driver:** Give us ten woods, Barney.

**Pither:** Hello!

*(Lorry driver looks at him without interest, goes off with his cigarettes)*

**Pither:** It's funny how one can go through life, as I have, disliking bananas and being indifferent to cheese, and then be able to eat, and enjoy, a banana and cheese sandwich like that.

**Prop:** 35p please. (A juke box starts up in the background)

**Pither:** Ah! I have only a 50. Do you have change?

**Prop:** *(with heavy sarcasm)* Well I'll have a look, but I may have to ring the bank.

**Pither:** I'm most awfully sorry.

*(Prop gives him change)*

**Prop:** 15p.

**Pither:** Oh, that was lucky. Well, all the very best. *(Pither proffers his hand. Prop. ignores it)*  
Thank you for the excellent banana and cheese sandwich.

*(He exits busily. Prop. looks after him, shakes his head, and absent-mindedly opens a sandwich and flicks ash in, and closes it up again.)*

*(Cut to hedgerows. Theme music. Pither's head bobbing up and down. At the same point in the music.... it disappears and there is a crash mingled with grunting of pig.)*

**Pither (V.O.):** August 23rd. Fell off near Budleigh Salterton.

*(Cut to a woman gardening. Behind her we see Pither's head peering over the hedge.)*

**Pither:** ...and the pump caught in my trouser leg.

*(She carries on digging, trying to ignore him)*

**Pither:** And that's why they were damaged...*(no reaction)*...the eggs...you remember...the hard-boiled eggs I was telling you about...*(he comes round to the gate and leans familiarly over the gate)*...they were in a Tupperware container, reputedly self-sealing, which fell open on contact with the tarmacadam surface of the road. *(He looks for a reaction. She goes on digging very butch)*...the B409...*(he looks again for a glimmer of interest)*...the Dawlish road...*(again no reaction)* That shouldn't really happen to a self-sealing container, should it?

*(Lady gardener goes back into house. Pither waits for a few moments)*

**Pither:** *(shouting)* What do \*you\* keep your hard-boiled eggs in? *(No reaction)* I think in future I shall lash them to the handlebars with adhesive tape. That should obviate a recurrence of the same problem...well I can't stop here all day...must get on...I'm on a cycling tour of Cornwall.

*(Cut to hedgerows again. Pither's head bowling along. Theme music. He dips out of sight. Crash and a cow moos.)*

**Pither (V.O.):** Aug. 26th. Fell off near Ottery St. Mary. The pump caught in my trouser leg. Decide to wear short trousers from now on.

*(Cut to another hedgerow. Pither's head bowling along. Short burst of music. Crash.)*

**Pither (V.O.):** Fell off near Tiverton. Perhaps a shorter pump is the answer.

*(Cut to a tiny village high street, deserted save for an old lady. Pither cycles into shot, carefully parks his bike by the kerb. He is in shorts, but still has his bicycle clips on. He takes them off and approaches the old lady.)*

**Pither:** Excuse me, madam, can you tell me of a good bicycle shop in this village, where I could find either some means of adapting my present pump, or, failing that, purchase a replacement?

**Old lady:** There's only one shop here.

*(She points with a shaking finger. Camera pans very slightly to one side to reveal a shop with a huge four foot high sign)* "BICYCLE PUMP CENTRE. SPECIALISTS IN SHORTER BICYCLE PUMPS."

another sign: "SHORT PUMPS AVAILABLE HERE"

another sign: "WE SHORTEN PUMPS WHILE-U-WAIT"

*(The camera shows the shop only for a couple of seconds and pans back to the old lady and Pither.)*

**Pither:** What a stroke of luck. Now perhaps cycling will become less precarious.

*(Cut to int. of doctor's surgery. A knock on the door).*

**Doctor:** Yes?

**Nurse:** (sticking her head around the door): There's a Mr. Pither to see you, Doctor. His bicycle pump got caught in his sock.

**Doctor:** Alright, nurse, send him in.

*(Nurse exits, Pither enters in shorts and sweater)*

**Doctor:** Morning.

**Pither:** A very good morning to you too, Doctor

**Doctor:** I gather you had an accident?

**Pither:** Yes, my pump got...

**Doctor:** ...caught in your sock.

**Pither:** Yes, and my fruit cake was damaged on one side.

**Doctor:** Well...

**Pither:** It's got grit all over it.

**Doctor:** Well now, are you in pain? *(reaching round for his stethoscope and coming around desk)*

**Pither:** Oh heavens no.

**Doctor:** Well where were you hurt?

**Pither:** I escaped without injury fortunately. *(Pause)*

**Doctor:** Well what is the trouble?

**Pither:** Could you tell me the way to Iddesley?

**Doctor:** I'm a doctor, you know.

**Pither:** Oh yes. Under normal circumstances I would have asked a policeman or a minister of the Church, but finding no one available, I thought it better to consult a man with some qualifications, rather than rely on the possibly confused testimony of a passer-by.

**Doctor:** Oh alright. *(He scribbles something on a piece of paper and hands it to Pither)* Take this to a chemist.

**Pither:** Thank you.

*(Ching of door. Chemist comes out holding the paper and points up the street. Pither thanks him and mounts his bike.)*

*Cut to the hedgerows again. Pither's head. Theme music...reaches the point where Pither normally falls off...his head disappears, the music cuts off... no crash...suddenly Pither's head reappears further on and the music starts up again)*

**Pither (V.O.):** Sept 2nd. Did not fall off outside Iddesley.

*(Cut to a small market town. Line of cars. Pither's head just above the roofs of cars. Theme music. He suddenly disappears, the music stops and there is a crash.)*

**Pither (V.O.):** Fell off in Tavistock.

*(Cut to a discreet corner of a Watney's pub. Carpet and soft music. A middle-aged businessman and a sexy secretary who obviously want to be alone are sitting huddled over a table. On the other side of the table is Pither, with half pint in front of him.)* **Pither:** My leg got caught in my trousers and that's how the bottle broke.

**Girl:** Tell her today, you could ring her.

**Man:** I can't. I can't.

**Pither:** I said you'd never guess.

**Man:** 16 years we've been together. I can't just ring her up.

**Girl:** If you can't do it now, you never will.

**Pither:** Do you like Tizer?

**Man:** *(to Pither)* What? No. No.

**Girl:** Do you want me or not? It's your decision, James.

**Pither:** I suppose it is still available in this area?

**Girl:** Do you want me or not, James?

**Man:** What?

**Pither:** Tizer.

**Girl:** Yes or no.

**Pither:** Is it still available in this area?

**Man:** *(to Pither)* I don't know.

**Girl:** In that case it's goodbye for ever, James.

**Man:** No! I mean yes!

**Pither:** Oh it is?

**Man:** *(to Pither)* No.

**Girl:** You never *\*could\** make up your mind.

**Man:** I can.... I have....

**Girl:** *(taking off ring)* Goodbye James. *(She runs out sobbing.)*

**Man:** No wait, Lucille!

**Pither:** And does your lovely daughter like Tizer?

**Man:** Lucille!

**Pither:** I wouldn't mind buying **her** a bottle of Tizer.... if it's available in this area, that is.

**Man:** *(turning on Pither)* Would you like me to show you the door?

**Pither:** Well that's extremely thoughtful of you, but I saw it on the way in.

**Man:** You stupid, interfering little rat.

**Pither:** Oh! The very words of the garage mechanic in Bude!

*(The man picks Pither up by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his pants. He carries him bodily towards the door.)*

**Pither:** I had just fallen off...and my cheese tartlet had become embedded in the...

**Man:** Damn your cheese tartlet! And damn you, sir!

**Pither:** ...dynamo hub... which was not at that time functioning...

*(He is thrown out.)*

*(Cut to ext. of pub. Pither picks himself up. Sees girl outside sobbing.)*

**Pither:** Just had a chat with your dad.

*(Girl bursts into further tears. Whistling cheerfully, Pither gets on his bicycle and, happier than he has been for a long time, he cycles off down the road and round a corner. Sounds of car tyre screech and crash of Pither going straight into a car.)*

*(Cut to interior of car speeding along highway. Pither is sitting in the back seat with his bicycle. The driver, Mr Gulliver, is a bespectacled young man. He talks with a professional precision.)*

**Pither:** Yes...my rubber instep caught on the rear mud-guard stanchion and...

**Gulliver:** Really? And what happened to your corned beef rolls?

**Pither:** They were squashed out of all recog... here just a minute. How did you know about the corned beef rolls?

**Gulliver:** I saw them - or what remained of them - on the road. I noticed also that the lemon curd tart had sustained some superficial damage.

**Pither:** The curd had become...

**Gulliver:** Detached from the pastry base.

**Pither:** *(with some surprise)* Yes.... that's absolutely right!

**Gulliver:** Otherwise the contents of the sandwich box were relatively unharmed, though I detected small particles of bitumen in the chocolate cup cakes.

**Pither:** But they were wrapped in foil!

**Gulliver:** Not the hard chocolate top, I'm afraid.

**Pither:** Oh dear, that's the bit I liked.

**Gulliver:** The ginger biscuit, the crisps and the sausage roll were unharmed.

**Pither:** How do you know so much about cycling?



**Gulliver:** I'm making a special study of accidents involving food.

**Pither:** Really?

**Gulliver:** Do you know that in our laboratories we have produced a cheese sandwich that can withstand an impact of 4,000 lbs per square inch?

**Pither:** Good heavens!

**Gulliver:** Amazing, isn't it? We have also developed a tomato which ejects itself when an accident is imminent.

**Pither:** Even if it's inside an egg and tomato roll?

**Gulliver:** Anywhere! Even if it's in your stomach, and it senses an accident it will come up your throat and out of the window. Do you realise what this means?

**Pither:** Safer food?

**Gulliver:** Exactly! No longer will food be damaged, crushed or squashed by the ignorance and stupidity of the driver! *(Becoming slightly messianic)* Whole picnics will be built to survive the most enormous forces! Snacks will be stronger than ever! An ordinary pot of salad cream, treated in our laboratories, has been subjected to the force of a 9,000 lb steam hammer every day for the last 6 years. And has it broken?

**Pither:** Er....

**Gulliver:** Yes, of course it has! But there are other things that haven't!.... the safety straps for sardines for instance.

*(A tomato leaps up out of the glove compartment and hovers, then it ejects itself out of the car window)*

**Pither:** That tomato just ejected itself.

**Gulliver:** Really?

**Pither:** Yes.

**Gulliver:** *(embracing Pither)* It works! It works!

*(Crash and cut to black.)*

*(Fade up on country road. Pither is cycling along with Gulliver on the back of the bicycle. Gulliver has his head bandaged and his arm in a sling. Occasionally strains of 'Jack in a box' by Clodagh Rogers float towards us as Gulliver moves rhythmically.)* **Pither (V.O.):** What a strange turn this cycling tour has taken. Mr Gulliver appears to have lost his memory and far from being interested in safer food is now convinced that he is Clodagh Rogers the young girl singer. I am taking him for medical attention.

*(Cut to Pither and Gulliver cycling into hospital. Sign: "North Cornwall District Hospital".)*

*(Cut to nurse receptionist at counter with glass window which lifts up and down. Above window small notice: "Casualty Admissions". Pither appears)*

**Pither:** Good afternoon... is this the Casualty Department?

**Nurse:** Yes, that's right.

*(Noise of splintering wood and crash out of view. Pither and nurse look up. Cut away to three benches under large 4 ft sign "Casualty". The front bench has collapsed in the middle and half a dozen or so patients sitting on it have slid into a heap in the middle. Some with scalded hands, bandages etc. some with bloody heads. A negro nurse is on her way to assist. Cut back to Pither and nurse.)* **Nurse:** What can I do for you?

*(The window comes down on her fingers, she winces sharply in pain. She pushes it up again).*

**Pither:** Well, I am at present on a cycling tour of the North Cornwall area taking in Bude and...

**Nurse:** Could I have your name please?

**Pither:** My name is Pither.

**Nurse:** Hm?

**Pither:** No... P I T H E R ... as in Brotherhood, but with PI instead of the BRO and no HOOD.

**Nurse:** I see...

**Pither:** I had already visited Taunton...

*(Terrific crash. Cut to trolley on its side, and a bandaged patient under a mound of hospital instruments and a nurse standing looking down)*

**Nurse:** Sh!

**Pither:** ...and was cycling north in...

**Nurse:** Where were you injured?

**Pither:** Just where the A397 Ilfracombe road meets the...

**Nurse:** No - on your body...

**Pither:** Ah no... it's not I who was injured, it's my friend.

*(Nurse scowls, crumples up paper... and throws it away. The piece of paper hits a smallish cabinet of glass which topples forward.)*

**Nurse:** Tut... Name?

**Pither:** Pither.

**Nurse:** *(long sufferinglly)* Your \*friend's\* name.

**Pither:** Clodagh Rogers...

**Nurse:** Clodagh Rogers!

**Pither:** Well...since about 4:30....

**Nurse:** ...well I think you ought to tell Doctor Wu... Doctor!

*(Cut to doctor on top of step ladder, unloading whisky from a crate balanced on top of ladders into a medicine cupboard already stacked with whisky bottles. Doctor whips round knocking off the crate of whisky.)*

**Doctor:** What? Damn!

*(Cut to patient in a wheelchair being pushed. The wheelchair completely collapses and the nurse is left holding the handles. Quick cut to nurse as window comes down on her fingers again.)*

**Nurse:** Aaaaaagh!

*(Doctor comes across to pither, limping slightly, in some pain.)*

**Doctor:** Now, what's the trouble?

**Pither:** I am on a cycling tour of...

**Nurse:** *(nursing her fingers)* He thinks he's had an accident.

**Pither:** Yes, I have friend who, as a result of his injuries, has become Clodagh Rogers.

**Doctor:** Don't be silly, man; people don't just become Clodagh Rogers.

**Pither:** So you may think, but what happened in this case was...*(There is a terrifying crash)*

*(Cut to doors, which are flying open, knocking over a nurse with a tray of surgical instruments. Gulliver comes in...)*

**Gulliver:** *(rushing up to Pither)* No time to lose - we must make for Moscow tonight. *(Grabs Pither and pulls him out.)*

*(The window comes down on the doctor's fingers.)*

**Doctor:** Aaaaagh!

*(Gulliver and Pither rush out of doors of Casualty Dept. They slam the door. Casualty sign drops on the heads of the people on the third bench.)*

*(Cut to camp fire at midnight in a forest clearing. By the light of the fire, Pither is writing up his diary.)*

**Pither (V.O.):** Sept 4th. Well I never. We are now in the Alpes Maritimes region of Southern France. Clodagh seems more intent on reaching Moscow than on rehearsing her new BBC1 series with Buddy Rich and the Younger Generation.

*(Gulliver enters the scene. His head is still bandaged but he has a goatee beard.)*

**Pither:** Hallo!

**Gulliver:** We cannot stay here. We must leave immediately. There is a ship at Marseilles.

**Pither:** I did enjoy your song for Europe, Clodagh.

**Gulliver:** I have seen an agent in the town. My life is in danger.

**Pither:** Danger, Clodagh?

**Gulliver:** Stalin has always hated me.

**Pither:** No one hates you, Clodagh.

**Gulliver:** I will not let myself fall into the hands of these scum.

**Pither:** I suggest you have a little lie down, my dear. There is a busy day of concerts and promotional visits tomorrow.

**Gulliver:** I. One of the founders of the greatest nation on earth. I! Who Lenin called his greatest friend.

*(From the darkness we hear French voices.)*

**M. Brun:** Taisez-vous. Taisez-vous.

**Pither:** Oh dear.

**Gulliver:** I! who have fought and suffered that our people should live.

*(Pair of middle class froggies in their prix-unis pyjamas appear.)*

**M. Brun:** Taisez-vous. Qu'est-ce que le bruit? C'est impossible.

**Pither:** Er... my name is Pither.

**M. Brun:** Oh... you are English?

**Pither:** Er yes. I'm on a cycling tour of North Cornwall, taking in Bude.

**Gulliver:** I will not be defeated. I will return to my land and continue the fight against this new

tyranny.

**Pither:** This is Clodagh Rogers, the Irish-born girl singer.

**Mme. Brun:** Mais oui (*sings*) Jack-in-a-box, I know whenever love knocks (*M. Brun joins in*) Eh!! Genevieve, Gerard. C'est Clodagh Rogers la chanteuse Anglaise.

(*Happy shouts from off as two small froggies in their teens appear in pyjamas with autograph books and run up to Gulliver. Gen. offers her book to Gulliver.*)

**Gulliver:** They will never silence me. They will nev...

**Gen.:** Excusez-moi Mam'selle Clodagh. Ecrivez vous votre nom dans mon livre des celebrites. (*Gulliver takes book.*) S'il vous plait. La, au-dessous de Denis Compton. (*Gulliver, having signed, hands the book back.*) Merci... oh! Maman. Ce n'est pas la belle Clodagh.

**Mme. Brun:** Quoi?

**Gen.:** C'est Trotsky le revolutionaire.

**M. Brun:** Trotsky!

**Mme. Brun:** Trotsky ne chante pas.

**M. Brun:** Un peu.

**Mme. Brun:** Mais pas professionnellement. Tu penses de Lenin.

**M. Brun:** Lenin!! Quel chanteur: 'If I ruled the world'.

(*Cut to stock shot of famous Lenin-addressing-the-crowd scene doctored so that we can dub the words 'Every day would be the first day of spring' onto it.*) (*Cut back to clearing as before.*)

**Gulliver:** Lenin. My friend. I come. (*He dashes off into the forest possessed.*)

**Pither:** (*aux Bruns*) Oh excuse me, she's not very well you know, pressure of work, laryngitis... (*He gets on his bike and pedals off hurriedly after Gulliver into the forest.*)

**M. Brun:** (*still reminiscing*) Et Kerensky avec le 'Little White Bull'.

**Mme. Brun:** Formidable.

(*Cut to a few quick shots of Gulliver dashing through the trees and then of Pither making much slower progress due to his bike.*)

(*Cut to a shot possibly of two frogs in a signal box, but probably a mundane setting and it's not worth wasting too much time on, of Gulliver passing within sight of the two aforesaid frogs; Frog1 and Frog2.*)

**Frog1:** *(seeing Gulliver)* Maurice! Regardez! C'est la chanteuse Anglaise Clodagh Rogers.

**Frog2:** Ah mais oui! *(sings)* Jacques dans la boîte *(he switches on a nearby horn gramophone and the song is heard throughout the forest)*

*(Cut to Russian street. Pither cycles along with Gulliver, looking like Trotsky, on the back.)*

**Pither (V.O.):** After several days I succeeded in tracking down my friend Mr. Gulliver to the outskirts of Smolensk.

*(Cut to military man in studio. He has a large map of Europe and Russia and a stick with which he raps at the places.)*

**Military Man:** Smolensk. 200 miles west of Minsk. 200 north of Kursk. 1500 miles west of Omsk.

*(Cut back to Pither.)*

**Pither:** Thank you.

*(They've stopped by a signpost that says: Smolensk Town Centre 1/2 Tavistock 1612 m. )*

**Pither (V.O.):** Anyway, as we were so far from home, and as Mr. Gulliver, still believing himself to be Trotsky, was very tired from haranguing the masses all the way from Monte Carlo,

*(Cut to military man who thumps the map again.)*

**Military Man:** Monte Carlo. 100 miles south of Turin. 100 west of Pisa. 500 miles east of Bilbao.

*(Cut back to Pither.)*

**Pither:** Thank you. I decided to check...

**Pither (V.O.):** I decided to check...

**Pither:** No, you go on.

**Pither (V.O.):** I decided to check him into a hotel while I visited the British Embassy to ask for help in returning to Cornwall.

*(By the end of this speech, they are leaving the bicycle on the kerb and entering a door with the sign "Y.M.A.C.A." over it, looking like a Y.M.C.A. sign. Over this...)*

**Pither (V.O.):** And so we registered at the Smolensk Young Men's Anti-Christian Association.

*(Cut to military man.)*

**Military Man:** Y.M.C.A. Corner of Anti-semitic street and Pogrom square.

**Pither:** *(by now standing at the reception desk with Gulliver)* Go away. *(To departing desk clerk).* No not you. A single room for my friend please.

**Desk clerk:** Yes, sir. Bugged or unbugged?

**Gulliver:** *(as Trotsky)* I think I'd feel happier with a bugged one.

**Desk Clerk:** One bugged with bath.

*(As Gulliver starts to sign the register, Pither starts to leave. He says...)*

**Pither:** Have a nice lie down. I'm just off to the Embassy. *(He goes.)*

*(Desk clerk looks at book.)*

**Desk clerk:** Trotsky! My lack of God, it's Trotsky!

*(A couple of people race in excitedly.)*

**Gulliver:** Comrades. Socialism is not a national doctrine it... *(Fade.)*

*(Mix through to sign: "British Consulate Smolensk" sign is on railings outside. Pither cycles up and parks his bike and goes in. Imperial music.)*

*(Mix through to interior... smoke and incense about. A picture of the queen is dimly visible on the back wall. A Chinaman approaches.)*

**Pither:** Excuse me. Is this the British Consulate?

**China Man:** Yes yes... si si... That is correctment. Yes... Piccadilly Circus, mini-skirt... Joe Lyons.

**Pither:** I wish to see the Consul, please.

**China Man:** That's right. Speakee speakee... me Blitish consul.

**Pither:** Oh! *(He examines his diary.)* Are you... Rear Admiral Dudley de Vere Compton Bart then?

**China Man:** No. He died. He have heart attack and fell out of window onto exploding bomb, and was run over in shooting accident. Nasty business. I his sussussor... how you say... succussor.

**Pither:** Successor.

**China Man:** Successor yes... I his successor, Mr. Atkinson.

**Pither:** Oh, I see.

**Atkinson:** You like have drinke? Game bingo?

**Pither:** Well.... a \*drink\* would be extremely pleasant.

*(Atkinson snaps fingers. Another chink bows obsequiously.)*

**Atkinson:** Mr. Robinson. Go and get Saki.

**Robinson:** Yes, Boss. *(goes)*

**Atkinson:** How is Tunbridge Wells? How I long to see once again walls of Shakespeare-style theatre in Stratford-on-Avon.

**Pither:** I'm a West Country man myself, Mr. Atkinson.

**Atkinson:** Ho yes! Arizona -- Texas -- Kit Carson Super Scout.

**Pither:** No - West of England... Cornwall.

**China Man:** *(with difficulty)* Coron... worll...

**Pither:** Cornwall.

**Atkinson:** Coronworl... oh yes know Coronworl very well. Go to school there, Mother and Father live there, ah yes, have lots of friends there. Go for weekend parties and polo playing cards and bridge in evening. Oh yes belong to many clubs in Coronworld.

*(Robinson reappears, with drink and plate of pastries. He puts them down.)*

**Atkinson:** Ah, Mr. Rutherford, saki and bakewells tart.

*(Hands glass of Saki to Pither.)*

**Atkinson:** Well, old chap. Buttocks up!

**Pither:** Rather. *(They drink.)*

**Atkinson:** Now then Mr... er...

**Pither:** Pither.

**Atkinson:** Pither ah yes... fine old English name. My father he Pither, and mother she Pither... all flends Pither... Now we Blitish here in Smolensk velly intellected in playing clicket.

**Pither:** Cricket?

**Atkinson:** No... you not speak English velly wells. We like play \*clicket\* - not clicket - clicket...clicketty click...housey housey...Bingo.

**Pither:** Oh... Bingo...

**Atkinson:** Yes. Bingo.

**Robinson:** Bingo.

**Atkinson:** *(trying to get a grip on himself)* Bingo.

**Robinson:** Bingo! Bingo!



*(Hammering on door.)*

**Chinese V.O.s:** Bingo Bingo Bingo! (etc)

*(Three Chinese throw themselves out of a cupboard and throw themselves at Pither's feet, imploringly.)*

**3 Chinese:** Bingo! Bingo! Bingo!

**Atkinson:** Contloll. Contloll selves!

**Robinson:** *(beating floor with fist)* Bingo.

**Atkinson:** Mr. Richardson! Contloll self!

**3 Chinese:** *(under breath)* Bingo....

**Atkinson:** Hsai! *(turns to Pither)* So solly. Boys get velly excited.

**Robinson:** *(quietly)* Bingo.

**China Man:** *(close into Robinson's face)* Shut face. *(smiles at Pither)* Perhaps you help us join Bingo Club back in jolly old Blighty.

**Pither:** Well it's not quite my line...

**Atkinson:** You put in good word, me and flends join really smart Bingo club in Coronwold...

**Pither:** Well...

**Atkinson:** We all velly quiet...sit at back...only shout "Housey! Housey!"

*(Obviously trying to control himself but it is too late.)*

**Robinson:** Housey! Housey!

**3 Chinese:** *(still on floor)* Housey! Housey!

**Atkinson:** *(with supreme effort of will)* Contloll selves!!

*(Hammering on doors and Chinese V.O.s sound of Chinese hordes from outside.)*

**Chinese (V.O.):** Housey housey! Housey housey!

*(Atkinson runs onto balcony. Shot of stock film of Chinese hordes.)*

**Chinese hordes:** Housey housey! Housey housey!

**Atkinson:** Ni akawati nihi, keo t'sin feh t'sung, nihi \*watai\* bingo cards!

*(There is a sudden silence from the invisible hordes below, except for slightly shocked muttering. Atkinson turns, and goes back inside. Cut back to interior. Atkinson stalks in looking grim.)*

**Robinson:** Nihi \*watai\* bingo cards?

**Atkinson:** Nihi \*watai\*!

**Robinson:** Ah so... (he bows and falls back obediently.)

*(Atkinson turns to Pither.)*

**Atkinson:** Now then, Pither Mr, which do you think better, Hackney Star Bingo or St. Albans Top Rank Suite?

**Pither:** Well, Mr Atkinson, I was hoping that you could help me and my friend to get back to England as...

**Robinson:** *(terribly quietly)* Hackney Star Bingo. *(Atkinson strikes Robinson hard.)*

**Pither:** I'm actually cycling to...

*(One of the other Chinese falls to the floor.)*

**Chinaman on floor:** Star Bingo! *(He cowers as Atkinson turns on him and strikes him.)*

**Atkinson:** Controll selves!

**2 other Chinamen:** *(with awed reverence)* Top Rank Bingo...

**Atkinson:** Shut faces!

**All:** Bingo... Top Rank... ahhhh!

*(As the word Bingo starts to swell again from all those present and from the hordes outside, Atkinson rushes around trying to silence them.)* **Pither:** Well I think I'll be off...

**Atkinson:** Please not go yet... *(he has grabbed Robinson by the throat.)* Robinson *(breathlessly)* Wimbledon Granada Bingo.

**Atkinson:** Shut face. Please Mr. Bingo don't bingo yet... I mean bingo... BINGO!

*(Pither escapes as all available Simian lungs cry out.)*

**All:** Bingo etc. etc.

**Chinese hordes:** Bingo!

*(Chinese are climbing over the balcony. Cut to stock film of Chinese hordes rioting.)*

**Hordes:** Bingo! Bingo! Bingo!

*(Cut to worried Director reading script: 'I'm sorry, News, I'd like to do it, but...')*

*(Cut to Y.W.A.C.A. Lobby. Pither walks up to desk.)*

**Pither:** Is Mr Trotsky in his room please?

**Desk clerk:** No. He has gone to Moscow.

*(Cut to military man.)* **Military Man:** Moscow. 1500 miles due East of...

**Desk Clerk:** Shut up!

**Pither:** Moscow!

*(Pither is suddenly surrounded by four secret policemen dressed in heavy trenchcoats and pork pie hats.)*

**Grip:** Come with us please.

**Pither:** Who're you?

**Bag:** Well we're not secret police anyway.

**Wallet:** That's for sure.

**Grip:** If anything we are ordinary Soviet systems with no particular interest in politics.

**Bag:** None at all. Come with us.

**Pither:** Where are you taking me?

*(Secret police all move to confer.)* **Wallet:** What do we tell him?

**Grip:** Don't tell him any secrets.

**Bag:** Agreed.

**Grip:** Tell him anything except that we are taking him to Moscow to be present as an Honoured Guest when Trotsky is reunited with the Central Committee.

**Wallet:** We're taking you to a Clam Bake.

**Pither:** Oh a Clam Bake. I've never been to one of them.

**Grip:** Right, let's go.

**Bag:** Who's giving the orders round here?

**Grip:** I am. I'm senior to you.

**Bag:** No, you're not. You're a greengrocer, I'm an insurance salesman.

**Grip:** Greengrocers are senior to insurance salesman.

**Bag:** No they're not!

**Wallet:** Cool it. I'm an ice-cream salesman and I am senior to both of you.

**Bag:** You're an ice-cream salesman? I thought you were a veterinarian.

**Wallet:** I got promoted. Let's go.

**Bag:** Taxi!

*(A girl enters dressed as a New York cabbie.)*

**Taxi:** Yes.

**Bag:** Drive us to Moscow.

**Taxi:** I have no cab.

**Wallet:** Why not?

**Taxi:** I'm in the secret police. *(they all snap into the salute)*

*(Cut to shot of train wheels in the night. The siren sounds. Superimposed names zoom into camera, as in a musical: Petrograd, Ottograd, Lewgrad, LeslieFad, Etceteragrad, Dukhovskoknabilebskohatsk, Moscva. Cut to the stage of a big Russian hall. A banner across the top of the stage reads 'Russian 42nd International Clambake'. At the back of the stage sits Pither with his bicycle. At one side of the stage, at an impressive table on a dais, are some very important Russian persons including generals. One of the generals addresses the audience.)* **General:** ... Dostoievye useye tovarich trotsky borodina... *(etc.)*

SUBTITLE: THIS IS THE MAN WHO BROUGHT OUR BELOVED TROTSKY BACK TO US'

**General:** Belutanks dretsky mihai ovna isky Mr Reg Pither.

SUBTITLE: 'FIRST MAY I PRESENT MR PITHER FROM THE WEST OF ENGLAND'

*(Pandemonium lasting for about ten seconds.)*

**General:** Shi musks di seensand dravenka oblomov Engleska Solzhenitzhin.

SUBTITLE: 'FORGIVE ME IF I CONTINUE IN ENGLISH IN ORDER TO SAVE TIME'

**General:** And now, Comrades, the greatest moment of a great day, the moment when I ask you to welcome the return of one of Russia's greatest heroes, creator of the Red Army, Lenin's greatest friend, Lev Davidovich Trotsky!

*(Gulliver appears looking as much like Trotsky as possible. He wears a uniform and has a beard and glasses. Pandemonium breaks out. He eventually quietens them by raking his hands for silence.)*

**Gulliver:** Comrades. Bolsheviks. Friends of the Revolution. I have returned. *(renewed cheering)* The bloodstained shadow of Stalinist repression is past. I bring you the new light of Permanent Revolution. *(his movements are becoming a little camp anti slinky)* Comrades, I may once have been ousted from power, I may have been expelled from the party in 1927, I may have. been deported in 1926, but *(sings)* I'm just an old-fashioned girl wire an old-fashioned mind. *(a certain amount of confusion is spreading among the audience and particularly the generals on the podium)* Comrades, I don't want to destroy in order to build, I don't want a state founded on hate and division. *(sings again)* I want an old-fashioned house with an old-fashioned fence, and an old-fashioned millionaire.

*(From now on Gulliver continues exactly as Eartha Kitt. He has acquired a fur stole which he manipulates slinkily. The confusion is complete on the stage.)*

**Pither:** *(voice over)* Our friend Mr Gulliver was clearly undergoing another change of personality.

*(A senior general appears beside Pither with two guards.)*

**General:** *(to Pither)* St You have duped us. You shall pay for this. Guards, seize him.

*(The guards seize the startled Pither and drag him away. The senior general strides back across the stage avoiding Gulliver, towards the general who addressed the audience.)*

**General:** Shall I seize him too?

**Senior General:** No, I think we'll have to keep him, he's going down well.

**General:** He's more fun than he used to be.

**Senior General:** He's loosened up a lot. This is an old Lenin number.

*(Cut to Pither sitting in a cell.)*

**Pither:** *(voice over)* April 226th. Thrown into Russian cell. Severely damaged my Mars bar. Shall I ever see Bude Bus Station again? *(two Russian guards throw the cell door open)* Oh excuse me... *(they grab him and march him out of the cell)* *(Cut to exterior of a door leading out into the prison yard. The door is thrown open and Pither is marched over and stood against a blank wall. There are lots of small holes in the wall.)*

**Pither:** *(voice over)* What a pleasant exercise yard. How friendly they were all being.

**Officer:** Cigarettes?

**Pither:** Oh, no thank you I don't smoke.

*(Pither facing a line of uniformed men with guns, obviously a firing squad.)*

**Pither:** *(voice over)* After a few moments I perceived a line of gentlemen with rifles. They were looking in my direction... *(cut to Pither against the wall looking behind him)* I looked around but could not see the target.

**Officer:** Blindfold?

**Pither:** *(very cheerful)* No thank you, no.

**Officer:** *(stepping clear)* Slowotny! *(the firing squad snaps to attention)* Grydenka... *(they raise their rifles)* Verschnitzen.

*(Drum roll. The firing squad takes aim. A messenger runs frantically up.)*

**Messenger:** Nyet! Nyet! Nyet! *(he hands the officer a paper)*

**Officer:** A telegram? *(examines it)* From the Kremlin! The Central Committee! *(reads)* It says ... 'Carry on with the execution'. Verschnitzen... *(the squad raise their rifles)* **Pither:** *(voice over)* Now I was really for it.

*(Cut to shot of the officer with his hand raised. The same as before, only without Pither in shot. Drum mils again. He brings his sword down. Volley of shots from the firing squad. The officer is looking in Pither's direction, Long pause.)*

**Officer:** *(to soldiers)* How could you miss?

**Soldier:** He moved.

**Officer:** Shut up! Go and practise. *(to Pither)* I'm so sorry. Do you mind waiting in your cell?

*(Pither is flung back into his cell by the guards, and the door slammed.)*

**Pither:** *(voice over)* What a stroke of luck. My Crunchie was totally intact. I settled down to a quick intermeal snack...

*(But he is bundled out again. Pause. Shots. He is bundled in. The officer appears at door.)*

**Officer:** Next time, definitely! *(to aide)* Now then, how many have been injured? Oh God...

**Pither:** *(voice over)* As I lay down to the sound of the Russian gentlemen practising their shotling, I realized I was in a bit of a pickle. My heart sank as I realized that I should never see the Okehampton by-pass again...

*(Mix to Pither 's sleeping face, waking up, shaking himself in disbelief at finding himself in a beautiful garden, with the sun shining and the birds singing. He is in a deckchair, and hit mother, having poured him a jug of iced fruit juice, is gently nudging Pither to wake him.)* **Mother:** Come on, dear, wake up, dear.

**Pither:** Mother!

**Mother:** Come on, dear.

**Pither:** So, it was all a dream.

**Mother:** No dear, this is the dream, you're still in the cell.

*(Mix to Pither waking up in the cell. The officer enters carrying a rifle.)*

**Officer:** OK, we're going to have another try. I think we've got it now. My boys. have been looking down the wrong bit, you see.

**Pither:** Oh no, look, you've got to look down the bit there.

**Officer:** I thought you had to look down that bit.

**Pither:** No, no, you've got to look down that bit, or you won't hit anything.

**Officer:** All right,. we'll give it a whirl. Guards, seize him. *(they take him out)*

**Officer:** *(as he leaves)* Listen. You've got to look down this bit.

*(As they leave, we can see on the wall of the cell a poster, saying.' 'Saturday Night at the Moscow Praesidium, starring Eartha Kite, with Burgess and Maclean. 'Iq Song a Dance and a Piece of Treachery'. Marshal Bulganin and "Charlie ", Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Leningrad has never laughed so much.'*

*Mix through to stock film of the Kremlin. Dubbed over laughter and applause. A cheerful band sing. Mix through to a stage where someone dressed as Marshal Bulganin, is standing with a little real ventriloquist's dummy. He gets up, takes his bow and walks off as the curtain swings down. Lots of applause and atmosphere. Terrible Russian compere comes on smiling an,. applauding.)*

**Compere:** Osledi. Osledi.

*(He tells a quick joke in Russian and roars with laughter. Laughter from the audience. He holds up his hands and then becomes very sincere, saying obviously deeply moving, wonderful things about the next guest, whom he finally introduces.)*

**Compere:** Eartha Kitt!

*(Gulliver comes on-stage in the full Eartha Kitt rig - white fur stole, slit skirt and jewellery. He mimes to the voice of Edward Heath.)*

**Heath's Voice:** Trade Union leaders - I would say this - we've done our part. Now, on behalf of the community, we have a right to expect you, the Trade Union leaders, to do yours. *(etc.)*

*(Unrest in the audience as they recognize him. They start shouting 'sing "Old-Fashioned Girl"' and throwing vegetables. Slow motion shot of a tomato hitting Gulliver. He is seen to be holding a turnip.)*

**Gulliver:** That turnip's certainly not safe. *(looking round and seeing where he is)* Oh no! Mr Pither!

Mr Pither!

*(He runs off-stage, pursued by the guards. Cut to the stage-door of the hall. A sign on the door says 'Next week Clodagh Rogers '. Gulliver runs out, and then through the streets, hotly pursued by soldiers and secret service men, firing after him.)*

**Gulliver:** *(calling)* Mr Pither! Mr Pither!

*(He is seen running through a dockyard. Finally he stops by a high stone wall.)*

**Gulliver:** Mr Pither!

**Pither's Voice:** Here!

*(Gulliver looks round and then rapidly climbs up and over the wall. He drops down to find Pither standing on the other side.)*

**Pither:** Gulliver.

**Gulliver:** Pither! What a stroke of luck.

**Pither:** Well yes and no.

*(He indicates with his head. Cut to show that both of them are standing in front of a firing squad. The officer is there as before. The squad runs towards them with fixed bayonets.)*

CAPTION: 'SCENE MISSING'

*(Cut to a Cornish country lane. A road sign says 'Tavistock 12 miles'. Pither stands beneath with Gulliver and his bicycle.)*

**Pither:** Phew, what an amazing escape. Well goodbye, Reginald.

**Gulliver:** Goodbye, Mr Pither, and good luck with, the tour!

*(They shake hands. Gulliver strides off. Pither mounts his bike and rides off into the sunset. Music swells. Roll credits. Cut to afield with hedgerow behind. The first animated monster peeks over the hedge.)*

**First Monster:** Hey, I think he's finally gone!

*(Second monster appears.)*

**Second Monster:** Ooh yes!

*(They hop over the fence into the field.)*

**First Monster:** Ready, Maurice?

**Second Monster:** Right-ho, Keyin. Let's go.



**First Monster:** All right, maestro, hit it!

*(We hear Clodagh Rogers singing Jack in a Box'. The two monsters jump up and down enthusiastically if not gracefully. Fade out.)*

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*\* Until three (or so) years ago, Clodagh Rogers owned and ran her own bar in Paignton, Devon, UK.*

*Paignton is one of the three towns which make up Torbay - Torquay, Paignton, Brixham.*

*Torquay, of course, was the inspiration for, and where much of, Fawlty Towers - another John Cleese classic series - was filmed.*



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# Bomb on Plane

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 35](#)

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**The cast:**

**FIRST PILOT**  
Michael Palin

**BADGER**  
Eric Idle

**SECOND PILOT**  
John Cleese

**STEWARDESS**

Carol Cleveland

# HEADPHONES

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

*(Fade up on two pilots in the cockpit of an aeroplane. A stewardess is there too. After a moment or two the first pilot makes an announcement.)*

**First Pilot:** This is Captain MacPherson welcoming you aboard East Scottish Airways. You'll have had your tea. Our destination is Glasgow. There is no need to panic.

*(The door of the cockpit opens and Mr Badger comes in.)*

**Badger:** There's bomb on board this plane, and I'll tell you where it is for a thousand pounds.

**Second Pilot:** I don't believe you.

**Badger:** If you don't tell me where the bomb is... if I don't give you the money... Unless you give me the bomb...

**Stewardess:** The money.

**Badger:** The money, thank you, pretty lady... the bomb will explode killing everybody.

**Second Pilot:** Including you.

**Badger:** I'll tell you where it is for a pound.

**Second Pilot:** Here's a pound.

**Badger:** I don't want Scottish money. They've got the numbers. It can be traced.

**Second Pilot:** One English pound. Now where's the bomb?

**Badger:** I can't remember.

**Second Pilot:** You've forgotten.

**Badger:** Ay, you'd better have your pound back. Oh... *(rubs it)* fingerprints.

**First Pilot:** Now where's the bomb?

**Badger:** Ah, wait a tic, wait a tic. *(closes eyes and thinks)* Er, my first is in Glasgow but not in Spain, my second is in steamer but not in train, my whole is in the luggage compartment on the plane... *(opens eyes)* I'll tell you where the bomb is for a pound.

**Second Pilot:** It's in the luggage compartment.

**Badger:** Right. Here's your pound..

*(Enter a man with headphones.)*

**Headphones:** This character giving you any trouble?

**First Pilot:** He's ruined this sketch.

**Second Pilot:** Absolutely.

**Headphones:** Let's go on to the next one.

**Badger:** 'Wait a tic, wait a tic. No. I won't ruin your sketch for a pound.

**Second Pilot:** No, no.

**Badger:** 75P.

**Headphones:** Next item. *(they start to leave)*

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# A Naked Man / Ten seconds of Sex

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 35](#)

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**The cast:**

**NUDE MAN**  
Terry Jones

**ANNOUNCER**

John Cleese

**'IT'S' MAN**

Michael Palin

## **The sketch:**

*(The nude organist is seated at his organ in the open air, with a lovely scarlet dressing-gown draped round his shoulders. It says on it 'Noel Coward' which is crossed out and 'Nude Organist' written underneath. He is talking to a journalist with a notepad who is nodding and interviewing him. Someone else holds a small tape recorder. Make-up ladies are adding the finishing touches. They bring him a mirror while he talks. Someone is taking photos of him, perhaps with flashbulbs.)* **Nude Man:** Well I see my role in it as, er, how can I put it best - the nude man - as sort of symbolizing the two separate strands of existence, the essential nudity of man...

*(They realize that they are on camera. They remove the man's robe and clear the set. He grins at the camera and plays his chords. Cut to the announcer. He is sitting at his desk in the middle of a field but he is talking earnestly to a trendy girl reporter.)* **Announcer:** It's an interesting question. Personally I rather adhere to the Bergsonian idea of laughter as a social sanction against inflexible behaviour but... excuse me a moment... And now...

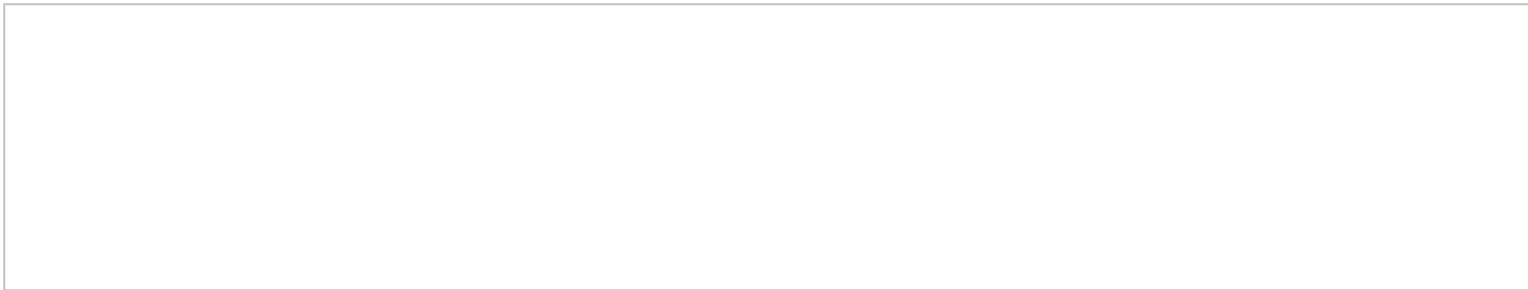
**It's Man:** It's...

*(Animated titles.)*

**Voice Over:** *(and Caption):* 'AND NOW THE TEN SECONDS OF SEX'

*(Black screen and the sound of a ticking clock .for ten seconds.)*

**Voice Over:** *(and caption) :* 'ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN STOP NOW'



# Housing project built by characters from nineteenth-century English literature

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 35

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The cast:

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

## The sketch:

*(Cut to a building site. The camera pans over it.)*

**Voice Over:** This new housing development in Bristol is one of the most interesting in the country. It's using a variety of new techniques: shock-proof curtain-walling, a central high voltage, self-generated electricity source, and extruded acrylic fibreglass fitments. It's also the first major housing project in Britain to be built entirely by characters from nineteenth-century English literature.

*(By, this time the pan has come to rest on a section of the site where various nineteenth-century literary figures are at work round a cement mixer: two ladies in crinolines, Bob Cratchett on his father's back, Heathcliff and Catherine throwing bricks to each other with smoldering passion. Nelson. Mr Beadle as fireman. Cut to the interior of a half-finished concrete shell. A little girl is working on top of a ladder.)* **Voice Over:** Here Little Nell, from Dickens's 'Old Curiosity Shop' fits new nylon syphons into the asbestos-lined ceilings ... *(shot of complicated electrical wiring in some impressive electrical installation)* But it's the electrical system which has attracted the most attention. *(cut to Arthur Huntingdon studying a plan; he has a builder's safety helmet on)* Arthur Huntingdon, who Helen Graham married as a young girl, and whose shameless conduct eventually drove her back to her brother Lawrence, in Anne Brontë's 'The Tenant of Wildfell Hall' describes why it's unique.

**Huntingdon:** Because sir, it is self-generating. Because we have harnessed here in this box the very forces of life itself. The very forces that will send Helen running back to beg forgiveness!

*(Cut to a close up of big pre-fabricated concrete slabs being hoisted into the air by a crane and start to pull out, as the commentator speaks, to reveal a crowd of nineteenth-century farmhands working on them.)*

**Voice Over:** The on-site building techniques involve the construction of twelve-foot walling blocks by a crowd of firm hands from 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' supervised by the genial landlady, Mrs Jupp, from Samuel Butler's 'Way of All Flesh'.

*(Pan to reveal Mrs Jupp with a clipboard. Cut to voice over narrator in vision with a stick-mike, in front of an impressive piece of motorway interchange building. Behind him and working on the site are six angels, three devils, and Adam and Eve.)*

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# M1 interchange built by characters from 'Paradise Lost'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 35

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**The cast:**



**NARRATOR**  
Eric Idle

**FOREMAN**  
Terry Jones

## VOICE OVER

Michael Palin

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### The sketch:

*(Continued from '[Housing project built by characters from nineteenth-century English literature](#)'))*

**Narrator:** In contrast to the site in Bristol, it's progress here on Britain's first eighteen-level motorway interchange being built by characters from Milton's 'Paradise Lost'...

*(He turns and we zoom past him into the angels etc.)*

**Narrator:** *(voice over)* What went wrong here?

*(Cut to a fireman in a donkey jacket and helmet.)*

**Foreman:** Well, no one really got on. Satan didn't get on with Eve ... er... Archangel Gabriel didn't get on with Satan... nobody got on with the Serpent, so now they have to work a rota: forces of good from ten till three, forces of evil three to six.

*(The camera tracks through a high-rise development area.)*

**Voice Over:** But even more modern building techniques are being used on an expanding new town site near Peterborough; here the [Amazing Mystico and Janet can put up a block of flats by hypnosis](#) in under a minute.

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# Mystico and Janet - flats built by hyonosis

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 35

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**The cast:**

**MYSTICO**

Terry Jones

**MR. VERYBIGLIAR**

Michael Palin

**ARCHITECT**  
Graham Chapman

TENANT

Eric Idle

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## The sketch:

*(Mystico removes his cloak, gloves and top hat and hands them to Janet, who curtsies. He then makes several passes. Cut to stock film of flats falling down reversed so that they leap up. Cut back to Mystico and Janet. She hands him back his things as they make their way to their car, a little Austin 30.)* **Voice Over:** The local Council here have over fifty hypnosis-induced twenty-five storey blocks, put up by El Mystico and Janet. I asked Mr Ken Verybigliar the advantages of hypnosis compared to other building methods.

*(Cut to a man in a drab suit.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'MR K. V. B. LIAR'

**Mr Verybigliar:** (MICHAEL) Well there is a considerable financial advantage in using the services of El Mystico. A block, like Mystico Point here, *(indicating a high-rise block behind him)* would normally cost in the region of one-and-a-half million pounds. This was put up for five pounds and thirty bob for Janet.

**Voice Over:** But the obvious question is are they safe?

*(Cut to an architect's office. The architect at his desk. Behind him on the wall are framed photos of various collapsed buildings. He is a well-dressed authoritative person.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'MR CLEMENT ONAN, ARCHITECT TO THE COUNCIL'

**Architect:** Of course they're safe. There's absolutely no doubt about that. They are as ,strong, solid and as safe as any other building method in this country provided of course people believe in them.

*(Cut to a council fiat. On the wall there is a picture of Mystico.)*

**Tenant:** Yes, we received a note from the Council saying that if we ceased to believe in this building it would fall down.

**Voice Over:** You don't mind living in a figment of another man's imagination?

**Tenant:** No, it's much better than where we used to live.

**Voice Over:** Where did you used to live?

**Tenant:** We had an eighteen-roomed villa overlooking Nice.

**Voice Over:.** Really, that sounds much better.

**Tenant:** Oh yes - yes you're right.

*(Cut to stock shot of block falling down in slow motion. Cut back to tenant and wife inside. Camera shaking and on the tilt.)*

**Tenant:** No, no, no, of course not.

*(Cut to stock film again. The building rights itself. Cut back to interior again. Camera slightly on tilt. They are holding bits of crockery etc.)*

**Tenant:** Phew, that was close.

*(Cut to tracking shot from back of camera car again. This time El Mystico striding through the towering blocks, his cloak swirling behind him.)*

**Voice Over:** But the construction of these vast new housing developments, providing homes for many thousands of people, is not the only project to which he has applied his many talents. He also has an Infallible Pools Method, a School of Spanish Dancing and a Car Hire Service. *(cut to Mystico at wheel of his little Austin 30, his amazing eyes riveted on the road ahead; Janet occasionally tactfully guides the steering wheel)* What is the driving force behind a man of such endless energies, and boundless vision? Here as with so many great men of history, the answer lies in a woman .., *(the camera pans over on to Janet and starts to zoom in on her as she watches the road ahead; cut to a nineteenth-century engraving of Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra)* As Antony has his Cleopatra ... *(cut to picture of Napoleon and Josephine)* as Napoleon has his Josephine ... *(cut to Janet lying on a bed in , negligie in a rather seedy hotel)* So Mystico has his Janet.

*(Mystico leaps from top of the wardrobe on to the bed with a lusty yell. Cut to montage of black and white photos of Janet in various stage poses: three poses against black drapes; one against a building; one posed outside a terrace house with notice reading 'School of Spanish Danring-Dentures Repaired'.)* **Voice Over:** Yes. Janet ... a quiet, shy girl. An honours graduate from Harvard University, American junior sprint record holder, ex-world skating champion, Nobel Prize winner, architect, novelist and surgeon. The girl who helped crack the Oppenheimer spy ring in 1947. She gave vital evidence to the Senate Narcotics Commission in 1958. She also helped to convict the woman at the chemist's in 1961, and a year later *(cut to Janet shaking hands with a police commissioner)* she gave police information which led to the arrest of her postman. In October of that same year *(cut to photo of Janet with a judge and a policeman standing on either side of her smiling at the camera)* she secured the conviction of her gardener for bigamy and three months later personally led the police swoop *(cut to Janet in a street with goggles of policemen clustering round her grinning at the camera and two people obviously naked with blankets thrown over them)* on the couple next door. In 1967 she became suspicious of the man at the garage *(cut to a photo of a petrol attendant filling a car)* and it was her dogged perseverance and relentless enquiries *(another rather fuzzy photo of the man at the garage peering through the window of cash kiosk)* that two years later finally secured his conviction for not having a license for his car radio. *(final photo of five police, Janet and the man bm the garage in handcuffs all posing for the camera)* He was hanged at Leeds a year later *(cut to Janet posing outside a prison)* despite the abolition of capital punishment and the public outcry. Also in Leeds that year, a local butcher was hanged *(cut to a blurred family snap of a butcher in an apron with a knife)* for defaulting on mortgage repayments, and a Mr Jarvis *(photo)* was electrocuted for shouting in the corridor.

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# 'Mortuary Hour'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 35

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**The cast:**

**FIRST RADIO VOICE**

John Cleese

**D.J. VOICE**

Eric Idle

**BATTERSBY**  
Terry Jones

**SECOND RADIO VOICE**

Graham Chapman

**WANG**

John Cleese

**MAYOR**

Graham Chapman





## ATTENDANT

Carol Cleveland

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### The sketch:

*(Cut to a mortuary. Various trolleys lie about with corpses covered by sheets. Two workers are sitting at a low make-shift table with cups of tea and a transistor radio, shelling eggs and dropping them in a pickling jar.)*

**1st Radio Voice:** ... and Premier Chou En Lai, who called it 'a major breakthrough'. Twelve men were accidentally hanged at Whitby Assizes this afternoon whilst considering their verdict. This is one of the worst miscarriages of justice in Britain since Tuesday. *(music)* **DJ Voice:** Well it's thirteen minutes to the hour of nine-nine-nine, here on wonderful Radio One-One-One! So if you're still lying in your big, big bed, now is the time to get up out of it! We've got another thirteen hours of tip-top sounds here on Wonderful Radio One! *(brief funny noises)* Sorry about that ... So unless you have brain cells, or have completed the process of evolution, there's a wonderful day ahead!

**Batteredby:** *(switching the radio off)* It must be on Radio Four. *(he gets another radio out from underneath the table)* Radio Two. *(he gets another radio out)* ... Three ... *(he opens the top of the third radio and gets out a fourth; he switches it on)* **2nd Radio Voice:** It's 9 o'clock and time for 'Mortuary Hour'. An hour of talks, tunes and downright tomfoolery for all those who work in mortuaries, introduced as usual by Shirley Bassey. *(sinister chords)*.

**Shirley:** Well, we're going to kick straight off this week with our Mortuary Quiz, so have your pens and pencils ready.

*(A door at the back of the mortuary opens and Mr Wang, an official of the Department of Stiffs, enters. He wears an undertaker's suit and top hat plus a long blond wig.)*

**Wang:** Turn that radio off and look lively!

**Battersby:** Oh, it's 'Mortuary Quiz', Mr Wang...

**Wang:** Don't argue, Battersby.

*(We hear voices off. Officials at the door spring to attention. Enter a mayor with a chain round his neck, and an elderly peer of the realm who is standing on a small platform, pushed by an attendant.)*

**Mayor:** ... This is our mortuary in here, Your Grace ...

**Peer:** I say, I say, I ... er ... I ... er ... I ... er ... I ... I can't think of anything to say about it.

**Mayor:** Well, we're very proud of it here, sir. It's one of the most up to date in the country.

**Peer:** I see... yes... yes ... now... um... what... what... ah... ah... what is it? .... it a power station?

**Mayor:** No, Your Grace, it's a mortuary.

**Peer:** I see ... I see ... good ... good ... good, good, good...

**Mayor:** But it has one of the most advanced thermostat control systems in the country, and it has computer-controlled storage facilities.

**Peer:** I see, I see ... I ... er... er... er... er ... I ... er ... I'm a good little doggie.

**Mayor:** I'm sorry, Your Grace?

**Peer:** I'm a good little dog.

**Attendant:** Oh dear...

**Mayor:** Perhaps we should postpone the visit?

**Attendant:** No, no, no - you see it's just that his brain is so tiny that the slightest movement can dislodge it *(starts to slap the duke's head from side to side gently but firmly)* Your Grace ... Oh dear... it's rather like one of those games you play where you have to get the ball into the hole ... That's it.

**Peer:** Ah! Now then, excellent, excellent, excellent, excellent. Now then ... ah ... what happens when the steel is poured into the ingots?

**Mayor:** *(ushering everyone out)* Perhaps we should go and have a look at the new showers?

**Peer:** Yes... yes ... yes ... yes... yes rather jolly good... jolly good .. jolly good ... jolly good ... no fear...

*(They leave. Battenby turns the radio on again.)*

**Radio Voice:** Well the answers were as follows: 1) the left hand, 2) no, 3) normal, 4) yes it has, in 1963 when a bird got caught in the mechanism. How did you get on?

*(Two men behind him push in a trolley with sheet-covered corpses on it.)*

**Wang:** Turn that thing off!

**Battersby:** Oh! It's 'Mortuary Dance Time', Mr Wang!

**Wang:** Never mind that, Battersby, this is the big one. I've just had Whitby Police on the phone ...

**Battersby:** Oh yes, I just heard about that on the radios ...

**Wang:** No, these are twelve different ones ... so shtoom.

*(Battersby and friend gather round the body. Wang joins them. They start to work away busily and efficiently on the corpse. We suddenly become aware that Badger is standing with them around the body.)*

**Badger:** I'll not interrupt this sketch for a pound.

**Wang:** What?

**Badger:** For one pound I'll leave this sketch totally uninterrupted.

**Wang:** What?

**Badger:** Fifty pence ... I'm prepared to negotiate a forty-pence deal. *(an eye peers out from under the sheet on the corpse they are working on)* For 35P I won't interrupt any of the next three items.

*(The corpse is now sitting up waiting to see what happens. Another corpse sits up as they continue arguing. The sheet is pushed back on another trolley revealing a boy and girl on the same stretcher. They light cigarettes.)*

**Wang:** No, no, it's no good...

**Badger:** 25p.

**Wang:** No.

**Badger:** 10p and a kiss.

*(ANIMATION: with Gilliam's hands in shot.)*

**Terry Gilliam:** *(voice over)* You see, it's very simple - I just take these cut-out figures and by putting them together... oh, you mean we're on?... *(Gilliam's head appears briefly)* Sorry.

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# The Olympic Hide-and-Seek Final

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 35

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**The cast:**

**COMMENTATOR**  
Eric Idle

**FRANCISCO HURON**

Terry Jones

**DON ROBERTS**

Graham Chapman

**FRANK BOUGH**  
Michael Palin



**OFFICIAL**

Michael Palin

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

## The sketch:

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'FINAL OF THE HIDE-AND-SEEK SECOND LEO'

*(Zoom in on commentator and the two finalists, forty-year-old men limbering up in shorts and singlets.)*

**Comentator:** Hello, good afternoon and welcome to the second leg of the Olympic final of the men's Hide-and-Seek here in the heart of Britain's London. We'll be surfing in just a couple of moments from now, and there you can see the two competitors Francisco Huron the Paraguayan, who in this leg is the seeker *(we see Francisco Huron darting about, looking behind things)* and there's the man he'll be looking for ... *(we see Don Roberts practicing hiding)* our own Don Roberts from Hinckley in Leicestershire who, his trainer tells me, is at the height of his self-secreting form. And now in the first leg, which ended on Wednesday, Don succeeded in finding the Paraguayan in the new world record time of 11 years, 2 months, 26 days, 9 hours, 3 minutes, 27.4 seconds, in a sweetshop in Kilmarnock. And now they're under starter's orders.

*(We see Don Roberts and Francisco Huron standing side by side, poised, looking nervous.)*

**Starter:** *(voice over)* On your marks... get set...

*The starter fires his pistol. Francisco Huron immediately puts his hands over eyes and starts counting.)*

**Francisco:** Uno, dos, tres, quattro, cinque, seis, siete, ocho, nueve, diez ...

*(Meanwhile Don Roberts hails a cab. He gets in and it drives off)*

**Francisco:** ... trientay dos, trientay tres, trientay quattro...

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: '32, 33, 34'

**Commentator:** Well Don off to a really great start there. Remember the Paraguayan has got 11 years, 2 months, 26 days, 9 hours... *(cut to taxi on the way to London airport)* 3 minutes, 27.4 seconds to beat.

*(Cut back to Frandsco still counting.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: '998, 999, 1000'

**Francisco:** Neuvecian no nuevetay ocho, nuevecientas noventa y nueve, mil. *(Francisco takes his hands from his eyes and shouts)* Coming!

*(He starts looking around the immediate locality suspiciously. We see a plane landing. There is a sign saying 'Benvenuto a Sardinia'. Cut to Don on a bicycle. Then running up a hill. Then going*

into castle. Running along corridors and eventually pausing, looking around agitatedly, and then hiding behind a pillar. Occasionally he looks out nervously. Then cut to Francisco looking in shops in the Tottenham Court Road. Cut to studio 'Sportsview' desk with a Frank Bough man at it.) **Frank Bough:** Well, we'll be taking you back there as soon as there are any developments.

CAPTION: 'SIX YEARS LATER'

*(Cut back to desk. Frank Bough looks older.)*

**Frank Bough:** We've just heard that something is happening in the Hide-and-Seek final, so let's go straight over there.

*(Cut to film of Francisco Huron. He is wandering around looking for Don. Roberts in a beach setting. The commentator is some way from him. He speaks quietly into a microphone.)*

**Comentator:** Hello again, and welcome to Madagascar, where Francisco Huron is seeking Don Roberts. And I've just been told that he has been told that he has been unofficially described as 'cold'. Ah, wait a minute. *(in the distance Francisco Huron consults with an official; the commentator moves out of shot briefly, then returns)* I've just been told that Huron has requested a plane ticket for Budapest! So he's definitely getting warmer. So we'll be back again in just a few years.

*(Cut to Frank Bough looking older. He is covered with cobwebs.)*

**Frank Bough:** Really beginning to hot up now.

CAPTION: 'FIVE YEARS, TWO MONTHS AND TWENTY-SIX DAYS LATER'

*(Cut to a Portuguese-looking setting. Francisco Huron looking round desperately and glancing at his watch.)*

**Commentator:** So here we are on the very last day of this fantastic final. Huron now has less than twelve hours left to find British ace Don Roberts. Early this morning he finished combing the outskirts of Lisbon and now he seems to have staked everything on one final desperate seek here in the Tagus valley. But Roberts is over fifteen hundred miles away, and it's beginning to look all over, bar the shouting. The sands of time are running out for this delving dago, this sefior of seek, perspicacious Paraguayan. He's still desperately cold and it's beginning to look like another gold for Britain.

*(The camera shows Huron creeping up on a dustbin. He pauses, snatches off the lid and looks inside. He turns away disappointed then does double take and looks back into the bin. He pulls out a sardine tin with the word 'Sardines' very obvious. Shot of Huron's reaction as he suddenly gets a tremendous idea. He snaps his fingers and hails a taxi and gets in. Cut to plane landing. Same sign as before 'Benvenuto a Sardinia'. Francisco cycles past. Cut to him discarding the bike and running up the hill straight into the castle. He runs along corridors into the right room, up to the pillar and finds Don Roberrs sulking behind. They both look very tense as they await the official result, then react in fury and frustration when it is announced by a blazered offical.)*

**Official:** The official result of the World Hide-and-Seek, Mr Don Roberrs from Hinckley,

Leicestershire, 11 years, 2 months, 26 days, 9 hours, 3 minutes, 27 seconds. Mr Francisco Huron, Paraguay, 11 years, a months, 26 days, 9 hours, 3 minutes, 27 seconds. The result - a tie.

**Voice Over:** A tie! Well what a fantastic result. Well the replay will start tomorrow at 7.30 a.m.

*(As they stand there the camera pans off them to a window and then zooms through the window to reveal a beach where there is a Redcoat.)*

**Redcoat:** Well hello again .... nice to be back ... glad to see the series has been doing well. Well now, sorry about Mon-trex.

*(At this point two men run past in the background carrying a donkey. A third runs behind carrying a sign saying 'Donkey Rides' and winking and pointing at the donkey, they run out of picture.)*

**Redcoat:** That was a little item entitled Hide-and-Seek - very anarchic, very effective, not quite my cup of tea, but very nice for the younger people. Well, the next item the boys have put together takes place in a sitting room. Sorry it's just a sitting room, but the bank account's a bit low after the appallingly expensive production of 'Clothmerle'...

*(He is hit by Mr Robinson with a chicken. Robinson walks away and we follow him as he passes Badger in the foreground.)*

**Badger:** This is a totally free interruption and no money has exchanged hands whatever.

*(The camera doesn't pause at all on Badger and we continue panning with Robinson until he reaches the knight in amour. He hands the chicken to the knight. He walks away from knight and into the distance.)*



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# The Cheap-Laugh

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 35](#)

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## The cast:

**MR. ROBINSON**

John Cleese

**MRS. ROBINSON**

Carol Cleveland

**MR. CHEAP-LAUGH**

Terry Jones

**MRS. CHEAP-LAUGH**

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

*(Mix through to a modern sitting room. Mrs Robinson is eating alone at the table looking at the clock.)*

**Mr Robinson:** Sorry about that, darling... *(he sits)*

*(She serves him some vegetables. He unfolds his napkin.)*

**Mrs Robinson:** Gravy?

**Mr Robinson:** Yes please, dear.

*(They sit and eat in silence. Suddenly the doorbell rings.)*

**Mrs Robinson:** Oh dear, that'll be the Cheap-Laugh from next door.

*(Various different doorbell sounds and chimes. Mr Robinson goes to the front door, and opens it. Standing outside are Mr and Mrs Cheap-Laugh. He is wearing a big floppy comedian's suit and a big bow tie and fright wig. She is a Mrs Equator sort of lady, with an enormous hairstyle, and dressed in very bad taste.)* **Mr Robinson:** Come in.

**Mr Cheap-Laugh:** No! Just breathing heavily!

*(He and his wife roar with laughter. As he comes in he slips and falls on the mat. His wife puts a custard pie in his face. More roars of laughter.)*

**Mrs Cheap-Laugh:** Oh we just dropped in.

**Mr Robinson:** Would you like to come through...

*(We mix through to the exterior of a house at night. Shrieks of laughter, crushes of crockery. The two men with the donkey run past in road, the third man behind pointing to the sign.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'ONE EVENING WITH THE CHEAP-LAUGHS LATER'

*(The light comes on in hall. Cut to them in the hall at the front door.)*

**Mr Cheap-Laugh:** Well goodnight and give us a kiss. *(kisses Mrs Robinson)*

**Mrs Cheap-Laugh:** Oh thank you very much for a very nice evening.

**Mr Cheap-Laugh:** After you, dear.

*(He trips her up and she falls out into the darkness. We hear her shriek with laughter. Mr Cheap-Laugh drops his trousers, makes lavatory chain pulling sign and noise and hurls himself out after wife and disappears into the darkness. More laughter. The host shuts the door. They heave a sigh of relief and go back into the sitting room. The crockery on the table is all smashed in a heap on the floor with the table cloth. The standard lamp is broken in half. There are large splodges of food and wine splashes on the walls. Some glasses and a moustache are drawn on the Tretchikoff picture of the Chinese girl. Mr Robinson flops down on the sofa. There is a farting cushion. She removes it, irritated.)* **Mrs Robinson:** Oh honestly dear, why do we always have to buy everything just because the Cheap-Laughs have one?

*(He goes over to the wall cupboard for drinks. A bucket Of whitewash is balanced on the half-open door. He opens the cupboard and the bucket of whitewash Jails on him. Cut briefly to a Mr Badger.)*

**Badger:** This is not an interruption at all.

*(Cut back to Mr Robinson. He pours himself a drink, without reacting to the whitewash.)*

**Mr Robinson:** It's just neighbourliness dear, that's all...

**Mrs Robinson:** I think we should try and lead our own lives from now on.

*(She opens a sewing box and a boxing glove on a spring comes out and hits her on the chin.)*

**Mr Robinson:** Can't you be serious for one moment?

*(He sits on the pouffe. The sixteen-ton weight falls on him. Cut to the exterior of the house. The lights go off downstairs and upstairs. The two men run past carrying a pantomime goose.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'LATER THAT NIGHT'

*(Cut to a darkened bedroom. Mr and Mrs Robinson are in a double bed, talking.)*

**Mr Robinson:** I'm sorry I was cross earlier.

**Mrs Robinson:** Oh that's all right, dear. It's just that I. get so sick of always having to be like the

Cheap-Laugh.

**Mr Robinson:** Well yes, from now on we'll be like ourselves.

**Mrs Robinson:** Oh Roger...

**Mr Robinson:** Oh Beatrice.

*(The bed springs up and folds into the back wall of the bedroom. On the underneath of the bed is a [presenter on a chair.](#))*

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# Bull-Fighting / The British Well-Basically Club

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 35](#)

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**The cast:**

**PRESENTER**  
Eric Idle

# BRIGADIER

John Cleese

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## The sketch:

*(On the underneath of the bed is a presenter on a chair. The underneath of the bed also consists of a flat as for current affairs-type programme, with 'Probe' written above narrator.)*

**Presenter:** Many people in this country are becoming increasingly worried about bull-fighting. They say it's not only cruel, vicious and immoral, but also blatantly unfair. The bull is heavy, violent, abusive and aggressive with four legs and great sharp teeth, whereas the bull-fighter is only a small, greasy Spaniard. Given this basic inequality what can be done to make bull-fighting safer? We asked Brigadier Arthur Farquar-Smith, Chairman of the British Well-Basically Club.

*(Cut to a brigadier.)*

**Brigadier:** Well, basically it's quite apparent that these little dago chappies have got it all wrong. They prance round the bull like a lot of bally night club dancers looking like the Younger Generation or a less smooth version of the Lionel Blair Troupe, *(getting rather camp)* with much of the staccato rhythms of the Irving Davies Dancers at the height of their success. In recent years Pan's People have often recaptured a lyricism ... *(a huge hammer strikes him on the head; he becomes butch again)* and what we must do now is to use devices like radar to locate the bull and SAM missiles fired from underground silos, to knock the bull over. Then I would send in Scottish boys with air cover to provide a diversion for the bull, whilst the navy came in round the back and finished him off. That to me would be bull-fighting and not this pansy kind of lyrical, *(getting camp)* evocative movement which George Balanchine and Martha Graham in the States and our very own Sadler's Wells ... *(the hammer strikes him on the head again)* Troops could also be used in an auxiliary role in international chess, where... *(the lights go off)* What? ... oh...

**Badger:** *(voice over)* I'll put the lights on again for a pound.

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# Prices on the Planet Algon

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 35](#)

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The cast:

**VOICE OVER**

John Cleese

**JAMES M'BURKE**

Michael Palin

**HARRY**

Terry Jones

## The sketch:

*(An animated sketch, and then to a strange moonlike landscape. Eerie science-fiction music plays in the background.)*

**Voice Over:** This is the planet Algon, fifth world in the system of Aldebaran, the Red Giant in the constellation of Sagittarius. Here an ordinary cup of drinking chocolate costs four million pounds, an immersion heater for the hot-water tank costs over six billion pounds. and a pair of split-crotch panties would be almost unobtainable. *(cut to a budget-day-type graphic, with a picture of the product and the price alongside)* A simple rear window de-misting device for an 1100 costs eight thousand million billion pounds and a new element for an electric kettle like this *(picture of electric kettle)* would cost as much as the entire gross national product of the United States of America from 1770 to the year 2000, *(graphic of American GNP)* and even then they wouldn't be able to afford the small fixing ring which attaches it to the kettle. *(graphic of an electric kettle showing all the separate pieces detached from each other, arrow points to the fixing ring)* *(Cut to James M'Burke sitting at a desk. 'Algon I' motifs everywhere. Another expert stands by a model of the planet, and there is a panel of experts at a long desk who are all obviously dummies. Everyone has one of those single earphones.)*

**M'Burke:** Well, our computers have been working all day to analyse the dramatic information that's come in from this first ever intergalactic probe, Algon... I ... *(suddenly very excited as he hears something over his earphone)* ... and we're just getting an interesting development now, which is that attachments for rotary mowers - that is mowers that have a central circular blade - are... relatively inexpensive! Stir in the region 'of nine m ten million pounds, but it does seem to indicate that Algon might be a very good planet for those with larger gardens ... or perhaps even an orchard that's been left for two years, needs some heavy work, some weeding... *(very, indistinct piaures start to come through on the screen behind him)* But we're now getting some live pictures through from Algon! Harry - Perhaps you could talk us through them.

*(Cut into pictures from Algon.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'LIVE FROM ALGON'

*(Very fuzzy pictures of the Algon landscape. Panning and tracking shots hand held.)*

**Harry:** *(voice over)* Very little evidence of shopping facilities here .. there don't seem to be any large supermarkets. There may be some on-the-comer grocery stores behind those rocks, but it's difficult m tell from this angle. It does seem to suggest that most of the shopping here is by direct mail.

SUPERIMPOSED TELEPRINTER CAPTION: DIGESTIVE BISCUITS; £8,000,000 PER PACKET'

*(Cut to James M 'Burke.)*

**M'Burke:** Of course the big question that everyone's asking here is, what about those split-crotch parities? Are they going to be unobtainable throughout the Universe or merely on Algon itself?. Professor?

*(Cut to a professor sitting beside a contour model of an area of Algon. It has a little model of the probe marb'ng where it has landed)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'PROFESSOR HERMAN KHAN, DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE OF SPLIT-CROTCH PANTIES'

**Professor:** We must remember that Algon is over 75,000 miles wide. The probes come down to this area here and we're really only getting signals from a radius of only thirty or forty miles around the probe. Split-crotch panties, or indeed any items of what we scientists call, 'Sexy Underwear' or 'Erotic Lingerie' may be much more plentiful on other parts of the planet.

*(Camera pans to include M'Burke.)*

**M'Burke:** Professor, you were responsible for finding Scanty-Panties and Golden Goddess High-Lift Bras on planets which were never thought able to sustain life, and now that man has discovered a new galaxy do you think we're going to see underwear become even naughtier?

**Professor:** Oh naughtier and naughtier.

SUPERIMPOSED TELEPRINTER CAPTION: 'NO BANANAS ON ALGON'

**M'Burke:** Well so much for that ... But of course, the probe itself has excited a great deal of interest... for it contains uranium-based dual transmission cells entirely re-charged by solar radiation, which can take off a bra and panties in less than fifteen seconds. It is, of course, the first piece of space hardware to be specially designed to undress ladies, and so there are bound to be some teething troubles ... such as how to cope with the combination of elastic-sided boots and tights.

*(He produces the bottom half of a tailor's dummy wearing boots and tights with panties over the tights halfway down. On the screen behind, more dim indecipherable TV piauxes from Algon.)*

**M'Burke:** But I think we're getting some pictures now from Algon itself, and it looks as though ... yes! The satellite has found a bird! The probe has struck crumpet and she looks pretty good too! Professor?

**Professor:** Ja - she's a. real honey!

*(All we see on the screen is a blurred female figure.)*

**M'Burke:** Well the pictures are a bit sporadic... I think probably... the solar radiation during the long journey to Algon... *(the screen goes blank)* Hoy! Look! Oh dear, I'm sorry we've lost contact. We'll try and re-establish contact with Algon...

*(Cut to presenter's-type chair. Mr Badger appears at side of screen.)*

**Badger:** Hello... The BBC have offered me the sum of forty pence to read the credits of this show.



(sits) Personally I thought they should have held out for the full seventy-five, but the BBC have explained to me about their financial difficulties and ... er ... I decided to accept the reduced offer... so ... the show was conceived, written and performed by... the usual lot... *(the signature tune is heard)* Also appearing were Carol Cleveland, Marie Anderson, Mrs Idle, Make-up - Madelaine Gaffney, Costume - Hazel Pethig, Animations by Terry Gilliam, Visual Effects Designer - Bernard Wilkie, Graphics - Bob Blagden, Film Cameraman - Alan Featherstone, Film Editor - Ray Millichope, Sound - Richard Chubb, Lighting - Bill Bailey, Designer - Bob Berk, Produced by Ian MacNaughton for 92p and a bottle of Bells whisky ... it was a BBC colour production. That's just it. I'd like to say if there are any BBC producers looking in who need people to read the credits for them, I would personally...

*(The camera pulls out to reveal the sixteen-ton weight poised above him. As the picture fades the weight falls on him.)*

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# Tudor Jobs Agency

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 36

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**The cast:**

**ASSISTANT**  
Terry Jones

**CUSTOMER**

Graham Chapman

## SECOND ASSISTANT

Eric Idle

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### The sketch:

*(Outside a shop. A sign reads 'Tuder Job Agency -Jobs a Speciality '. A man enters the shop. Inside it is decorated in Tudor style. The assistant is in Tudor dress.)*

**Assistant:** Morning, sir, can I help you?

**Customer:** Yes, yes... I wondered if you have any part-time vacancies on your books..

**Assistant:** Part-time, I'll have a look, sir. *(he gets out a book and looks through it)* Let me look now. We've got, ah yes, Sir Walter Raleigh is equipping another expedition to Virginia; he needs traders and sailors. Vittlers needed at:the Court of Philip of Spain, oh, yes, and they want master joiners and craftsmen for the building of the Globe Theatre.

**Customer:** I see. Have you anything a bit more modern, you know, like a job on the buses, or digging the underground?

**Assistant:** Oh no, we only have Tudor jobs.

**Customer:** That can't be very profitable, can it?

**Assistant:** Well, you'd be surprised, actually sir. The Tudor economy's booming, ever since Sir Humphrey Gilbert opened up the North- west passage to Cathay, and the Cabots' expansion in Canada, there's been a tremendous surge in exports, and trade with the Holy Roman Empire is going... no, quite right, it's no good at all.

**Customer:** What?

**Assistant:** It's a dead loss. We haven't put anyone in a job since 1625.

**Customer:** I see.

**Assistant:** That's all?

**Customer:** What?

**Assistant:** That's all you say?

**Customer:** Yes.

**Assistant:** No, no, we were the tops then. Drake got all his sailors here. Elizabeth, we supplied the archbishops for her coronation. Shakespeare started off from here as a temp. Then came James the First and the bottom fell out of the Tudor jobs. 1603 - 800 vacancies filled, 1604 - 40, 1605 - none, 1606 - none. The rest of the Stuart period nothing. Hanoverions nothing. Victorians nothing. Saxe-Coburgs nothing. Windsors... what did you want?

**Customer:** Dirty books, please.

**Assistant:** Right. *(produces selection of mags from under counter)* Sorry about the Tudor bit, but you can't be too careful, you know. Have a look through these.

**Customer:** Have you got anything a bit... er...

**Assistant:** A bit stronger?

**Customer:** Yes.

**Assistant:** Hold on ... a... My Lord of Warwick!

**Second Assistant:** *(off)* 'Allo!

**Assistant:** Raise high the drawbridge. Gloucester's troops approach.

**Second Assistant:** *(off)* Right.

**Assistant:** Can't be too careful you know, sir.

*(The wall of the Tudor shop slides back to reveal the interior of a Soho dirty bookshop in the back room... [continued](#))*

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# Pornographic Bookshop

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 36

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The cast:

**SECOND ASSISTANT**

Eric Idle





**FIRST ASSISTANT**

Terry Jones

MAN

Terry Gilliam

**GASKELL**

Michael Palin

**MADDOX**

Graham Chapman

**FATHER**

Terry Jones

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## **The sketch:**

*(We see a bare room with a counter and magazines in racks on the walls at eye-level. Three drably dressed men are thumbing through books. One of them is a vicar, one of them is gathering a huge pile. Behind the counter is a Soho toughie in Tudor gear showing books to Mr Nid a tweedy, rather academic, respectable-looking man of senior years. The customer goes through, and the wall slides back.)* **Second Assistant:** There's a 'Bridget - Queen of the Whip'.

**Nid:** Yes..,

**Second Assistant:** Or 'Naughty Nora'... or there's this one: 'Doug, Bob and Gordon Visit the Ark Royal'. Or there's 'Sister Teresa - The Spanking Nun'.

**Nid:** Mmmm... I see ... you don't have anything specially about Devon and Cornwall?

**Second Assistant:** No. I'm afraid not, sir.

**Nid:** The one I was really after was Arthur Hotchkiss's 'Devonshire Country Churches'.

**Second Assistant:** Well how about this, sir: 'Bum Biters'.

**Nid:** No ... not really ... I don't suppose you have any general surveys of English Church architecture?

**Second Assistant:** No, it's not really our line, sir.

**Nid:** No, I see. Well, never mind I'll just take the 'Lord Lieutenant in Nylons' then, and these two copies of 'Piggie Parade'. Thank you.

**Second Assistant:** Right, sir.

**First Assistant:** *(voice over)* My Lord of Warwick.

**Second Assistant:** 'Allo?

**First Assistant:** *(voice over)* Raise high the drawbridge. Gloucester's troops approach!

**Second Assistant:** Right.

*(He presses a button below counter and the wall slides back. The man with the big pile of books comes up to counter.)*

**Man:** Just these, then.

*(Enter Gaskell in Tudor gear. The wall closes up behind him.)*

**Gaskell:** All right. This is a raid. My name is Superintendent Gaskell and this is Sergeant Maddox.

**Second Assistant:** Ah! Sir Philip Sidney. 'Tis good to see thee on these shores again.

**Gaskell:** Shut up.

**Second Assistant:** Your suit is fair and goodly cut. Was't from Antwerp?

**Gaskell:** Shut up. It's a disguise. Right! Confiscate the smutty books, Maddox.

**Second Assistant:** Sir Philip!. Prithee nay!

**Gaskell:** Listen, mate! Don't come that Philip Sidney bit with me. I'm not a bloody Tudor at all. I'm Gaskell of the Vice Squad and this is Sergeant Maddox. ',

*(They all look at him blankly. He looks to Maddox for support and realize he isn't there.)*

**Gaskell:** Maddox! Where's he gone?

**Second Assistant:** Sir Philip, prithee rest awhile.

**Gaskell:** Look. This is the last time. I'm warning you, I'm not Sir Philip Bleeding Sidney. I am Superintendent Harold Gaskell and this is a raid.

*(Everybody resumee their book-buying and ignores him. At the counter the assistant is still totaling up the huge pile of books.)*

**Second Assistant:** That'll be 540 quid sir.

**Man:** Oh, I'll just have this one then. *(takes top one)*

**Gaskell:** Maddox! *(addressing everyone in shop; they ignore him)* Look, this is a raid. *(no reaction)* Honestly, I promise you. *(people start to leave through the rear door ofthe,shop; Gaskell blocks it)* Where are you going?

**Customer:** I'm going home.

**Gaskell:** Right. *(looks for his notebook but it's not in his Tudor clothing)* I'll remember you. Don't you worry. I'n remember you...

**Customer:** Pray good, Sir Philip, that you...

**Gaskell:** Don't you start! Maddox! *(the customer leaves; other customers start to leave)* Listen, I can prove to you I'm a policeman. I can give the names of all the men down in 'F' division at Acton: Inspector Arthur Perry, Superintendent Charles Frodwell, my best friend, police dogs, Batch, Wolf, Panther, Manriling. How would I know those names if I was Sir Philip Sidney? *(the vicar comes up to counter)* Look, vicar, you know me. The Gargoyle Club - I got you off the charge. *(the vicar leaves guiltily)* **Second Assistant:** Farewell, good Sir Philip.

*(He goes out carrying a pile of magazines. Then the vicar goes, followed by the Tudor man.)*

**Gaskell:** Hey, stop! *(the door slams; Gaskell turns and looks round the empty shop; pause)*  
Maddox!

*(He rushes up to the sliding wall and beats on it. Then he turns and makes for the little back door and goes through.)*

**Gaskell:** You'll never get away with this, you porn merchant. Blimey!

*(He stops and gapes. We cut to his eye-line to see he is standing in a beautiful, green, Tudor garden. In the distance a Tudor house. A girrl is sitting on a stone bench, sobbing. Gaskell waller towards her, bewildered.)*

**Gaskell:** Maddox!

*(The girl looks up at him with beseeching eyes. She is young and beautiful.)*

**Girl:** Oh good sir, how glad I am to see thee come. Forgive me weeping, but my love has gone.

**Gaskell:** Er, listen. My name is Caskell ... Superintendent Caskell of Vice Squad. Myself and Sergeant Maddox are on a raid. We are not Tudor people. We are the police.

*(An Elizabethan gentleman appears through the trees.)*

**Father:** Frances, what idleness is this? Why, good Sir Philip Sidney, *(he bows extravagantly to Gaskell)* What hast thee here?

**Girl:** *(turning to Caskell with bated breath)* You are Sir Philip Sidney?

**Gaskell:** ... Possibly... but I may be Superintendent Gaskell of the Vice Squad.

**Father:** Ah good, Sir Philip, thy sharp-tongued wit has not deserted thee. Come. Let us eat and drink. Stay with us awhile.

**Gaskell:** All right, sir. I think I will.

*(They walk off together am in am into the idyllic country garden. The girl looks after them with hope in her eyes. Bring up Elizabethan music.....[continued](#).....)*



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# Elizabethan Pornography Smugglers

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 36](#)

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**The cast:**

**GASKELL**

Michael Palin

**MESSENGER**

Terry Gilliam

**ELIZABETH GENT**  
Eric Idle



**VOICE OVER**  
Terry Jones

**WIFE**

Carol Cleveland

## The sketch:

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'THE LIFE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'

*(Mix through to a Tudor dining room. At the table a group of Tudor gentry are sitting listening to Gaskell. Evidence of a banquet, and two minstrels in attendance. Gaskell has obviously just finished a story. Applause and laughter.)*

**Gaskell:** . . . then did we bust the Harry Tony mob, who did seek to import Scandinavian filth via Germany. For six years they cleaned up a packet - the day I got whiff of them through a squealer and within one week did a mop-up right good. They're now languishing doing five years bird in Parkhurst.

*(Applause. They are all very impressed. Cut to exterior. A messenger on a horse rides full pelt straight towards the camera. It is dusk. He stops outside the Elizabethan house, leaps off and dashes into the house. Cut to interior again. They are still all laughing from his last story. The messenger bunts into room.)* **Messenger:** Sir Philip. The Spaniards have landed in the Netherlands. My Lord Walsingham needs you there forthwith.

**Gaskell:** Let's go.

*(Cut to exterior. Gaskell is seated on the back of the messenger's horse and they gallop off. The dinner crowd are standing waving on the doorstep.)*

**Dinner Crowd:** Good luck, Sir Philip!

*(Cut to a British standard fluttering in the breeze against the blue sky. Fanfare. Two Elizabethan gentlemen, and four men dressed as Elizabethan soldiers are standing on a cliff top. Gaskell strides up to them, and takes up position on topmost point of the knoll.)* **Gaskell:** Where are the Spaniards?

**Elizabethan Gent:** Down below Sir Philip, their first boats are landing even now.

*(Shot of a sailing-galley seen from above.)*

**Gaskell:** Right, you stay here, I'll go and get them.

**Elizabethan Gent:** Sir Philip! Not alone!

*(Cut to the beach. Suspense music. Gaskell strides up to the camera, until he is towering over it. The music reaches crescendo.)*

**Gaskell:** Allo allo! What's going on here?

*(Cut to beached rowing boat piled high with bundles of dirty magazines. Two Spaniards are*



unloading it.)

**Spaniard:** Ees nothing, Senor, ees just some literature.

**Gaskell:** I know what literature is, you dago dustbin. I also know what porn is. *(pulls out a loose magazine and brandishes it)* What's this then eh?

**Spaniard:** It is one of Lope De Vega's latest play, Senor.

**Gaskell:** 'Toledo Tit Parade'? What sort of play's that?

**Spaniard:** It's very visual, Senor.

**Gaskell:** Right. I'm taking this lot in the name of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth.

**Spaniard:** Oh, but Senor.

**Gaskell:** Don't give me any trouble. Just pile up these baskets of filth and come with me.

*(The second Spaniard leaps out of the boat with a drawn sword and they both engage Gaskell in a fight. Then we start to draw away from them, leaving them tiny dots in the distance fighting. Fight music over all this and voice over.)*

**Voice Over:** The battle raged long and hard, but as night fell Sidney overcame the Spaniards. 6,000 copies of 'Tits and Bums' and 4,000 copies of 'Shower Sheila' were seized that day. The tide of Spanish porn was stemmed. Sir Philip Sidney returned to London in triumph.

*(Cut to stock film of Elizabethan London street during celebrations.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'LONDON 1583'

*(Cut to side on close up of Gaskell riding hard through woodland)*

**Voice Over:** Covered in glory, Sir Philip rode home to Penshurst to see. his beloved wife... but all was not well.

*(Gaskell runs up outside another Tudor house and strides in. Cut to interior of an Elizabethan room - paneled walls, log fire, latticed windows, etc. Sir Philip's wife is sitting reading. Gaskell enters.)*

**Gaskell:** Good evening all, my love. I have returned safe from the Low Countries. *(she hurriedly hides the book she is reading under some knitting and starts whistling)* What an thou reading, fair one?

**Wife:** Oh, 'tis nothing, husband.

**Gaskell:** I can see 'tis something.

**Wife:** 'Tis one of Shakespeare's latest works.

*(Gaskell picks up the book and reads the title.)*

**Gaskell:** Oh ... 'Gay Boys in Bondage' What, is't - tragedy? Comedy?

**Wife:** 'Tis a... er... 'tis a story of man's great love for his... fellow man.

**Gaskell:** How fortunate we are indeed to have such a poet on these shores.

**Wife:** Indeed. How was the war, my lord?

**Gaskell:** The Spaniards were defeated thrice. Six dozen chests of hardcore captured.

**Wife:** *(trying to look innocent)* Hast thee brought home any spoils of war?

**Gaskell:** Yes, good my wife, this fair coat trimmed with ermine.

**Wife:** *(without enthusiasm)* Oh, lovely, nowt else?

**Gaskell:** No, no fair lady. The rest was too smutty.

*(He settles himself down in front of his lady's feet and the fire.)*

**Gaskell:** Now, my good wife. Whilst I rest, read to me a while from Shakespeare's 'Gay Boys in Bondage'.

*(The wife looks a trifle taken aback but reluctantly opens the book and starts to read with a resigned air.)*

**Wife:** Yes... my lord ... 'Gay Boys in Bondage' . .. Ken, 25, is a mounted policeman with a difference... and what a difference. Even Roger is surprised and he's... *(she looks slightly, sick with guilt)* he's used to real men ...

**Gaskell:** 'Tis like 'Hamlet' ... what a genius!

**Wife:** 'But who's going to do the cooking tonight? Roddy's got a mouthful...'

*(Enter Maddox - a modern-day plain-clothed policeman.)*

**Maddox:** All right, this is a raid.

*(The wife screams, Gaskell leaps to his feet.)*

**Wife:** Oh! We are disgraced!

**Gaskell:** There you are, Maddox!

**Maddox:** Cut the chat... and get in the van.

**Gaskell:** Maddox! You recognize me...

**Maddox:** Indeed I do, Sir Philip Sidney, and sad I am to see you caught up in this morass of filth, *(he picks up the book)* ooh - that's a long one.

**Wife:** Oh oh... the glorious name of Sidney is besmirched ... all is lost ... oh alas the day.

**Gaskell:** Shut up! I know this man - this is my old mate Sergeant Maddox...

**Maddox:** You'll do time for this.

**Gaskell:** Oh Maddox - it's me - Gaskell ... 'F' division down at Acton ... Inspector Arthur Frodwell.

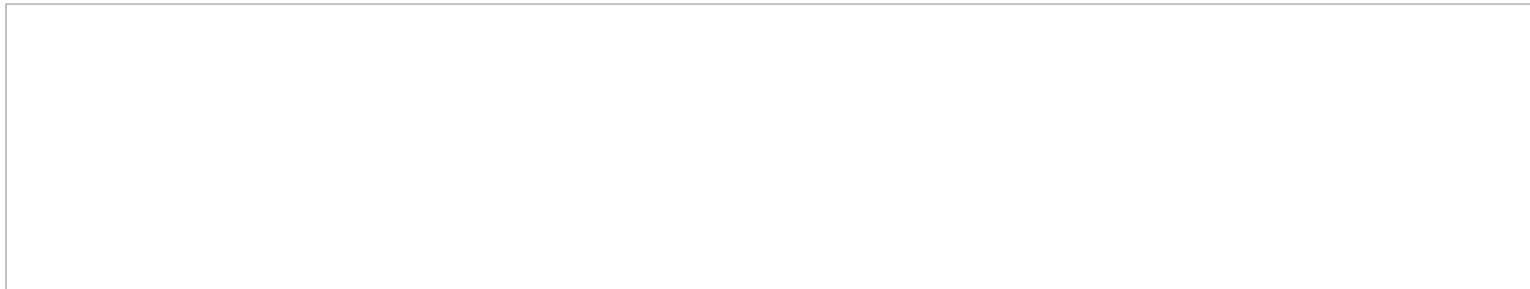
**Maddox:** Come on Sidney. *(he bundles them both out)* And you, miss.

**Gaskell:** I'm not Sir Philip bleedin' Sidney .... and where were you? We could have mopped up that Tudor shop...

*(They are bundled out. Maddox pauses only to pick a book from the bookcase near the door.)*

**Maddox:** Ooht That's a good one!

*(Cut to outside a modern theatre stage-door Gaskell, still protesting, and wife are bundled out and into a police van. As it drives off, it reveals on the side of the theatre a poster saying: 'The Aldwych Theatre, The Royal Shakespeare Company Presents "Gay Boys In Bondage" By William Shakespeare'.)*



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# **Silly Disturbances (The Rev. Arthur Belling)**

**As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 36**

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**The cast:**



**SHE**

Carol Cleveland

**The sketch:**

*(We see a table outside a restaurant. A young couple are sitting blissfully at it.)*

**She:** It's nice here, darling, isn't it.

**He:** It's beautiful, it's Paris all over again.

*(Enter a vicar, dressed normally but has bald wig with fright hair at sides. He carries a suitcase.)*

**Vicar:** Excuse me, do you mind if I join you?

**He:** Er, no... no... no... not at all.

**Vicar:** Are you sure you don't mind?

**He:** Yes, yes, absolutely.

**Vicar:** You're sure I won't be disturbing you?

**He:** No, no.

**Vicar:** You're absolutely sure I won't be disturbing you?

**She:** No, no really.

**Vicar:** Good. Because I don't want to disturb you. Specially as you're being so kind about me not disturbing you.

**He:** Oh, no, no, we don't mind, do we, darling?

**She:** Oh no, darling.

**Vicar:** Good, so I can go ahead and ioin you then? Can I?

**Both:** Yes ... yes...

**Vicar:** Won't be disturbing?

**Both:** No. No.

**Vicar:** Good, good. You're very kind. *(he sits down)* A lot of people are far less understanding than you are. A lot of people take offence even when I talk to them. *(he makes strange gestures with his hands)* Let alone when I specifically tell them about my being disturbing.

**He:**.. Well, it's not particularly disturbing.

**Vicar:** No, absolutely, absolutely, that's what I always say. *(he produces plates from his case and smashes them on the table)* But you'd be amazed at the number of people who really don't want me - I mean, even doing this *(he produces a rubber crab suspended from a ping-pong bat and a rubber baby doll and bobs them up and down, making loud silly noises as he does so)* gets people looking at me in the most extraordinary way. *(he breaks more plates and squirts shaving foam over his head; he and she get up to leave)* **He:** We must be getting on.

**Vicar:** I knew I'd disturb you ... I knew I'd disturb you ... *(miserably)* It always happens ... whenever I've found someone I really think I'm going to be able to get on with...

**He:** No, the only thing is, you see, we're going to be a little bit late.

**She:** *(sitting down and comforting vicar)* Let's stay.

**He:** Well, just a little bit... I mean, we will be late if we don't... *(he sits down reluctantly)*

**Vicar:** Oh, thank you. You're very kind.

*(More silly behaviour from the vicar. He and she look embarrassed. Dissolve to them sitting at home smashing plates, making silly noises and covering themselves with shaving cream.)*

**She:** *(voice over)* As it turned out our chance meeting with Reverend Arthur Belling was to change our whole way of life, and every Sunday *(film of them running into a church)* we'd hurry along to St Loony up the Cream Bun and Jam.

*(Hold shot of the church. Sound of a congregation standing. We hear the silly noises. Cut to nude organist (Terry Jones). He plays a fanfare.)*

---



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# The free repetition of doubtful words sketch, by an underrated author

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 36

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The cast:

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**PEEP**

Eric Idle

**CLERK**

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

Voice Over: *(and caption)* 'THE FREE REPETITION OF DOUBTFUL WORDS - SKIT, SPOOF, JAPE OR VIGNETTE, BY A VERY UNDER-RATED WRITER'

*(A post office counter window, with 'Telegram Enquiries' over the top. We see this through an ornate vignette. The clerk is behind the counter. Enter Mr Peepee. They speak very stiltedly.)*

**Peepee:** I've come for some free repetition of doubtful words on an inland telegram.

**Clerk:** Have you got the telegram in question?

**Peepee:** I have the very thing here.

**Clerk:** Well, slip it to me my good chap and let me eye the contents.

**Peepee:** At once Mr Telegram Enquiry Man.

**Clerk:** Thank you Mr Customer Man. *(reads)* Aha. 'Purling I glove you. Clease clome at bronce, your troving swife, Pat.' Which was the word you wanted checking?

**Peepee:** Pat.

**Clerk:** Pat?

**Peepee:** My wife's name is not Pat at all.

**Clerk:** No?

**Peepee:** It's Bat. With a B.

**Clerk:** And therefore I will take a quick look in the book.

**Peepee:** Ripping.

CAPTION: 'ONE QUICK LOOK IN THE BOOK LATER'

**Clerk:** You're quite right, old cock. There has been a mistake.

**Peepee:** I thought as much. What really does it say?

**Clerk:** It say 'Go away you silly little bleeder. I am having another man. Love Bat'. Quite some error.

**Peepee:** Yes. She wouldn't call herself Pat, it's silly.

**Clerk:** Daft, I call it.

**Peepee:** Well it has been a pleasure working with you.

**Clerk:** For me also it has been a pleasure. And that concludes our little skit.

*(String quartet music starts to play, as at the beginning, only this time we widen to reveal a string quartet sitting in the set, playing. The clerk and Peepee adopt slightly frozen position. Mix to:)*

**Voice Over:** *(and caption)* 'THE FREE REPETITION OF DOUBTFUL WORDS THING, BY A JUSTLY UNDERHATED WRITER - THE END'

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# Is there... life after death?

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 36

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## The sketch:

*(Animation link to a late-night religious-type discussion. A chairman and three guests are slumped motionless in their seats.)*

**Roger Last (John Cleese):** Good evening. Tonight on 'Is There' we examine the question, 'Is there a life after death?'. And here to discuss it are three dead people... The late Sir Brian Hardacre, former curator of the Imperial War Museum ... *(superimposed captions identify them)* the late Professor Thynne, until recently an academic, critic, and broadcaster ... and putting the view of the Church of England, the very late Prebendary Reverend Ross. Gentlemen, is there a life after death or not? Sir Brian? *(silence)* Professor? ... Prebendary?.... Well there we have it, three say no. On 'Is There' next week we'll be discussing the question 'h there enough of it about', and until then, goodnight.

SUPERIMPOSED CREDITS:

IS THERE'

INTRODUCED BY ROGER LAST

RESEARCH: J. LOSEY

L. ANDERSON

S. KUBRICK

P. P. PASOLINI

O. WELLES

THE LATE B. FORBES

PRODUCED BY: GILLIAN (AGED 3 1/2)

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# The Man who says words in the wrong order

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 36

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**The cast:**

**BURROWS**

Michael Palin



**The sketch:**

*(Cut to a doctor's surgery. The doctor has in front of him a plaque which says 'Dr E. H. Thripshaw'. Enter Burrows.)*

**Burrows:** Good doctor morning! Nice year for the time of day!

**Thripshaw:** Come in.

**Burrows:** Can I down sit?

**Thripshaw:** Certainly. *(Burrows sits)* Well, then?

**Burrows:** Well, now, not going to bush the doctor about the beat too long. I'm going to come to point the straight immediately.

**Thripshaw:** Good, good.

**Burrows:** My particular prob, or buglem bear, I've had ages. For years, I've had it for donkeys.

**Thripshaw:** What?

**Burrows:** I'm up to here with it, I'm sick to death. I can't take you any longer so I've come to see it.

**Thripshaw:** Ah, now this is your problem with words.

**Burrows:** This is my problem with words. Oh, that seems to have cleared it. 'Oh I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee'. Yes, that seems to be all right. Thank you very much.

**Thripshaw:** I see. But recently you have been having this problem with your word order.

**Burrows:** Well, absolutely, and what makes it worse, sometimes at the end of a sentence I'll come out with the wrong fusebox.

**Thripshaw:** Fusebox?

**Burrows:** And the thing about saying the wrong word is a) I don't notice it, and b) sometimes orange water given bucket of plaster.

**Thripshaw:** Yes, tell me more about your problem.

**Burrows:** Well as I say, you'd just be talking and out'll pudenda the wrong word and ashtray's your uncle. So I'm really strawberry about it.

**Thripshaw:** Upset?

**Burrows:** It's so embarrassing when my wife and I go to an orgy.

**Thripshaw:** A party?

**Burrows:** No, an orgy. We live in Esher.

**Thripshaw:** Quite.

**Burrows:** ,That's what I said. such a bloody whack the diddle fa di la, fo di la, 1o do di ... do di do, rum fum.

**Thripshaw:** Mr Burrows, this is no common problem; You are suffering from a disease so rare that it hasn't got a name. Not yet. But it will have. Oh yes. This is the opportunity I've been waiting for. The chance of a lifetime! *(zoom in to close up on him as lighting changes to dramatic spotlight)* I'll show them at the Royal College of Surgeons! I'll make them sit up and take notice! Thripshaw's disease! Discovered by E. Henry Thripshaw MD! I'll be invited on 'Call My Bluff' and on merchandising the E. Henry Thripshaw t-shirt ... I'll turn it into a game ... I'll sell the film rights.

(sketch continues with [Thripshaw's Disease](#))

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# Thripshaws's Disease

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 36

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**The cast:**



## The sketch:

*(Cut to front of a booklet, entitled 'A Dissertation on Thripshaw's Disease Presented to the Royal College of Surgeons by Dr f. Henry Thnpshaw'. Captions zoom forward over it:)*

HARLEY STREET  
FLEET STREET  
BROADWAY  
HOLLYWOOD

*(A page of the book turns to reveal the title 'David O. Seltzer Presents '. The page turns again to reveal 'Rip Glint in: '. The page turns again to reveal a title in stone lettering ~ la Ben-Hut, with searchlights behind h la 20th-Century Fox: 'Dr E. Henry Thripshaw's Disease'. Cut to stock film of marauding knights.) SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'SYR1A 1203'*

*(The knights sack a village, looting, pillaging, burning and murdering. Cut to a studio set with interviewer and Thripshaw.)*

**Interviewer:** *(speaking with frequent pauses, as of one reading from a slow autocue)* That clip... comes from the new David O. Seltzer... film. The author... of that film clip ... is with me ... now. Doctor E. Henry ... Thripshaw.

**Thripshaw:** Well, I feel that they have missed the whole point of my disease.

**Interviewer:** This is .... always the problem ... with directors of film... clips.

**Thripshaw:** Yes, well you see, they've dragged in all this irrelevant mush...

**Interviewer:** What... are you doing ... now?

**Thripshaw:** Well at the moment I am working on a new disease, which I hope to turn into a musical, but, primarily we are working on a re-make of my first disease and this time we're hoping to do it properly.

**Interviewer:** Well ... let's iust ... take a ... look at this new film...clip.

*(Film clip exactly as before. Cut to Thripshaw at a desk evidently in a castle. A knight in amour rushes up to him.)*

**Thripshaw:** Well now, what seems to be the matter?

*(Cut to a comer af the set where a man emerges from a barrel.)*

**Man:** [The next sketch starts after some silly noises.](#)

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# Silly Noises / Sherry-Drinking Vicar

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 36

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**The cast:**

**VICAR**

Michael Palin



**The sketch:**

*(Black screen and a collection of really silly noises. Then fade up on a country church. Cut to interior, a vestry. A sign reads 'No Papists'. The door opens and the vicar enters as if from the end of a service. He takes off his cassock and is hanging it up. At one side of the set is a sculpture on a plinth. It is the vicar's head, but with an enormously long nose. Mr Kirkham has followed the vicar in. He is an earnest, quiet, self-effacing soul, with a tortured conscience.)* **Vicar:** Come in.

**Kirkham:** I wondered if I could have a word with you for a moment.

**Vicar:** By all means ... by all means, sir. Do sit down. *(they look round for a chair)* Ah,. sit on the desk here.

**Kirkham:** Thank you.

**Vicar:** Now then, a glass of sherry?

**Kirkham:** No... no thank you...

**Vicar:** *(getting a bottle from the cupboard)* Are you sure? I'm going to have some.

**Kirkham:** Well, if you're having some, yes then, perhaps, vicar.

**Vicar:** *(slightly taken aback)* Oh... well there's only just enough for me.

**Kirkham:** Well in that case I won't, don't worry.

**Vicar:** You see, if I split what's left, there'd be hardly any left for me at all.

**Kirkham:** Well, I'm not a great sherry drinker.

**Vicar:** Good! So, I can have it all ... now then what's the problem?

**Kirkham:** Well, just recently I've begun to worry about...

*(The vicar has been looking through his desk. He produces a bottle of sherry in triumph.)*

**Vicar:** Ah! I've found another bottle! You can have some now if you want to.

**Kirkham:** Well... yes, perhaps a little...

**Vicar:** Oh you don't have to. I can drink the whole bottle.

**Kirkham:** Well in that case, no...

**Vicar:** Good! That's another bottle for me. Do go on.

*(The vicar opens the bottle and pours himself a glass. As soon as he has drunk it he replenishes it again.)*

**Kirkham:** I've begun to worry recently that...

*(There is a knock on the door.)*

**Vicar:** Come in!

*(A smooth man, Mr Husband, enters carrying a smart little briefcase.)*

**Vicar:** Ah, Mr Husband ... this is Mr Kirkham, one of my parishioners, this is Mr Husband of the British Sherry Corporation...

**Kirkham:** Look, look, perhaps I'd better come back later...

**Vicar:** No, no ... no do stay here. Have a sherry... you won't be long will you, Husband?

**Husband:** Oh no, vicar... it's just a question of signing a few forms.

*(The vicar pours Husband a sherry)*

**Vicar:** There we are... there we are, Mr Husband. Now, how about you, Mr Kirkham?

**Kirkham:** Well only if there's enough.

**Vicar:** Oh well, there's not much now.

**Kirkham:** Oh, in that case... no... I won't bother.

**Vicar:** *(pouring himself one)* Good. Right... now, then, what is the problem, Husband?

**Husband:** Well, vicar, I've made enquiries with our shippers and the most sherry they can ship in any one load is 2,000 gallons.

**Vicar:** And how many glasses is that?

**Husband:** That's roughly 540,000 glasses, Vicar.

**Vicar:** That's excellent, Husband, excellent.

**Husband:** Yes... it means you can still keep your main sherry supply on the roof, but you can have an emergency supply underneath the vestry of 5,000 gallons.

**Vicar:** Yes... and I could have dry sherry on the roof and Amontillado in the underground tank!

**Husband:** Absolutely.

*(The vicar signs a form that Husband hands to him.)*

**Vicar:** Excellent work, Husband, excellent work.

**Husband:** Not at all, vicar, you're one of our best customers... you and the United States. Well goodbye. *(he leaves)*

**Vicar:** Terrific. Now then, Mr Kirkham *(pouring himself another sherry)* I am so sorry... do go on.

**Kirkham:** Well, it's just that recently I've begun to worry about...

**Vicar:** Well, look...

**Kirkham:** I sometimes ask myself- does the Bible intend...

*(A group of Spanish singers in full national costutor and guitars bursts into tht Vestry, noisily singing a song praising Amontillado. A man in an extravagant Spanish costume rushes in. His hat has a sign on it saying: 'Sherry, the drink of champion'. Two girls come in bearing maracas and Carmen Miranda style hats. Mr Kirkham looks fed up. The Spaniards finish their song, noisily.)*

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# 'Boxing Tonight' - Jack Bodell vs. Sir Kenneth Clark

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 37](#)

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The cast:

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

**SIR KENNETH**

Graham Chapman

# ANNOUNCER

John Cleese

# 'IT'S' MAN

Michael

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## The sketch:

*(A floodlit boxing ring. Sports programme music.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'BOXING TONIGHT'

**Voice Over:** 'Boxing Tonight' comes from the Empire Pool, Wembley and features the main heavyweight bout between Jack Bodell, British and Empire Heavyweight Champion. *(cheers; shot of Bodell in his corner with two seconds)* And Sir Kenneth Clark ... *(shot of Clark's corner; he is in a dressing-gown with 'Sir Kenneth Clark' on the back; both take off their dressing-gowns as referee calls them together; Sir Kenneth is wearing a tweed suit underneath)* It's the first time these two have met so there should be some real action tonight...

*(The bell goes. Crowd noise. Sir Kenneth wanders around as in 'Civilization'.)*

**Sir Kenneth:** This then is the height of the English Renaissance, the triumph of Classical over Gothic ... the ...

*(Bodell swing a left and knocks Sir Kenneth down.)*

**Voice Over:** He's down! Sir Kenneth Clark is down in eight seconds. But he's up again. He's up at six...

**Sir Kenneth:** The almost ordered facades of Palladio's villas reflects the...

*(Boddell knocks him down again.)*

**Voice Over:** And he's down again, and I don't think he's going to get up this time. *(referee counts Sir Kenneth Clark out and holds up BodeIl hand)* No, so Jack Bodell has defeated Sir Kenneth Clark in the very first round here tonight and so this big Lincolnshire heavyweight becomes the new Oxford Professor of Fine Art.

*(Zoom in to the ring. The announcer appears in DJ and takes a mike lowered on a wire.)*

**Announcer:** Thank you, thank you, thank you, ladies and gentlemen. And now...

*(Cut to a corner of the ring. The nude organist at his organ, plays a chord, turns and grins. Cut to the opposite corner; the 'It's' man on his stool.)*

**It's Man:** It's...

*(Animated introduction to show)*

[\(Continue\)](#)

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# Dennis Moore / Lupins

From 'Monty Python's Previous Record'

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared on their album - 'Monty Python's Previous Record', it was also shown in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 17](#). It was also preformed on their album 'Lust for Glory'.

When it was performed on 'Monty Python's previous record only the first 3 lines were heard. Later on the album under the title 'Dennis Moore continues the rest of the sketch was heard up to where it shows 'TV version continues'.

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## The cast:

**DENNIS MOORE**  
John Cleese

**SQUIRE**

Terry Jones

**GIRL**

Carol Cleveland



**The sketch:**

**England, 1747**

*(Sounds of a coach and horses, galloping)*

**Moore:** Stand and deliver!

**Coachman:** Not on your life (*SHOT*) ... aagh!

*(Girl screams)*

**Moore:** Let that be a warning to you all. You move at your peril, for I have two pistols here. I know one of them isn't loaded any more, but the other one is, so that's one of you dead for sure...or just about for sure anyway. It certainly wouldn't be worth your while risking it because I'm a very good shot. I practice every day...well, not absolutely every day, but most days in the week. I expect I must practice, oh, at least four or five times a week...or more, really, but some weekends, like last weekend, there really wasn't the time, so that brings the average down a bit. I should say it's a solid four days' practice a week...At least...I mean...I reckon I could hit that tree over there. Er...the one just behind that hillock. The little hillock, not the big one on the...you see the three trees over there? Well, the one furthest away on the right... *(fade)*

*(Fade up again)*

**Moore:** What's the... the one like that with the leaves that are sort of regularly veined and the veins go right out with a sort of um...

**Girl:** Serrated?

**Moore:** Serrated edges.

**Parson:** A willow!

**Moore:** Yes.

**Parson:** That's nothing like a willow.

**Moore:** Well it doesn't matter, anyway. I can hit it seven times out of ten, that's the point.

**Parson:** Never a willow.

**Moore:** Shut up! It's a hold-up, not a Botany lesson. Now, no false moves please. I want you to hand over all the lupins you've got.

**Squire:** Lupins?

**Moore:** Yes, lupins. Come on, come on.

**Parson:** What do you mean, lupins?

**Moore:** Don't try to play for time.

**Parson:** I'm not, but... the *flower* lupin?

**Moore:** Yes, that's right.

**Squire:** Well we haven't got any lupins.

**Girl:** Honestly.

**Moore:** Look, my friends. I happen to know that this is the Lupin Express.

**Squire:** Damn!

**Girl:** Oh, here you are.

**Moore:** In a bunch, in a bunch!

**Squire:** Sorry.

**Moore:** Come on, Concorde! (*Gallops off*)

**Chorus (sings):** Dennis Moore, Dennis Moore, galloping through the sward,  
Dennis Moore, Dennis Moore, and his horse Concorde.  
He steals from the rich, he gives to the poor,  
Mr Moore, Mr Moore, Mr Moore.

**TV Version continues**

**Moore:** Here we are, I'll be back.

(*Moore wheels round and rides off.*)

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'THE END'

(Pull back to reveal 'The End' is on TV in the house of [Mrs. Trepidatious](#).)

NB: Dennis Moore appears again in Episode 37. He appears in '[Dennis Moore Rides Again](#)', in The '[Off-Licence](#)', and finally the '[Prejudice](#)'



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# What the Stars Foretell

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 37

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## The cast:

**MRS. O**

Eric Idle

**MRS. TREPIDATIOUS**

Graham Chapman

## VOICE OVER

Michael Palin

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### The sketch:

*(Pull back to to see the inside of the house of Mrs Trepidatious. Another old ratbag enters and sits opposite her.)*

**Mrs O:** Morning, Mrs Trepidatious.

**Mrs Trepidatious:** Oh, I don't know what's good about it, my right arm's hanging off something awful.

**Mrs O:** Oh, you want to have that seen to.

**Mrs Trepidatious:** What, by that Dr Morrison? He's killed more patients than I've had severe boils.

**Mrs O:** What do the stars say?

**Mrs Trepidatious:** Well, Petula Clark says burst them early, but David Frost...

**Mrs O:** No, the stars in the paper, you cloth-eared heap of anteater's catarrh, the zodiacal signs, the horoscopic fates, the astrological portents, the omens, the genethliac prognostications, the mantalogical harbingers, the vaticinal utterances, the ffatidica! premonitory uttering of the mantalogical omens - what do the bleeding stars in the paper predict, forecast, prophesy, foretell, prognosticate...

*(A big sheet is lowered with the words on.)*

**Voice Over:** And this is where you at home can join in.

**Mrs O:** ... forebode, bode, augur, spell, foretoken, (the audience joins in) presage, portend, foreshow, foreshadow, forerun, herald, point to, betoken, indicate!

**Mrs Trepidatious:** I don't know.

*(The sheet is raised again.)*

**Mrs O:** What are you?

**Mrs Trepidatious:** I'm Nesbitt.

**Mrs O:** There's not a zodiacal sign called Nesbitt...

**Mrs Trepidatious:** All right, Derry and Toms.

**Mrs O:** *(surveying paper)* Aquarius, Scorpio, Virgo, Derry and Toms. April 29th to March 22nd. Even dates only.

**Mrs Trepidatious:** Well what does it presage?

**Mrs O:** You have green, scaly skin, and a soft yellow underbelly with a series of fin-like ridges running down your spine and tail. Although lizard like in shape, you can grow anything up to thirty feet in length with huge teeth that can bite off great rocks and trees. You inhabit arid sub-tropical zones and wear spectacles.

**Mrs Trepidatious:** It's very good about the spectacles.

**Mrs O:** It's amazing.

**Mrs Trepidatious:** Mm ... what's yours, Irene?

**Mrs O:** Basil.

**Mrs Trepidatious:** I'm sorry, what's yours, Basil?

**Mrs O:** No. That's my star sign, Basil...

**Mrs Trepidatious:** There isn't a...

**Mrs O:** Yes there is ... Aquarius, Sagittarius, Derry and Toms, Basil. June 21st to June 22nd.

**Mrs Trepidatious:** Well, what does it say?

**Mrs O:** You have green, scaly skin and a series of yellow underbellies running down your spine and tail ...

**Mrs Trepidatious:** That's exactly the same!

**Mrs O:** Try number one ... what's Aquarius?

**Mrs Trepidatious:** It's a zodiacal sign.

**Mrs O:** I know that, what does it say in the paper Mrs Flan-and-pickle?

**Mrs Trepidatious:** All right... Oh! It says, 'a wonderful day ahead'. You will be surrounded by family and friends. Roger Moore will drop in for lunch, bringing Tony Curtis with him. In the afternoon a substantial cash sum will come your way. In the evening Petula Clark will visit your home accompanied by Mike Samrues singers. She will sing for you in your own living room. Before you go to bed, Peter Wyngarde will come and declare his undying love for you.

**Mrs O:** Urghhl What's Scorpio?

**Mrs Trepidatious:** Oh, that's very good. 'You will have lunch with a schoolfriend of Duane Eddy's, who will insist on whistling some of Duane's greatest instrumental hits. In the afternoon you will die, you will be buried...'

*(A doctor is lowered on a wire. The sketch continues into the '[Doctor](#)' Sketch)*



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# Doctor

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 37

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The cast:

**DOCTOR**

Terry Jones

**MRS. O**

Eric Idle

**MRS. TREPIDATIOUS**

Graham Chapman

**SECOND DOCTOR**  
Graham Chapman

# **THIRD DOCTOR**

Michael Palin



## The sketch:

*(Sketch is a continuation from '[What the Stars Foretell](#)'))*

**Doctor:** Good morning.

**Mrs O:** Oh, morning, doctor.

**Doctor:** How's the old arm this morning, Mrs Ikon?

**Mrs Trepidatious:** Oh, it's still hanging off at the shoulder.

**Doctor:** Good, well lees have a look at it, shall we? *(he tries unsuccessfully to open his bag)* Oh damn, damn, damn, damn... damn this wretched bag... oh the wretched, damn, bloody, little bag. It's the one thing I hate about being a doctor - it's this wretched bloody little bag!

*(He smashes a chair over it and finally produces a revolver and shoots the lock off. It opens and is stuffed full of pound notes, Some of which spill out. He feels inside... eventually pulls out a stethoscope.)*

**Doctor:** What's that doing here? *(he throws it away)*

*(Cut to another doctor walking along a street. The stethoscope flies out of window and lands on him.)*

**Second Doctor:** *(brushing it off)* Eurgggh!

*(Cut back to the first doctor still rummaging in black bag. Eventually, he produces a pair of black kid gloves and a black handkerchief. He folds it and puts it on and points the gun at Mrs Trepidatious.)*

**Doctor:** Hand over the money. *(she goes to a sideboard opens the bottom drawer and gets out a money box which she gives to him)* Come on, all of it! *(she look scared; he jabs the gun at her; she goes over to a painting of a wall-safe on the wall and pushes it aside to reveal an identical wall-safe underneath. She opens it and a hand comes out holding a money box; she takes and gives it to the donor)* Yes, that seems to be OK. Right! I'll just test your reflexes! *(he opens his mac like a flasher; they scream and jump)* Right, now then, everything seems to be OK, I'll see you next week. Keep collecting the pensions, and try not to spend too much on food. *(he starts to go up)* **Mrs Trepidatious:** Thank you, doctor. *(he disappears)*

*(Cut to a hospital ward. A man in bed, a chair with his clothes on it at fie foot of the bed. A doctor enters and goes right for the jacket and starts to feel in the pockets.)*

**Third Doctor:** Morning, Mr Hemon ... How are we today?

**Henson:** Not too bad, doctor.

**Third Doctor:** OK, take it easy ... *(he empties his wallet and puts it back)* Expecting any postal orders this week?

**Henson:** No.

**Third Doctor:** Right-o.

*(A nurse comes and gets the loose change. The doctor goes to the next bed where there is a man entirely in traction.)*

**Third Doctor:** Ah, Mr Rodgets, have you got your unemployment benefit please? Right. Well can you write me a cheque then... please?

*(The patient writes him a cheque. He goes to the foot of the bed. There is a graph with a money symbol on it. He marks it down further.)*

**Third Doctor:** Thank you very much. Soon have you down to nothing. Ah, Mr Millichope. *(he smiles and leaves, passing a man with a saline drip full of coins; chink of money)*

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# Dennis Moore Rides Again

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 37

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

**GRANTLEY**  
Michael Palin



**FIRST LADY**  
Carol Cleveland

**DENNIS MOORE**  
John Cleese



**MALE PEASANT**

Michael Palin

# FEMALE PEASANT

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(Fade up on a picture of Queen Victoria)*

**Voice Over:** Just starting on BBC 1 now, 'Victoria Regina' the inspiring tale of the simple crofter's daughter who worked her way up to become Queen of England and Empress of the Greatest Empire television has ever seen. On BBC 2 now Episode 3 of 'George I' the new 116 part serial about the famous English King who hasn't been done yet. On ITV now the *(sound of a punch)* Ugh!

*(Music starts. Picture of Royal crest.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'GEORGE I'

*(The word 'Charles' below the crest has been crossed out and 'George I' written above it.)*

CAPTION: 'EPISODE 3 ' THE GATHERING STORM'

*(This looks very dog-cared and thumb-printed. Cut to studio set of an eighteenth-century ballroom. Some dancing is going on. A fop is talking to two ladies in the usual phony mouthing manner. They laugh meaninglessly.)*

**Grantley:** Ah! 'Tis my lord of Buckingham. Pray welcome, Your Grace.

**Buckingham:** Thank you, Grantley.

**Grantley:** Ladies, may I introduce to you the man who prophesied that a German monarch would soon embroil this country in continental affairs.

**First Lady:** Oh, how so, my lord?

**Buckingham:** Madam, you will recall that prior to his accession our gracious sovereign George had become involved in the long standing Northern War, through his claims to Bremen and Verdun. These duchies would provide an outlet to the sea of the utmost value to Hanover. The Treaty of Westphalia has assigned them to Sweden.

**Grantley:** In 1648.

**Buckingham:** Exactly.

**Grantley:** Meanwhile Frederick William of Denmark, taking advantage of the absence of Charles XII, seized them; 1712.

**Second Lady:** Oh yes!

**First Lady:** It all falls into place. More wine?

**Grantley:** Oh, thank you.

**Buckingham:** However, just prior to his accession, George had made an alliance with Frederick William of Prussia, on the grounds of party feeling.

**Grantley:** While Frederick William had married George's only daughter.

**First Lady:** I remember the wedding.

**Buckingham:** But chiefly through concern at the concerted action against Charles XII...

*(There is a crash as Moore swings through the window on a rope. Everyone gasps and screams. He lands spectacularly.)*

**Moore:** Stand and deliver.

**All:** Dennis Moore!

**Moore:** The same. And now my lords, my ladies ... your lupins, please.

*(General bewilderment and consternation.)*

**Buckingham:** Our what?

**Moore:** Oh, come come, don't play games with me my Lord of Buckingham.

**Buckingham:** What can you mean?

**Moore:** *(putting pistol to his head)* Your life or your lupins, my lord.

*(Buckingham and the rest of the gathering now produce lupins which they have secreted about their several persons. They offer them to Moore.)*

**Moore:** In a bunch, in a bunch. *(they arrange them in a bunch)* Thank you my friends, and now a good evening to you all.

*(He grabs the rope, is hauled into air and disappears out of the window. There is a bump, a whinny and the sound of galloping hooves. The guests rush to the window to watch him disappear.)*

**Grantley:** He seeks them here ... he seeks them there ... he seeks those lupins everywhere. The murdering blackguard! He's taken all our lupins.

**First Lady:** *(produring one from her garter)* Not quite.

*(Gasps of delight.)*

**Buckingham:** Oh you tricked him!

**Man:** We still have one! *(they all cheer)*

*(Cut to a similar montage as before of Moore galloping through forest, clearings and tiny villages. Song as follows.)*

Dennis Moore, Dennis Moore,  
Riding through the night.  
Soon every lupin in the land  
Will be in his mighty hand  
He steals them from the rich  
And gives them to the poor  
Mr Moore, Mr Moore, Mr Moore.

*(Towards the end of this he arrives at the same peasant's cottage as before, dismounts and runs to the cottage door. He pauses. From inside the cottage we hear quiet moaning. Cut to inside the cottage. In this rude hut, lit by a single candle, the female peasant lies apparently dying on a bunk. Lupins are everywhere, in the fire, on the bed, a large pile of them forms a pillow. The female peasant is moaning and the male peasant is kneeling beside her offering her a lupin. Moore enters slowly.)* **Male Peasant:** *(dressed largely in a lupin suit)* Try and eat some, my dear. It'll give you strength. *(Dennis Moore reverently approaches the bed; the male peasant looks round and sees him)* Oh Mr Moore, Mr Moore, she's going fast.

**Moore:** Don't worry, I've... I've brought you something.

**Male Peasant:** Medicine at last?

**Moore:** No.

**Male Peasant:** Food?

**Moore:** No.

**Male Peasant:** Some blankets perhaps... clothes... wood for the fire...

**Moore:** No. Lupins!

**Male Peasant:** *(exploding)* Oh Christ!

**Moore:** *(astonished)* I thought you liked them.

**Male Peasant:** I'm sick to bloody death of them.

**Female Peasant:** So am I.

**Male Peasant:** She's bloody dying and all you bring us is lupins. All we've eaten mate for the last four bleeding weeks is lupin soup, roast lupin, steamed lupin, braised lupin in lupin sauce, lupin in the basket with sauted lupins, lupin meringue pie, lupin. sorbet... we sit on lupins, we sleep in lupins, we feed the cat on lupins, we burn lupins, we even wear the bloody things!

**Moore:** Looks very smart.

**Male Peasant:** Oh shut up! We're sick to death with the stench of them. *(sound of a meow and then a bump)* Look. The cat's just choked itself to death on them. *(we see a dead cat with lupins coming out of its mouth)* I don't care if I never see another lupin till the day I die! Why don't you go out and steal something useful!

**Moore:** Like what?

**Male Peasant:** Like gold and silver and clothes and wood and jewels and...

**Moore:** Hang on, I'll get a piece of paper.

*(Cut to a montage of shots of Moore riding away from the hut over which we hear the song.)*

Dennis Moore, Dennis Moore,  
Dumdum alum the night.  
Dennis Moore, Dennis Moore,  
Dun de dun dum plight.  
He steals dumdum dun  
And dumdum dum dee  
Dennis dun, Dennis dee, dum dun dum.

*(Cut back to the ballroom to find the same people discussing British history.)*

**Buckingham:** This, coupled with the presence of Peter and his Prussians at Mecklenburg and Charles and his Swedes in Pomerania, made George and Stanhope eager to come to terms with France.

**Grantley:** Meanwhile, a breach had now opened with...

*(Moore swings in as before.)*

**Grantley:** Oh no, not again.

**Buckingham:** Come on.

**Moore:** Stand and deliver again! Your money, your jewellery, your ... hang on. *(he takes out a list)* Your clothes, your snuff, your ornaments, your glasswear, your pussy cats...

**Buckingham:** *(aside to the first lady)* Don't say anything about the lupins...

**Moore:** Your watches, your lace, your spittoons...

*(Cut to a montage pretty much as before but with Moore riding through the glades dragging behind him a really enormous bag marked with 'swag' in very olde English lettering. This bag is about twenty feet long and bumps along the ground behind the home with the appropriate sound effects to make it sound full of valuable jewels, gold, silver, etc. Song as follows.)*

Dennis Moore, Dennis Moore,  
Riding through the woods.

Dennis Moore, Dennis Moore  
With a bag of things.  
He gives to the poor and he takes from the rich  
Dennis Moore, Dennis Moore, Dennis Moore.

*(As he arrives at the poor peasant's cottage they run out. They all open the bag together to the peasants enormous and immeasurable joy.)*

**Moore:** Here we are.

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'THE END'

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# Off-Licence (including more Dennis Moore)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 37

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**The cast:**

**McGOUGH**

Eric Idle

**MR. BONES**

John Cleese



**GRANTLEY**  
Michael Palin



**FIRST LADY**  
Carol Cleveland

**DENNIS MOORE**  
John Cleese

**MALE PEASANT**

Michael Palin

# FEMALE PEASANT

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to close up of a man's face.)*

**McGough:** Yet fear, not like an aged florin, can so disseminate men's eyes, that fortune, straining at a kissing touch may stop her ceaseless search to sport amidst the rampant thrust of time, and bring the thing undone to pass by that with which the cock may chance an arm.

*(Cut to a wider shot to show that he is in an off-licence. Mr Bones is behind the counter.)*

**Mr Bones:** Well that's all very well, sir, but this is an off-licence.

**McGough:** Oh. Just a bottle of sherry then, please.

**Mr Bones:** Certainly... Amontillado?

**McGough:** Yes, I think Amonfillado, finely grown ... well chosen from the casque of Pluto's hills, cell'd deep within the vinous soil of Spain, wrench'd thence from fiery regions of the sun...

**Mr Bones:** Yes, yes sir. Just one bottle?

**McGough:** Just one bottle. Just one jot. Just one tittle. That's the lot.

**Mr Bones:** There we are, sir. That'll be a pound, please.

**McGough:** A pound a pound and all around abound A pound found, found Lost lost the cost till was't embossed...

**Mr Bones:** Excuse me, sir.

**McGough:** Yes, good victualler, nature's trencherman, mine honest tapster...

**Mr Bones:** I was just wondering. Are you a poet?

**McGough:** No, no, I'm a solicitor... well versed within the written law of man, can m those who need...

**Mr Bones:** Oh' shut up.

**McGough:** I'm sorry. I'm afraid I've caught poetry.

**Mr Bones:** Oh really? Well, don't worry, sir - I used to suffer from short stories.

**McGough:** Really? When?

**Mr Bones:** Oh, once upon a time ... there' lived in Wiltshire a young Chap called Dennis Moore. Now Dennis was a highwayman by profession ... *(we ripple through to Dennis Moore riding along with a big bag of swag)* ... and for several months he had been stealing from the rich to give to the poor. One day...

*(Mix through to a shot of Dennis Moore arriving with another bag of goodies. The peasants who greet him are by now very smartly dressed and the cottage has been refurbished.)*

**Moore:** Here we are again, Mr Jenkins. *(Dennis leaves the bag and wheels his horse around)* There we are... I'll be back. *(he rides off again purposefully)*

*(Cut to ballroom, in fact it is the same one featured in '[Dennis Moore Rides Again](#)'. The walls are bare and the people are down to their undergarments. They sit around the table gnawing pieces of bread and dipping them in a watery soup. The central bowl of soup contains a lupin.)*

**Buckingham:** Meanwhile Frederick William bushy engaged in defending against the three great powers the province of Silesia...

**Grantley:** ... which he had seized in the War of the Austrian succession against his word.

**First Lady:** Yes, I remember.

**Man:** ... was now dependent on Pitt's subsidies.

*(Moore swings in through the window. They all respond to him with listless moans of disappointment.)*

**Moore:** My lords, my ladies, on your feet, please. *(he is ignored and therefore says commandingly)* I must ask you to do exactly as I say or I shall be forced to shoot you right between the eyes. *(they stand up hurriedly)* Well not right between the eyes, I mean when I say between the eyes, obviously I don't have to be that accurate, I mean, if I hit you in that son of area, like that, obviously, that's all right for me, I mean, I don't have to try and son of hit a point bisecting a line drawn between your pupils or anything like that. I mean, from my point of view, it's perfectly satisfactory...

**First Lady:** What do you want? Why are you here?

**Moore:** Why are any of us here? I mean, when you get down to it, it's all so meaningless, isn't it, I mean what do any of us want...

**Buckingham:** No, no, what do you want now?

**Moore:** Oh I see, oh just the usual things, a little place of my own, the fight girl...

**Grantley:** No, no, no! What do you want from us?

**Moore:** Oh sorry. Urn, your gold, your silver, your jewellery.

**Buckingham:** You've taken it all.

**First Lady:** This is all we've got left.

**Moore:** That's nice. I'll have them. Come on. *(he takes all the spoons)*

**Buckingham:** You'd better take the bloody lupin too.

**Moore:** Thank you very much, I've gone through that stage. *(he grabs the rope and swings out again)*

*(Short montage of Dennis riding accompanied by the song.)*

Dennis Moore, Dennis Moore  
Etcetera, etcetera...

*(He leaps off his home and runs to the door of the hut, throws the door open and enters. The little hut is now stuffed with all possible signs of wealth and all imaginable treasures.)*

**Male Peasant:** What you got for us today then.

**Moore:** Well I've managed to find you four very nice silver spoons Mr Jenkins.

**Male Peasant:** *(snatching them rudly)* Who do you think you are giving us poor this rubbish?

**Female Peasant:** Bloody silver. Won't have it in the house. *(throws it away)* And those candlesticks you got us last week were only sixteen carat.

**Male Peasant:** Yes, why don't you go out and steal something nice like some Venetian silver.

**Female Peasant:** Or a Velasquez for the outside loo.

**Moore:** Oh all right. *(turns purposefully)*

*(Usual montage of Dennis Moore riding plus song.)*

Dennis Moore, Dennis Moore  
giding through the land  
Dennis Moore, Dennis Moore  
Without a merry band  
He steals from the poor. and gives to the rich  
Stupid bitch.

*(Dennis Moore reins to sudden halt and rides over to camera.)*

**Moore:** What did you sing?

**Singers:** *(speaking)* We sang... he steals from the poor and gives to the rich.

**Moore:** Wait a tic ... blimey, this redistribution of wealth is trickier than I thought.

*(Women's institute applause.)*

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# 'Prejudice'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 37

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**The cast:**

**RUSSELL BRADDON**  
Micheal Palin

**VOICE OVER**  
John Cleese

**HIGHWAYMAN**  
Michael Palin

**DENNIS MOORE**  
John Cleese

**FRIEND**

Terry Jones

**The sketch:**

*(A church-hall type stage, as if for a TV version of 'Down Your Way '. A vast sign across the backcloth reads 'Prejudice'. Russell Braddon enters. He wears a suit and has a clipboard.)*

**Braddon:** Good evening and welcome to another edition of 'Prejudice' - the show that gives you 'a chance to have a go at Wops, Krauts, Nigs, Eyeties, Gippos, Bubbles, Froggies, Chinks, Yidds, Jocks, Polacks, Paddies and Dagoes. *(applause; he goes to desk at side of stage)* SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'ALL FACTS VERIFIED BY THE RHODESIAN POLICE'

**Braddon:** Tonight's show comes live from the tiny village of Rabid in Buckinghamshire, and our first question tonight is from a Mrs Elizabeth Scrint who says she is going on a Mediterranean cruise next week and can't find anything wrong with the Syrians. Well, Mrs Scrint, apart from being totally unprincipled left-wing troublemakers, the Syrians are also born skivers, they're dirty, smelly and untrustworthy, and, of course, they're friends of the awful gippos. *(applause)* There you are, Mrs Scrint, I hope that answers some of your problems - have a nice trip. *(more applause)* Well now, the result of last week's competition when we asked you to find a derogatory term for the Belgians. Well, the response was enormous and we took quite a long time sorting out the winners. There were some very clever entries. Mrs Hatred of Leicester Said 'let's not call them anything, let's just ignore them' ... *(applause starts vigorously, but he holds his hands up for silence)* ... and a Mr St John of Hurtfingdou said he couldn't think of anything more derogatory than Belgias. *(cheers and applause; a girl in showgirl costume comes on and holds up placards through next bit)* But in the end we settled on three choices: number three ... the Sprouts *(placard 'The Sprouts')*, sent in by Mrs Vicious of Hastings... very nice ; number two..... the Phlegms *(placard)* ... from Mrs Childmolester of Worthing; but the winner was undoubtedly from Mrs No-Supper-For-You from Norwood in Lancashire ... Miserable Fat Belgian Bastards. *(placard; roar of applause)* Very good - thank you, Carol. *(Carol exits)* But as you know on this programme we're not just prejudiced against race or colour, we're also prejudiced against - yes, you've guessed, stinking homosexuals! *(applause)* So before the streets start emptying in Chelsea tonight, let's go straight over to our popular prejudiced panel game and invite you once again to - Shoot The Poof! And could our first contestant sign in please.

*(Cut to blackboard and entrance as they used to have in 'What's My Line'. A contestant comes from behind screen and starts to write his name.)*

**Voice Over:** Our first contestant is a hairdresser from...

*(A shot rings out and the contestant falls to the floor. Applause. Cut to a camp highwayman in a pink mask who blows smoke from a gun and puts it back in the holster.)*

**Highwayman:** I never did like that kind of person... !

*(A shot rings out. He dies. Cut to Dennis Moore on a horse blowing smoke from gun and putting it in his holster. He gallops off. We see him swooping down, after a couple of riding shots, on*



*another stagecoach.)*

**Moore:** Halt! Halt! *(the stage comes to a halt and the occupants get out rapidly, their hands held high)* Gentlemen, ladies, bring out your valuables please. Come along sir, come along. Come along, madam, come along. Oh, is that all you've got ... well, he's got much more than you ... so you'd better have some of his ... *(transfers money from one passenger to another, dropping some)*... sorry... pick them up in a moment... there's about oh, what, nine down there... so you must have about... oh, he's still got lots... oh you've got what? ... you've got more than he started with... so if I give you some of those *(transferring more coins)* ... well now, look ... have you got a bit of jewellery? If I give you that one and you have some of his coins *(the credits start, superimposed)* ... is that another box? Were you trying to hide it? Well, that's nice! Right! Now. I've got a tiara ... you've got one... you've got one of the boxes... you've got one... anyone else got a tiara? Take your hat off! *(passenger does so to reveal a tiara)*... Oh, honestly, it's absolutely pointless trying to do this if you're going to cheat. It really is awful of you;.. *(fade out)* CAPTION: 'ERRATUM. JACK BODELL WAS BORN IN SWADLINCOTE IN DERBYSHIRE'

*(Cut to the inside of a bus. A judge is sitting there in full robes, looking rather unhappy. He is obviously one of the competitors from earlier. His friend tries to cheer him up.)*

**Friend:** I thought you should have won. I mean, judicially you swept the board ... all right, he has posture, but where was he in the summing up?

*(Behind these two another judge is sitting with his mother, crying.)*

**Mother:** Oh shut up Melford, there's always next year.

*(Another judge further back petulantly rips up his number card. We cut to the outside back of this bus. The destination board says 'The End'. As the bus drives away we hold on a board sticking out from a building which reads 'Hospital... sorry no cheques'.)*



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# TV4 or not TV4?

*As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show*

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**The cast:**

**KENNEDY**  
Eric Idle

# THROAT

Terry Jones

**SAPPENHEIM**

Graham Chapman



## The sketch:

*(A TV debate set-up. Stern music starts as the lights come on.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTIONS:

'THE GREAT DEBATE'

'NUMBER 31'

'TV4 OR NOT TV4?'

**Kennedy:** Hello. Should there be another television channel, or should there not? On tonight's programme the Minister for Broadcasting, The Right Honourable Mr Ian Throat MP.

**Throat:** Good evening.

**Kennedy:** The Chairman of the Amalgamated Money 'TV, Sir Abe Sappenheim.

**Sappenheim:** Good evening.

**Kennedy:** The Shadow Spokesman for Television, Lord Kinwoodie.

**Kinwoodie:** Hello.

**Kennedy:** And a television critic, Mr Patrick Loone.

**Loone:** Hello.

**Kennedy:** Gentlemen - should there be a fourth television channel or not? Ian?

**Throat:** Yes.

**Kennedy:** Francis.

**Kinwoodie:** No.

**Kennedy:** Sir Abe?

**Sappenheim:** Yes.

**Kennedy:** Patrick.

**Loone:** No.

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'YES 2 NO 2'

**Kennedy:** Well there you have it. Two say will, two say won't. We'll be back again next week, and

next week's 'Great Debate' will be about Government Interference in Broadcasting and will be cancelled mysteriously.

*(The lights fade down. Music.)*

SUPERIMPOSED ROLLER CAPTION:  
'THE GREAT DEBATE  
INTRODUCED BY LUDOVIC LUDOVIC  
WITH SIR ABE SAPPENHEIM  
IAN THROAT MP  
LORD KINWOODIE  
MR PATRICK LOONE'

*(Behind this the pond members are seen gesticulating strangely in silhouette. Fade out.)*

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# Ideal Loon Exhibition

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 37

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**The cast:**

## VOICE OVER

Eric Idle

## MR. JUSTICE BOURKE

Eric Idle

## P.A. ANNOUNCER

John Cleese

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### The sketch:

*(Cut to stock film of people queuing at an exhibition hall.)*

**Voice Over:** Well it may be the end of that, but it's certainly far from the end of- well in fact it's the beginning - well not quite the beginning - well certainly nearer the beginning than the end - well yes damn it, it is to all intents and purposes the beginning of this year's Ideal Loon Exhibition, sponsored by the 'Daily Express'. *(cut to interior of hall, people pouring through the doors; above their head~ it says 'ideal Loon Exhibition)* Numbskulls and boobies from all over the country have been arriving to go through their strange paces before a large paying crowd. This is the fifteenth Ideal Loon Exhibition and we took a good look round after it was opened by its patron ... *(quick flash Edward Heath opening something)* There's Kevin Bruce the digger duffer from down-under, who's ranked fourteenth in the world's silly positions league... *(Kevin is in a roped-off exhibition area; with a number in front of him; people are walking past looking at him with programmes; he is dressed in Australian bush gear and he is leaning his forehead against a goldfish bowl on a four-foot-six plinth)* This kind of incoherent behaviour is really beginning to catch on down-under. There's Norman Kirby from New Zealand, whose speciality is standing behind a screen with a lady with no clothes on ... *(again in an exhibition stand with a number in front; there is a screen which is higher than their heads, but it is cut off at knee height so you can see two pairs of legs, one female, totally bare, one male wearing some enormous boots, no socks)* In real life, Norman is a gynaecologist, but this is his lunch hour. And from France there's a superb exhibition of rather silly behaviour by the Friends of the Free French Osteopaths. *(on the stand five men dressed in Breton berets, striped French shim, silly moustaches, with baguettes; in unison they make the silly sign, counting the while 'un, deux, trois)* They do this over four hundred times a day. Nobody knows why. But for sheer poindess behaviour you've got to admire Brian Broomers, the batfling British boy who for two weeks has been suspended over a tin of condemned veal. *(quite a crowd watch this; again a roped-off exhibit, Brian is suspended from the ceiling by two car tyres; he lies there smoking a pipe; underneath him there is a small opened tin, with 'veal' on the side)* Always popular with the crowd, is the Scotsman with Nae Trews exhibit, and this year's no exception. *(a very large man dressed as a Scotsman in front of a sign saying 'Scotsman with Nae Trews Exhibit, Sponsored by Natural Gas'; an enormously long line of middle-aged pepperpots stand waiting in a queue; each in turn lifts up a corner of Scotsman's kilt, has a tiny peek and walks off)* Sponsored by Natural Gas and Glasgow City Council, this exhibit is entirely supported by voluntary contributions. But for a truly magnificent waste of time you've got to go no further than the exhibit from Italy - Italian priests in custard, discussing vital matters of the day. *(four Italian priests standing up to their chests in a large vat of custard; in front of them it sqs 'Italian Priests in custard'; they are animatedly discussing vital matters; hung behind them is a sign saying 'Italy, Land of Custard)* These lads from a seminary near Cremona, have been practising for well over a year. As always one of the great attractions of this fourteen-day exhibition is the display of counter-marching given by the

Massed Pipes and Toilet Requisites of the Colwyn Bay Massed Pipes and Toilet Requisites Club. (a dozen people in blazers, flannels and white pumps are vigorously counter-marching, whilst Souza's Star Spangled Banner blares out; they are holding various items of plumbing, lengths of piping, a toilet, a bidet, a bath, back scrubbers, loofahs, shower attachments, hand basins, etc.) An interesting point about these boys is they all have one thing in common. Hip injuries. Not far away the crowds are flocking to see a member of the famous Royal Canadian Mounted Geese. (cut to pantomime goose on horseback) But the climax of the whole event is the judging.

(Cut to a sort of Miss World cat-walk. A judge appears (holding number 41. A band plays 'A pretty girl is like a melody'.)

**PA Announcement:** Mr Justice Burke. (the judge walks down, turns slightly at the edge of the stage, puts a knee forward and makes a cheesecake smile) Well that's the last, and let's just see those last six once again. (the judge on the stage is joined by five others in full judicial robes, with wigs, each holding a number) And the winner is - number 41, Mr Justice Burke.

(The winner reacts by bursting into tears. The others look rather sad. Cut to a still picture of Mr Justice Burke in bed having breakfast the next morning. He is still wearing his robes and wig but he has a sceptre and a terrible tiara crown on. This picture is in black and white and is large on the front page of a newspaper. The headline is Justice seen to be done'. A subheading says 'British Justice Triumphs '. This newspaper page takes us off into a couple of minutes of animation.)

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# Party Political Broadcast (choreographed)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 38

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The cast:

**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

**POLITICIAN**  
John Cleese

# CHOREOGRAPHER

Eric Idle

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## The sketch:

**CAPTION:** 'A PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST ON BEHALF OF THE CONSERVATIVE AND UNIONIST PARTY'

**Voice Over:** There now follows a Party Political Broadcast on behalf of the Conservative and Unionist Party.

*(Cut to a politician sitting on a chair. He is in fact in a rehearsal room, but we don't see this for the first six lines.)*

**Politician:** Good evening. Figures talk. We have already fulfilled over three of our election pledges before the end of our second year of good Conservative rule. And, what is more *(gets up and starts to do dancing movements as he speaks)* We hope ... that in the aut-tumn we shall int-ro-duce leg-is-lat-tion in the House to bene-fit all those in low-er in-come groups. And fur-ther-more we hope...

*(Enter a choreographer.)*

**Choreographer:** No, no, no, no... look, luv, it's and... *(does the movements)* one and two and three and four, and five and six and seven and down.

**Politician:** *(trying the last bit)* ... five and six and seven and down... it's so much harder with the words.

**Choreographer:** Well, don't think of them. Just count four in your head.

**Politician:** And ... one and fur-ther two and three and ... no, I can't really...

**Choreographer:** Yes, well come on and do it with me, come on. And ...

**Both:** Fur-ther-more we hope that we can stop the ris-ing un-em-ploy-ment.

*(they finish up with finger on chin, as in a thirties musical)*

**Choreographer:** And point 'unemployment' with your finger.

**Politician:** I see. I can do it when you're here.

**Choreographer:** I won't be far away. All right, Neville love, we're going from 'unemployment' through 'pensions' into 'good government is strong government' and the walk down, all fight? And ... cue, love.

**Politician:** And fur-ther-more we hope that we can stop the ris-ing un-em-ploy-ment at a stroke or e-ven quick-er.

*(Enter a line of six male dancers, doing high kicks and a dance routine.)*

**Dancers:** And so when you get a chance to vote, Kind-ly vote Con-ser-va-tive. *(the politician joins in)* Rising prices, unemployment, Both stem from the wages spiral Curb inflation, save the nation, Join us now and save the economy.

*(They give an awful wave and cheesecake smile at the end, and hold it.)*

**Choreographer:** That's where you'll get the bunting and the ticker tape, Chris. Right, big smiles, everybody, remember you're cabinet ministers. And relax. *(only now do they stop smiling and waving)* Lovely, it's trans at eight, so nobody be late.

*(The camera crabs away. Through an open door it passes we see two Labour MPs, one on points, the other walking around with his hands on his hips. They are in leotards and dancers' leg warmers.)*

**Labour MPs:** We in the Lab-our Par-ty have al-ways made our po-si-tion quite clear.. we have al-ways been op-posed to...

*(The camera continues to crab away. It coma to a door which says 'Star' on it. We zoom into this and mix through to:)*

ANIMATION: Wilson and Heath dance to 'The Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy '.



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# 'A Book at Bedtime' - The Red gauntlet

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 38

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The cast:

**VOICE OVER**  
Eric Idle

**JEREMY**

Michael Palin

**SECOND READER**

John Cleese

**THIRD READER**  
Eric Idle

# TECHNICIAN

Graham Chapman

---

## The sketch:

*(Cut to studio: a silhouette of a man sitting on high stool with book.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'A BOOK AT BEDTIME'

**Voice Over:** 'Book at Bedtime' Tonight Jeremy Toogood reads 'Redgauntlet' by Sir Walter Scott.

*(The lights come up.)*

**Jeremy:** Hello. *(he follows the words closely with a finger and reads with great difficulty)* The sunsoot... the siunsiett... the sunset! .. the sunset... waas... was was... the sunset was... deeing ... d ... ying dying... o ... over... the ... hile ... hiel., heels ... halls ... hills! of... slow ... Sol ... way ... Firth... The... love piper... the lone piper... the lone piper... on... the .., bait ... ly ... ments ... *(smiles nervously)* ... of Edingrund ... dydburing... Edingbir... Edinburgh! Castle ... was... siluted ... sil ... sillhou...

*(Another man enters, takes the book bin his hands rather testily and stands by the chair. He smiles apologetically at the camera and reads.)*

**Second Reader:** The sunset was dying over the hills of Solway Firth. The lone piper on the battlements of Edinburgh Casde was silhouetted against the crim ... crim ... crimisy .., crimson! against the crimson strays ... stree ..,

*(One more reader enters and reads over his shoulder)*

**Third Reader:** Streaked!

**Second Reader:** Streaked?

**Third Reader:** Crimson-streaked sky ... in the shadows of... crrignu...

*(He can't make out the next word. The second reader also tries to puzzle it out and eventually Jeremy pulls the book down towards him and they all try to puzzle it out. A lot of head shaking. A technician enters wearing heaphones.)*

**Technician:** Cairngorml In the shadows of Cairngorm! Third Reader In the shadows of Cairngorm, the l... layered...

*(A second technician and a make-up girl enter.)*

**Second Technician:** Laird! The Laird of Monteu ... Montreaux...

**Make-up Girl:** Montrose.

**All:** The Laird of Montrose!

**Second Technician:** Gal-lopped...

**Jeremy:** Galloped!

*(Everybody joins in helping with words. We mix through to Edinburgh Castle at dusk. Continues into the '[Kamikaze Scotsman](#)' sketch)*

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# Kamikaze Scotsman

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 38

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The cast:



**JEREMY**

Michael Palin

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

**SCOTS SOLDIER**  
Michael Palin

**SECOND SOLDIER**

Eric Idle

**R.S.M.**

Terry Jones

**CAPTAIN**

John Cleese

**MAN**

Michael Palin

# RECEPTIONIST

Carol Cleveland

---

## The sketch:

*(We see Edinburgh Castle at dusk. The lone piper is silhouetted against the crimson-streaked sky.)*

**Jeremy:** *(voice over)* The lone piper on the battlements of Edinburgh 'Castle...

*(There are a few bars of bagpipe music. Suddenly there is a scream and he disappears. Cut to interior of stone-walled guardroom inside Edinburgh Castle. Ten kilted Scottish guardsmen with bagpipes in a line. A sergeant major at the door taps one on the shoulder.)* **RSM:** Next!

*(The next goes outside. We hear pipes start, the sergeant smiles. Cut to castle battlements. The piper plays and then jumps off. We hear the scream as before. Another piper emerges and goes through the same routine.)*

**Voice Over:** *(Scottish accent)* Here on top of Edinburgh Castle, in conditions of extreme secrecy, men are being trained for the British Army's first Kamikaze Regiment, the Queen's Own McKamikaze Highlanders. *(there is a scream and a piper jumps off, another one emerges and starts to play)* So successful has been the training of the Kamikaze Regiment that the numbers have dwindled from 30,000 to just over a dozen in three weeks. What makes these young Scotsmen so keen to kill themselves?

*(Close ups of soldiers.)*

**Scots Soldier:** The money's good!

**Second Soldier:** And the water skiing! *(he falls down with a scream)*

*(Cut to interior of the guardroom in Edinburgh Castle. As before, but with only six men left plus the sergeant major. Bagpipes and a scream. The sergeant major dispatches another man. A captain enters. Bagpipes again.)*

**RSM:** Ten-shun,

**Captain:** All right, sergeant major. At ease. Now, how many chaps have you got left,?

**RSM:** Six, sir,

**Captain:** Six? *(there is a scream)*

**RSM:** Five, sir. *(to another highlander carrying bagpipes)* Good luck, Johnson. *(Johnson leaves)*

**Captain:** Jolly good show, sergeant maier. *(we hear bagpipes starting up outside)* Well, I've come to tell you that we've got a job for your five lads.

*(There is a scream.)*

**RSM:** Four, sir.

**Captain:** For your four lads.

**RSM:** *(whispering to another man)* Good luck, Taggart.

**Taggart:** Thank you, sarge. *(he goes)*

**Captain:** *(looking rather uncertainly at the man leaving)* Now this mission's going to be dangerous, *(bagpipes start)* and it's going to be tough, and we're going to need every lad of yours to pull his weight. *(the usual scream in the background)* Now, which ... er ... which four are they?

**RSM:** These three here, sir. OK. Off you go, Smith.

**Smith:** *(with manic eagerness)* Right! *(he charges out through door before captain can stop him)*

**Captain:** *(with mounting concern)* ... er ... sergeant major!

**RSM:** Yes, sir? *(bagpipes start outside)*

**Captain:** You don't think it might be a good idea... er... to stop the training programme for a little bit?

**RSM:** They got to be trained, sir. It's a dangerous job.

**Captain:** Yes ... I know... but... er ... *(the usual scream)*

**RSM:** All right MacPherson, you're next, off you go.

**Captain:** You see what is worrying me, sergeant major, is... MacPherson I'll make it a gud'un, sir! *(he dashes off)*

**RSM:** Good luck, MacPherson.

**Captain:** Er... MacPherson... *(the bagpipes start up)* only this mission really is very dangerous. We're going to need both the chaps that you've got left *(scream)*

**RSM:** Both of who, sir?

**Captain:** Sergeant major, what's this man's name?

**RSM:** This one sir? This one is MacDonald, sir.

**Captain:** No, no, no, no. *(the captain stops MacDonald who is straining quite hard to get away)* Hang on to MacDonald, sergeant major, hang on to him.

**RSM:** I don't know whether I can, sir... *(MacDonald's eyes are staring in a strange way)* he's in a sute of Itsubishi Kyoko McSayonara.

**Captain:** What's that?



*(They are both struggling to restrain MacDonald.)*

**RSM:** It's the fifth state that a Scotsman can achieve, sir. He's got to finish himself off by lunchtime or he thinks he's let down the Emperor, sir.

**Captain:** Well, can't we get him out of it?

**RSM:** Oh, I dunno how to, sir. Our Kamikaze instructor, Mr Yashimoto, was so good he never left Tokyo airport.

**Captain:** Well, there must be someone else who can advise us?

*(Exterior of smart London health-salon-type frontage. A big sign reads 'Kamikaze Advice Centre '. A bowler-hatred man enters. A receptionist sits behind a posh desk.)*

**Man:** *(very businesslike)* Good morning, Kamikaze, please.

**Receptionist:** *(indicating door)* Yes, would you go through, please?

**Man:** Thank you.

*(The man walks over to the door, opens it, walks through and disappears from sight. There is nothing but sky and clouds through the door. Scream. Cut back to castle guardroom.....sketch continues with '[No Time To Lose](#)')*

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# No Time To Lose

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 38

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**The cast:**

**R.S.M.**

Terry Jones

**CAPTAIN**

John Cleese

**CONSULTANT**  
Eric Idle

## The sketch:

*(Sketch continues from '[Kamikaze Scotsman](#)' Cut bad~ to castle guardroom.)*

**Captain:** Right, sergeant maier - there's no time to lose.

*(The sergeant is sitting on ,MacDonald. He strikes him on head.)*

**RSM:** Beg pardon, sir?

**Captain:** No time to lose.

**RSM:** No what, sir?

**Captain:** No time ... no time to lose.

**RSM:** Oh, I see, sir. *(making gestures)* No time ... to ... lose!!

**Captain:** Yes, that's right, yes.

**RSM:** Yes, no time to lose, sir!

**Captain:** Right.

**RSM:** Isn't that funny, sir... I've never come across that phrase before - 'no time to lose'. Forty-two years I've been in the regular army and I've never heard that phrase.

**Captain:** Well, it's in perfectly common parlance.

**RSM:** In what, sir?

**Captain:** Oh never mind... right ... no time to lose.

**RSM:** Eventually, yes, sir.

**Captain:** What?

**RSM:** Like you say, sir. We'll be able to make time, eventually without to lose, sir, no.

**Captain:** Look, I don't think you've quite got the hang of this phrase, sergeant major.

*(The same frontage of smart London salon as before. Only this time the big sign reads 'No Time To Lose Advice Centre'. The same bowler-hatted man goes in. The same interior, same desk. A consultant sits behind it, and motions for the man to sit down.)*

**Consultant:** Morning, no time to lose ... *(he picks up a card which reads 'no time to lose'; he keeps flashing it every so often)* Now then, how were you thinking of using the phrase?

*(He pulls down a blind behind him on the right which also reads 'no time to lose' in large letters. He lets it go and it rolls up again fast.)*

**Man:** Well, I was thinking of using it ... er .. like .., well ... good morning dear, what is in no time to lose?

**Consultant:** Er yes ... well ... you've not quite got the hang of that, have you.

*(He gets out a two-foot-square cube with 'no time to lose' in the same lettering as it always is, and puts it on the desk. He points to this in a manic way with a forefinger. He has the words 'no time to lose' on the back of his hand.)*

**Consultant:** *(sings)* No time to lose, no time to lose, no time to lose, no time to lose. *(to stop the manic fit he reaches inside desk, pours a drink from a bottle on which is written 'no time to lose')* Now, you want to use this phrase in everyday conversation, is that right?

**Man:** Yes, that's right.

**Consultant:** Yes ... good ...

*(He stands up, makes a strange noise, and flings the back of his jacket up over his head revealing 'no time to lose' written on the inside of the back lining of his jacket, upside down so that it is the right way up when it is revealed.)*

**Man:** You see my wife and I have never had a great deal to say to each other ... *(tragic, heart-rending music creeps in under the dialogue)* In the old days we used to find things to say, like 'pass the sugar'... or, 'that's my flannel', but in the last ten or fifteen years there just hasn't seemed to be anything to say, and anyway I saw your phrase advertised in the paper and I thought, that's the kind of thing I'd like to say to her...

*(The consultant pushes down a handle and a large screen comes up in front of him. On it is written 'no time to lose'. He burts through the paper.)*

**Consultant:** Yes, well, what we normally suggest for a beginner such as yourself, is that you put your alarm clock back ten minutes in the morning, so you can wake up, look at the clock and use the phrase immediately. *(he holds up the card briefly)* Shall we try it?

**Man:** Yes.

**Consultant:** All right - I'll be the alarm clock. When I go off, look at me and use the phrase, OK? *(ticks then imitates ringing)*

**Man:** No! Time to lose!

**Consultant:** No... No time to lose.

**Man:** No time to lose?

**Consultant:** No time to lose.

**Man:** No time to lose.

**Consultant:** No - to lose... like Toulouse in France. No time Toulouse.

**Man:** No time too lose...

**Consultant:** No time Toulouse.

**Man:** No time Toulouse...

**Consultant:** Not - no time to loser

**Man:** No - no time to lose!

*(ANIMATION: Toulouse-Lautrec in a wild-west gunfight.)*

**Voice Over:** No-time Toulouse. The story of the wild and lawless days of the post-Impressionists.

*(Cut back to the guardroom at Edinburgh Castle. MacDonald is edging towards the window.)*

**Captain:** Anyway, no time to lose, sergeant major.

**RSM:** Look out, sir! MacDonald!

*(They both rush to window and grab MacDonald's legs as he disappears through it.)*

**RSM:** We'll have to hurry, sir. *(they haul him back into the room to reveal he is carrying a saw with which he starts trying to saw off his head)* No, put that down MacDonald. *(he snatches the saw and throws it away)* He's reached the sixth plane already, sir.

**Captain:** Right, here are the plans sergeant major, good luck.

**RSM:** Thank you, sir. *(he salutes)*

*(MacDonald is by now trying to strangle himself with his bare hands.)*

**Captain:** And good luck to you, MacDonald.

*(MacDonald breaks off from strangling himself, to offer a snappy salute.)*

**MacDonald:** Thank you, sir.

*(He immediately snaps back into trying to strangle himself.)*

**RSM:** Right you are, MacDonald. No time to lose.

**Captain:** Very good, sergeant major.

*(Quick cut to the consultant in the office.)*

**Consultant:** Yes, excellent...

*(Cut back to the gates of Edinburgh Castle. Dawn. Music. As the voice starts the gates open and a lorry emerges.)*

**Voice Over:** So it was that on a cold January morning, RSM Urdoch and Sapper MacDonald, one of the most highly trained Kamikaze experts the Scottish Highlands have ever witnessed, left on a mission which was to... oh I can't go on with this drivel.

*(By this time we have cut to a close up of the cab to show RSM Urdoch at the wheel, with MacDonald beside him. MacDonald has a revolver and is apparently having an unsuccessful game of Russian roulette.)*

**RSM:** All right, MacDonald, no time to lose.

*(Suddenly MacDonald hurls himself out of the lorry.)*

**MacDonald:** Aaaaaaugh!

*(The RSM slams the brakes on. Skidding noises. Cut to shot of the lorry skidding to a halt. The RSM leaps out, picks up MacDonald who is lying on the floor hitting himself, and loads him into the back of the lorry. He gets back into the lorry and they start off again. They haven't gone more than a few yards before we see MacDonald leap out of the back of the lorry, race round to the front and throw himself down in front of the lorry. The lorry runs right over him. He picks himself up after it has gone, races up to the front and tries it again... and again... and again... and again... and again... Cut to the captain, standing in front of a huge map. He points with a stick.)* **Captain:** Well, that's the mission - now here's the method. RSM Urdoch will lull the enemy into a false sense of security by giving them large quantifies of money, a good home, and a steady job. Then, when they're upstairs with the wife, Sapper MacDonald will hurl himself at the secret documents, destroying them and himself. Well, that's the plan, the time is now 19.42 hours. I want you to get to bed, have a' good night's rest and be up on parade early in the morning. Thank you for listening and thank you for a lovely supper.

*(Pull out to reveal that he is in a very small sitting room, alone apart from his wife who sits knitting by the fire not listening to a word he's saying.)*



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# Penguins (inc BBC Programme Planners)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 38

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The cast:

**PRESENTER**  
John Cleese

**SCIENTIST**

Graham Chapman

**PEACHES**

Michael Palin

**DR. LEWIS HOAD**

Eric Idle

**PROFESSOR**  
Terry Jones

**SWEDISH PERSON**

Eric Idle

## VOICE OVER

Michael Palin

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### The sketch:

*(Cut to stock film of penguins.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTIONS:

'FRONTIERS OF MEDICINE PART 2'

'THE GATHERING STORM'

*(Cut to presenter at desk.)*

**Presenter:** Penguins, yes, penguins. What relevance do penguins have to the furtherance of medical science? Well, strangely enough quite a lot, a major breakthrough, maybe. It was from such an unlikely beginning as an unwanted fungus accidentally growing on a sterile plate that Sir Alexander Fleming gave the world penicillin. James Watt watched an ordinary household kettle boiling and conceived the potentiality of steam power. Would Albert Einstein ever have hit upon the theory of relativity if he hadn't been clever? All these tremendous leaps forward have been taken in the dark. Would Rutherford ever have split the atom if he hadn't tried? Could Marconi have invented the radio if he hadn't by pure chance spent years working at the problem? Are these amazing breakthroughs ever achieved except by years and years of unremitting study? Of course not. What I said earlier about accidental discoveries must have been wrong. Nevertheless scientists believe that these penguins, these comic flightless web-footed little bastards may finally unwittingly help man to fathom the uncharted depths of the human mind. Professor Rosewall of the Laver Institute.

*(A scientist with tennis courts in the background. He wears a white coat.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'PROF. KEN ROSEWALL'

**Scientist:** *(Australian accent)* Hello. Here at the Institute Professor Charles Pasarell, Dr Peaches Bartkowicz and myself have been working on the theory originally postulated by the late Dr Kramer that the penguin is intrinsically more intelligent than the human being.

*(He moves over to a large diagram which is being held by two tennis players in full tennis kit but wean'ng the brown coats of ordinary laboratory technicians. The diagram shows a penguin and a man in correct proportional size with their comparative brain capanative marked out clearly showing the man's to be much larger than the penguin 's.)* **Scientist:** The first thing that Dr Kramer came up with was that the penguin has a much smaller brain than the man. This postulate formed the fundamental basis of all his thinking and remained with him until his death.

*(Flash cut of elderly man in tennis shirt and green eye shade getting an arrow in the head. Cut back to the scientist now with diagram behind him. It shows a man and a six foot penguin.)*

**Scientist:** Now we've taken this theory one stage further. If we increase the size of the penguin until it is the same height as the man and then compare the relative brain size, we now find that the penguin's brain is still smaller. But, and this is the point, it is larger than it was.

*(Very quick cut of tennis crowd going 'oh' and applauding. Dr Peaches Bartkowicz standing by tennis net.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'DR PEACHES BARTKOWICZ'

**Peaches:** For a penguin to have the same size of brain as a man the penguin would have to be over sixty-six feet high.

*(She moves to the left and comes upon a cubout of the lower visible part of a sixty-six feet high penguin. She looks up at it. Cut back to the scientist.)*

**Scientist:** This theory has become known as the waste of time theory and was abandoned in 1956. *(slight edit with jump visible)* Hello again. Standard IQ. tests gave the following results. The penguins scored badly when compared with primitive human sub-groups like the bushmen of the Kalahari but better than BBC programme planners. *(he refers to graph decorated with little racquets which shows bushmen with 23, penguins with 13 and BBC planners' with 8)* The BBC programme planners surprisingly high total here can be explained away as being within the ordinary limits of statistical error. One particularly dim programme planner can cock the whole thing up.

CAPTION: 'YOU CAN SAY THAT AOAIN'

*(Cut to a tennis player in a changing room taking off his gym shoes. In the background two other players discuss shots.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'DR LEWIS HOAD'

**Hoad:** These IQ. tests were thought to contain an unfair cultural bias against the penguin. For example, it didn't take into account the penguins' extremely poor educational system. To devise a fairer system of test, a team of our researchers spent eighteen months in Antarctica living like penguins, and subsequently dying like penguins - only quicker - proving that the penguin is a clever little sod in his own environment.

*(Cut to the scientist.)*

**Scientist:** Therefore we devised tests to be given to the penguins in the fourth set ... I do beg your pardon, in their own environment.

**Voice:** Net!

**Scientist:** Shh!

*(Cut to a professor and team surrounding penguins standing in a pool)*

**Professor:** What is the next number in this sequence - 2, 4, 6. . .

*(A penguin squawks.)*

**Professor:** Did he say eight? ... *(sighs)* What is...



*(Cut back to the scientist.)*

**Scientist:** The environmental barrier had been removed but we'd hit another: the language barrier. The penguins could not speak English and were therefore unable to give the answers. This problem was removed in the next series of experiments by asking the same questions to the penguins and to a random group of non-English-speaking humans in the same conditions.

*(Cut to the professor and his team now surrounding a group of foreigners who are standing in a pool looking bewildered.)*

**Professor:** What is the next number? 2, 4, 6... *(long pause)*

**Swedish Person:** . . . Hello?

*(Cut back to the scientist.)*

**Scientist:** The results of these tests were most illuminating. The penguins' scores were consistently equal to those of the non-English-speaking group.

*(Cut to the foreigners having fish thrown at them, which they try to catch in their mouths, and a penguin with a menu at a candlelit table with a woman in evening dress and a waiter trying to take an order.)*

*(Cut to Dr Hoad taking a shower.)*

**Hoad:** These enquiries led to certain changes at the BBC ...

*(Cut to the boardroom of BBC. Penguins sit at a table with signs saying 'Programme Controller', 'Head of Planning', 'Director General'. Noise of penguins squawki'ng. Cut to the penguin pool Hoad's voice ever.)*

**Hoad:** While attendances at zoos boomed.

*(The camera pans across to a sign reading 'The programme planners are to be fed at 3 o'clock'.)*

**Voice Over:** Soon these feathery little hustlers were infiltrating important positions everywhere.

*(Mr. Gilliam's animation shows penguins infiltrating important positions everywhere.)*



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# Unexploded Scotsmen

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 38](#)

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**The cast:**

**FIRST MAJOR**  
Eric Idle

## SECOND MAJOR

John Cleese

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### The sketch:

*(Cut to Red Square.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'THE KREMLIT'

*(The 't' is crossed out and 'n ' written in. Cut to two Russian majors in a conference room.)*

**First Major:** Svientitzi hobonwy kratow sveguminurdy.

SUPERIMPOSED SUBTITLES: 'THESE ARE THE VERY IMPORTANT SECRET DOCUMENTS I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT'

**Second Major:** We must study them in conditions of absolute secrecy.

*(Superimposed subtitle in Russian.)*

**First Major:** *(speaks in Russian)*

SUPERIMPOSED SUBTITLE: 'WHAT?'

**Second Major:** *(looking up)* Look out!

SUPERIMPOSED SUBTITLE: 'REGARDEZ LA!'

*(They cower as MacDonald flashes through the skylight and lands on the table where he lies rigid with his knees drawn up. He ticks ominously.)*

**Second Major:** He hasn't gone off.

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'ZE HABE NICHT OESHPLODEN'

**First Major:** *(speaks in Russian)*

SUBTITLE: 'QUICK! RING THE UNEXPLODED SCOTSMAN SQUAD'

**Second Major:** Yes my General!

*(Superimposed subtitle in Chinese.)*

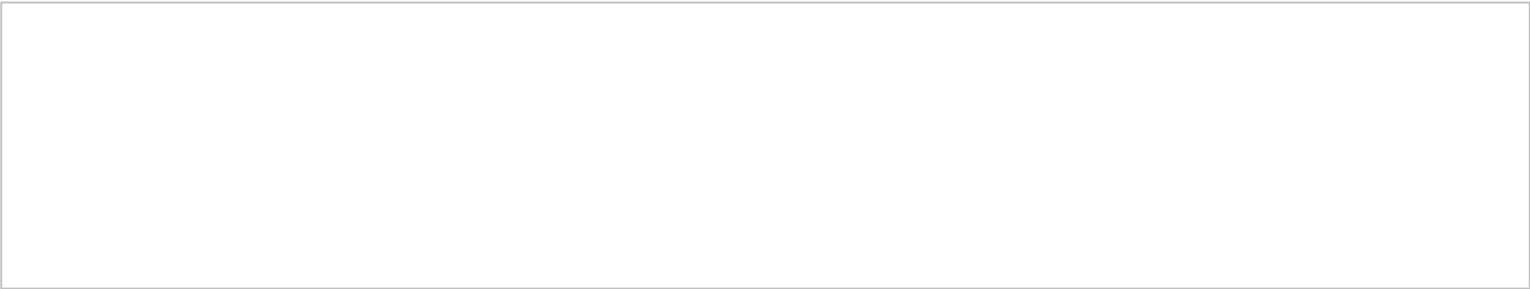
*(Cut to a phone ringing on the branch of a tree. Pull back to show a Scotsman lying on his back with his knees drawn up in the middle of a field. Two Russian bomb experts are crawling towards him cautiously.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'UNEXPLODED SCOTSMAN DISPOSAL SQUAD'

*(They go to work on him. Tense close ups. They sweat. Finally they remove his head. One of them runs hurriedly and places it in a bucket labelled 'Vodka '.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'WHISKY'

*(The sound of drunken gurglings comes from the bucket.)*



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# 'Spot the Looney'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 38

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The cast:

**PRESENTER**  
Eric Idle

**SVENSSON**  
Terry Jones



**DAME ELSIE**  
Michael Palin

**MILES**

Terry Gilliam

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

**SCOTT**

Graham Chapman

## The sketch:

*(Fade it out as camera in studio pans down to the presenter.)*

**Presenter:** And welcome to 'Spot the Loony', where once again we invite you to come with us all over the world to meet all kinds of people in all kinds of places, and ask you to . . . Spot the Loony!

*(crescendo of music)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'ALL ANSWERS VERIFIED BY ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA'

**Presenter:** Our panel this evening... Gurt Svensson, the Swedish mammal abuser and part-time radiator.

*(Cut to Svensson. He is standing on his head on the desk with his legs crossed in a yoga position. He wears a loincloth and high-heeled shoes. He talks through a megaphone which is strapped to his head.)*

**Svensson:** Good evening.

*(Cut back to the presenter.)*

**Presenter:** Dame Elsie Occluded, historian, wit, bon viveur, and rear half of the Johnson brothers...

*(Cut to another section of the panel's desk. Dame Elsie. Her bottom half is encased in the side of a block of concrete which is also on top of the desk. Dame Elsie is thus parallel to the ground. She has fairy wings on her back, a striped t-shirt, flying gloves, goggles and a green wig.)* **Dame Elsie:** Good evening.

*(Cut back to the presenter.)*

**Presenter:** And Miles Yellowbird, up high in banana tree, the golfer and inventor of Catholicism.

*(Cut to final section of the desk. A man dressed as a rabbit, with a megaphone strapped to one eye.)*

**Miles:** Good evening.

**Presenter:** And we'll be inviting them to... Spot the Loony. *(a phone rings on the desk; he picks it up)* Yes? Quite right ... A viewer from Preston there who's pointed out correctly that the entire panel are loonies. Five points to Preston there, and on to our first piece of film. It's about mountaineering and remember you have to... Spot the Loony!

*(Cut to a shot of a mountain. Very impressive stirring music.)*

**Voice Over:** The legendary south face of Ben Medhui, dark ... forbidding...

*(In the middle distance are two bushes a few yards apart. At this point a loony dressed in a long Roman toga, with tam o 'shanter, holding a cricket bat, runs from one bush to the other. Loud buzz. The film freezes. Pull out pore screen to reveal the freeze frame of the film with the loony in the middle bush on the screen immediately behind the presenter. The presenter is on the phone.)*

**Presenter:** Yes, well done, Mrs Nesbitt of York, spotted the loony in 1.8 seconds. *(cut to stock fiilm of Women's Institute applauding)* On to our second round, and it's photo time. We're going to invite you to look at photographs of Tony Jacklin, Anthony Barber, Edgar Allan Poe, Katy Boyle, Reginald Maudling, and a loony. All you have to do is ... Spot the Loony! *(cut to a photo of Anthony Barber; the buzzer goes immediately)* No ... I must ask you please not to ring in until you've seen all the photos.

*(Back to the photo sequence and music. Each photo is on the screen for only two seconds, and in between each there is a click as of a slide projector changing or even the sound of the shutter of a camera. The photos show in sequence: Anthony Barber, Katy Boyle, Edgar Allan Poe, a loony head and shoulders. He has ping-pong ball eyes, several teeth blocked out, a fright wig and his chest is bare but across it is written 'A Loony', Reginald Maudling, Tony Jacklin. A buzzer sounds.)* **Presenter:** Yes, you're fight. The answer was, of course, number two! *(cut to stock film of Women's Institute applauding)* I'm afraid there's been an error in our computer. The correct answer should of course have been number four, and not Katy Boyle. Katy Boyle is not a loony, she is a television personality. *(fanfare as for historical pageant; a historical-looking shield comes up on screen)* And now it's time for 'Spot the Loony, historical adaptation'. *(historical music)* And this time it's the thrilling medieval romance: 'Ivanoe'... a stirring story of love and war, violence and chivalry, set midst the pageantry and splendour of thirteenth-century England. All you have to do is, Spot the Loony.

CAPTION: 'IVANOE'

*(Cut to a butcher shop. A loony stands in the middle (this is the same loony from 'Silly Election' with enormous trousers and arms inside them and green fright wig). Another loony in a long vest down to his knees with a little frilly tutu starting at the knees and bare feet is dancing with a side of beef also wearing a tutu. Another loony in oilskins with waders and sou 'water ard fairy wings is flying across the top of picture. Another man dressed us a bee is standing on the counter. Another loony is dressed as a carrot leaning against the counter going: 'pretty boy, pretty boy'. A cocophony of noise. We see this sight ier approximate6~ five seconds. Fantastic loud buzzes.)*

**Presenter:** Yes, well done, Mrs L of Leicester, Mrs B of Buxton and Mrs G of Gotwick, the loony was of course the writer, Sir Walter Scott.

*(Cut to Sir Walter Scott in his study.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'SIR WALTER SCOTT 1771 - 1832,

**Scott:** *(looking through his papers indignantly)* I didn't write that! Sounds more like Dickens...

*(Cut to Dickens at work in his study. He looks up.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'CHARLES DICKENS 1812 - 1870'

**Dickens:** You bastard!

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# Rival Documentaries

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 38

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The cast:



**FIRST PRODUCER**  
John Cleese

**SECOND PRODUCER**

Michael Palin

**TINKER**

Graham Chapman

# VOICE

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to a documentary producer standing in forested hillside.)*

**First Producer:** Was Sir Walter Scott a loony, or was he the greatest flowering of the early nineteenth-century romantic tradition? The most underestimated novelist of the nineteenth century... *(another introducer of documentaries comes into shot and walks up to the first)* . . . or merely a disillusioned and embittered man ...

**Second Producer:** Excuse me ... *(pointing at the microphone)* can I borrow that, please.

**First Producer:** ... yes.

**Second Producer:** Thank you. *(he immediately starts on his own documentary)* These trees behind me now were planted over forty years ago, as part of a policy by the then Crown Woods, who became the Forestry Commission in 1924. *(he starts to walk towards the forest)* The Forestry Commission systematically replanted this entire area...

*(The first producer follows behind.)*

**First Producer:** Excuse me.

**Second Producer:** Sh! That's forty thousand acres of virgin forest. By 1980 this will have risen to two hundred thousand acres of soft woods. In commercial terms, a coniferous cornucopia... an evergreen E1 Dorado... *(the first producer runs and makes a feeble grab for the mike)*... a tree-lined treasure trove ... No ... a fat fir-coned future for the financiers ... but what of the cost...

**First Producer:** It's mine!

**Second Producer:** *(to first producer)* Go away ... in human terms? Who are the casualties?

*(The first producer makes a lunge and grabs the mike. He stops and the camera stops with him.)*

**First Producer:** For this was Sir Walter Scott's country. Many of his finest romances, such as 'Guy Mannering' and 'Redgauntlet'...

**Second Producer:** Give that back!

**First Producer:** No. *(they grapple a bit. The first producer just manages to keep hold of it as he goes down onto the ground)* Scott showed himself to be not only a fine...

*(The second producer manages to grab the mike and runs off leaving the first producer on the ground. The camera follows the second producer.)*

**Second Producer:** *(running)* The spruces and flowers of this forest will be used to create a whole

new industry here in...

*The first producer brings him down with a diving rugby tackle and grabs the mike.)*

**First Producer:** ... also a writer of humour and...

*(They are both fighting and rolling around on the ground.)*

**Second Producer:** Britain's timber resources are being used up at a rate of...

*(The first producer hits him, and grabs the mike.)*

**First Producer:** One man who knew Scott was Angus Tinker.

*(A sunlit university quad with classical pillars. Gentle classical music. Tinker is standing next to one of the pillars. He is a tweed-suited academic.)*

CAPTION: 'ANGUS TINKER'

**Tinker:** Much of Scott's greatest work, and I'm thinking here particularly of 'Heart of Midlothian' and 'Old Mortality' for example, was concerned with... *(at this point a hand appears from behind the pillar and starts to go slowly but surely for the mike)* preserving the life and conditions of a... *(the mike is grabbed away from him)* **Voice:** Forestry research here has shown that the wholly synthetic soft timber fibre can be created... *(Tinker looks behind the pillar to discover a forestry expert in tweeds crouched)* ... leaving the harder trees, the oaks, the beeches and the larches... *(Tinker chases him out into the quad)* and the pines, and even some of the deciduous hardwoods.

CAPTION: 'A FORESTRY EXPERT'

**Forestry Expert:** This new soft-timber fibre would totally replace the plywoods, hardboards and chipboards at present dominating the...

*(A Morris Minor speeds up round the quad and passes straight in front of the expert and the first producer's hand comes out and grabs the mike. Cut to interior of the Morris Minor as it speeds out of quad and out into country. The first producer keeps glancing nervously over shoulder.)*

**First Producer:** In the Waverley novels... Scott was constantly concerned to protect a way of life...

*(He ducks as we hear the sound of a bullet ricochet from the car. Cut to shot through the back window. The second producer is chasing in a huge open American 1930's gangster car driven by a chauffeur in a thirties kit. He is shooting.)*

**First Producer:** ....safeguarding nationalist traditions and aspiration, within the necessary limitations of the gothic novel...

*(More bullets. The American car draws level. The second producer leans over trying to grab the mike. Still attempting to say their lines, both of them scramble for the microphone as the cars race along. Eventually the cars disappear round a corner and we hear a crash.) (Cut to Toogood, surrounded by people, holding the book very close to his face and peering closely at the print. MacDonald lies on the floor in front of them.)*

**Toogood:** Then... then... the... the end! The End. (*looks up*)

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# 'Dad's Doctors' and other Interesting Shows

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 38

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**The cast:**

**CONTINUITY VOICE**

Eric Idle



**DOCTOR**

Terry Jones

MAN

Terry Gilliam

**JUDGE**

Terry Jones

## The sketch:

*(Cut to BBC world symbol)*

**Continuity Voice:** (ERIC) Tomorrow night comedy returns to BBC 'TV with a new series of half-hour situation comedies for you to spot the winners. Ronnie Thompson stars in 'Dad's Doctor'... *(cut to a doctor with no trousers)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'DAD'S DOCTOR'

**Continuity Voice:** ... the daffy exploits of the RAMC training school. He's in charge of a group of mad medicos, and when they run wild it's titty jokes galore. *(medical students run past him waving bras)* Newcomer Veronica Papp plays the girl with the large breasts. *(a young lady runs past wearing only briefs)* Week two sees the return of the wacky exploits of the oddest couple you've ever seen - yes, 'Dad's Pooves'...

*(A kitchen set. A man in sexy female underwear. Another man dressed as a judge, runs in with flowers.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'DAD'S POOVES'

**Continuity Voice:** ... the kooky oddball laugh-a-minute fun-a-plenty world of unnatural sexual practices. *(the first man spanks the judge with a string of sausages)* Week three brings a change of pace with a new comedy schedule. With Reg Cuttleworth, Trevor Quantas, and Cindy Rommel as Bob, in 'On the Dad's Liver Bachelors at Large', *(caption of this title and several loony still photos of the cast)* keeping the buses running from typical bedsit land in pre-war Liverpool. That's followed by 'The Ratings Game' - the loony life of a BBC programme planner with the accent on repeats.

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'THE RATINGS GAME'

**Continuity Voice:** Edie Phillips-Bong plays Kevin Vole, the programme planner with a problem and his comic attempts to pass the time. Week six sees the return of 'Up The Palace'... *(stock film of the investiture of the Prince of Wales)* SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'UP THE PALACE'

**Continuity Voice:** ... the zany exploits of a wacky Queen, and that's followed by 'Limestone, Dear Limestone'... *(long shot of a cliff with two people high up on it)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'LIMESTONE DEAR LIMESTONE'

**Continuity Voice:** ... the wacky days of the late Pleistocene era when much of Britain's rock strata was being formed. All this and less on 'Comedy Ahoy'. But now, BBC Television is closing down for the night. Don't forget to switch off your sets. Goodnight.

*(We see the little dot as of a TV set bring switched off.)*

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# Thames TV Introduction

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 39

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## The sketch:

*Begin with Thames Television logo and fanfare. Cut to David Hamilton in their presentation studios.*

**David Hamilton** (David Hamilton)

Good evening. We've got an action-packed evening for you tonight on Thames, but right now here's a rotten old BBC programme.

*Cut to the Nude Man at the organ.*

**Announcer** (John)

*(in a field of daffodils)* And now ...

**It's Man** (Michael)

It's ...

[Link to next sketch... in TV Series](#)

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# The Oscar Wilde Sketch

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 39

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## About the Sketch:

This sketch not only appeared in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 39](#), it was also featured on their albums - 'The Monty Python Matching Tie and Handkerchief' and 'The Monty Python Instant Record Collection' (UK version).

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## The cast:

**PRINCE**

Terry Jones



**OSCAR WILDE**  
Graham Chapman

**WHISTLER**

John Cleese

**The sketch:**

*Zoom in to overlay showing some stock film of hansom cabs galloping past. Suitably classy music starts.*

*CAPTION: LONDON 1895*

*CAPTION:  
THE RESIDENCE OF  
MR. OSCAR WILDE*

*Mix through to Wilde's drawing room. A crowd of suitably dressed folk are engaged in typically brilliant conversation, laughing affectedly and drinking champagne.*

**Prince:** My congratulations, Wilde. Your latest play is a great success. The whole of London's talking about you.

**Oscar:** There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about.

*There follows fifteen seconds of restrained and sycophantic laughter.*

**Prince:** Very, very witty ... very, very witty.

**Whistler:** There is only one thing in the world worse than being witty, and that is not being witty.

*Fifteen more seconds of the same.*

**Oscar:** I wish I had said that.

**Whistler:** You will, Oscar, you will. *(more laughter)*

**Oscar:** Your Majesty, have you met James McNeill Whistler?

**Prince:** Yes, we've played squash together.

**Oscar:** There is only one thing worse than playing squash together, and that is playing it by yourself. *(silence)* I wish I hadn't said that.

**Whistler:** You did, Oscar, you did. *(a little laughter)*

**Prince:** You really must forgive me, Wilde, I've got to get back up the Palace.

**Oscar:** Your Majesty is like a big jam doughnut with cream on the top.

**Prince:** I beg your pardon?

**Oscar:** Um ... It was one of Whistler's.

**Whistler:** I never said that.

**Oscar:** You did, James, you did.

*The Prince of Wales stares expectantly at Whistler.*

**Whistler:** ... Well, Your Highness, what I meant was that, like a doughnut, um, your arrival gives us pleasure and your departure only makes us hungry for more. *(laughter)* Your Highness, you are also

like a stream of bat's piss.

**Prince:** What?

**Whistler:** It was one of Wilde's. One of Wilde's.

**Oscar:** It sodding was not! It was Shaw!

**Shaw:** I ... I merely meant, Your Majesty, that you shine out like a shaft of gold when all around is dark.

**Prince:** *(accepting the compliment)* Oh.

**Oscar:** *(to Whistler)* Right. Right? *(to Prince)* Your Majesty is like a dose of clap.

**Whistler:** Before you arrive -- before you arrive is pleasure, and after is a pain in the dong.

**Prince:** What?

**Oscar:** and **Whistler** One of Shaw's, one of Shaw's.

**Shaw:** You bastards. Um ... what I meant, Your Majesty, what I meant ...

**Oscar:** We've got him, Jim.

**Whistler:** Come on, Shaw-y.

**Oscar:** Come on, Shaw-y.

**Shaw:** I merely meant ...

**Oscar:** Come on, Shaw-y.

**Whistler:** Let's have a bit of wit, then, man.

**Oscar** Come on, Shaw-y.

**Shaw:** *(blows a raspberry)*

*The Prince shakes Shaw's hand. Laughter all round.*

[Link to next sketch... in TV Series](#)

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# Charwoman

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 39](#)

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## The sketch:

*A society function; general sound of polite conversation.*

**Lady (?)**

Very amusing, Lord Kimble, but would you excuse me a moment? I want to powder my nose. *(She walks away and into the rest room)*

*Grossly exaggerated lavatorial noises*

**Lady**

*(emerging from rest room) Ah, that's better!*

*Back to the other people at the do. Suddenly Charwoman swings in on a rope, Tarzan-like, and grabs one of the gentlemen. She is massively built and naked except for pink stockings and knickers.*

**Gentleman (?)**

It's Charwoman!

*3-d comic-book style title says: CHARWOMAN. Cut to Charwoman swinging back and forth on her rope between two lines of buildings.*

**Voice Over** (Terry G.)

Yes, Charwoman! Sweeping away the last remnants of male chauvinism, polishing off all who dare stand in her way, and cleaning up all in the publishing game. All this and more as once again Charwoman takes to the skies.

*Charwoman faces the camera, beating her chest with alternate fists like King Kong. Then she hits both breasts at the same time and they explode.*

[Link to next sketch...in TV Series](#)

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# David Niven's Fridge

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode ?

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## The sketch:

*Back to Dickie Attenborough at the awards ceremony. He now has bunches of onions slung around his neck.*

### Dickie (Eric)

Ladies and gentlemen, seldom can it have been a greater pleasure and privilege than it is for me now to announce that the next award gave me the great pleasure and privilege of asking a man without whose ceaseless energy and tireless skill the British Film Industry would be today. I refer of course to my friend and colleague, Mr David Niven. *(vast applause. Dickie applies tears to his face from a dropper)* Sadly, David Niven cannot be with us tonight, but he has sent his fridge. *(applause; 'Around the World in Eighty Days' music; the fridge is pushed down by the men in brown coats, and a microphone is positioned in front of it. The fridge also has a black tie on.)* This is the fridge in which David keeps most of his milk, butter and eggs. What a typically selfless gesture, that he should send this fridge, of all of his fridges, to be with us tonight.

### Fridge (?)

*(the same silly voice)* The nominations for the Best Foreign Film Director are: Monsieur Richard Attenborough, Ricardo de Attenbergie, Rik Artenburg, Ri Char Dat En Bollo, and Pier Paolo Pasolini.



**Dickie**

Before we hear the joint winner, let's see the one that came sixth. Let us see Pier Paolo Pasolini's latest film.

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# Pasolini's 'The Third Test Match'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 39

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## The sketch:

*Close up of grass on cricket pitch. In the background we hear birdsong. A cricket ball rolls into shot and a hand reaches down and picks it up. Shot of one end of cricket pitch; batsman, umpire, bowler and a fielder in the foreground.*

*CAPTION: Pasolini's The Third Test Match*

*Close up on the bowler as he turns to look at his field. Cut to a skeleton on the boundary in tattered remains of cricket gear. Sounds of mocking laughter. Cut to the bowler in close up turning into the direction of the laughter. Shot of the batsman at his crease, but behind him the wicket keeper and first slip are monks in brown cowls. They are laughing at him.*

*Cut back to the bowler's horrified eyes, then back to the cricketers/monks, then to his eyes again. Cut to same shot of the batsman only now the wicket keeper and first slip are cricketers again.*

*Cut back to the bowler, who starts to rub the ball on his trousers. Music comes in. Close up bowler's face starting to sweat. Close up ball rubbing on trousers. Close up face sweating.*

*Cut to a girl spectator who smiles and moves her shoulders invitingly. Cut back to ball rubbing. Cut to his sweating face. Cut to girl; cut to face; cut to trousers; cut to girl; cut to trousers; cut to girl licking her lips.*

*Cut back to bowler as he starts his run in slow motion. Cut to batsman who is naked except for footwear, pads and cap. Close up of bowler running. He runs over a couple making love in the nude. Mounting music. Cut back to the bowler, as he releases ball.*

*Cut to the ball smashing into stumps, shot from three different angles. The music crescendos as the bowler turns, and appeals to the umpire. Silence. Three quick, successively closer shots of the umpire.*

*The umpire turns into a cardinal who produces a cross and holds it up like a dismissal sign, laughing mockingly.*

*Cut to a vociferous group of cricketers in a TV studio. They are all in pads and white flannels. Above them is a sign saying 'BACKCHAT'. They are on staggered rostra as in 'Talk-back'. Facing them is Pier Paolo Pasolini.*

## First Cricketer (Graham)

Aye, I mean there's lots of people making love, but there's no mention of Geoff Boycott's average.

**Pasolini** (John)  
*(Italian accent)* Who is-a Geoff Boycott?

*CAPTION: Pier Paolo Pasolini*

**Second Cricketer** (Michael)  
And in t'film, we get Fred Titmus...

**Pasolini**

Si, Titmus, si, si ...

*CAPTION: Yorkshire*

## **Second Cricketer**

... the symbol of man's regeneration through radical Marxism ... fair enough ... but, but we never once get a chance to see him turn his off-breaks on that Brisbane sticky.

## **Third Character** (Eric)

Aye, and what were all that dancing through Ray Illingworth's innings? Forty-seven not out and the bird comes up and feeds him some grapes!

*General cricketorial condemnation. We pull back to show that it is on a television set in an ordinary sitting room.*

[Link to next sketch...in TV Series](#)

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# New Brain from Curry's

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 39

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## The sketch:

*Two pepperpots are watching the television. They are both called Mrs Zambesi.*

**First Zambesi** (Graham)  
What's on the other side?

*The second Mrs Zambesi gets up and switches channels.*

**Dickie Attenborough** (Eric)  
*(unseen, on the television)* Nobody could be prouder than...

**Second Zambesi** (Terry J.)  
Ugh! *(she switches the set off)*

**First Zambesi**

Um, shall we go down and give blood?

## **Second Zambesi**

Oh, I don't want a great bat flapping round my neck.



## **First Zambesi**

They don't do it like that! They take it from your arm!

## **Second Zambesi**

I can't give it. I caught swamp fever in the Tropics.

## **First Zambesi**

You've never even been to the Tropics. You've never been south of Sidcup.

**Second Zambesi**

You can catch it off lampposts.

**First Zambesi**  
Catch what?

## Second Zambesi

I don't know, I'm all confused.

## **First Zambesi**

You ought to go and see a psychiatrist. You're a loony. You might even need a new brain.

## **Second Zambesi**

Oh, I couldn't afford a whole new brain.



**First Zambesi**

Well, you could get one of those Curry's brains.

**Second Zambesi**

How much are they?

## **First Zambesi**

*(picking up a catalogue)* I don't know. I'll have a look in the catalogue. Here we are.  
*(she thumbs through it)* Battery lights, dynamo lights, rear lights, brains -- here we are...

**Second Zambesi**

I'm still confused.

## **First Zambesi**

Oh, there's a nice one here, thirteen-and-six, it's one of Curry's own brains.

*CAPTION: Old sketch written before decimalisation*

## Second Zambesi

That one looks nice, what's that?

**First Zambesi**

That's a mudguard!

**Second Zambesi**

It's only eight bob.



## First Zambesi

Aw, I think it's worth the extra five bob for the brain. I'll give them a ring. *(she goes to the phone and dials one number)* Hello, Curry's? I'd like to try one of your thirteen-and-sixpenny brains please. Yes... yes... yes, ye... um... *(looks at her shoe)* five-and-a-half... yes... thank you. *(replaces phone)* They're sending someone round. *(there is a knock at the door)*

**Second Zambesi**

Oh, that was quick. Come in.

*A man puts his head round the door. He is wearing a hat with a label attached, and speaks in a nasal voice.*

**Man** (John)

Er, hello Mr and Mrs and Mrs Zambesi?

**First Zambesi**

Yes, that's right. Are you the man from Curry's?

**Man**

No, I've just come to say that he's on his way. Would you sign this please.

*He hands a bare leg severed from the knee downwards round the door.*

**First Zambesi**

Oh, certainly. (*she goes across to the man*)

**Man**

Thank you very much.

## **First Zambesi**

*(she takes the pen from him but drops it) Ooh! (she picks it up and signs the leg)*

**Man**

Thank you. Sorry to bother you.



**First Zambesi**

Thank you.

**Man**

Thank you.

**First Zambesi**

Thank you.

*The man goes. A knock at the door and he reappears.*

**Man**

Um, he's just coming now.

**First Zambesi**

Thank you.

*Another knock at the door*

**Second Zambesi**

Come in!

**Man**

Here he is.

*The door opens and a dummy salesman is flung in, carrying a briefcase. He flops down on to the floor. The door shuts. The two pepperpots lean over and look at him for some time.*



**First Zambesi**

Hello ... hello ...

## **Second Zambesi**

*(picking up the dummy)* That's not a proper salesman. *(she throws it down)* I'm not buying one from him, he doesn't give you confidence.

## First Zambesi

He doesn't give me any confidence at all -- he's obviously a dummy. I'll ring Curry's. *(she just picks up the phone without dialling this time)* Hello, Curry's -- that salesman you sent round is obviously a dummy... Oh, thank you very much. *(she puts the phone down)* They're sending round a real one. *(a knock on the door)*

**Second Zambesi**

Come in.

**Salesman** (Michael)

Good morning -- Mr and Mrs and Mrs Zambesi?

**Second Zambesi**

Yes, that's right.

**First Zambesi**

Yes, that's right ... (*out of the side of the mouth in a man's voice*) Yes that's right.

**Salesman**

*(to dummy)* All right, Rutherford, I'll take over.

*He opens a box and produces a device about the size of a small teapot with various gadgets and wires on it.*

**Second Zambesi**

Oh, that's nice.



**Salesman**

Yes, we sell a lot of these. Right, shall we try a fitting?

## **Second Zambesi**

Oh, do I have to have an operation?

*He starts to put it on her head.*

**Salesman**

No, madam, you just strap it on.

## Second Zambesi

Doesn't it go inside my head?

**Salesman**

Not the Roadster, madam, no. You're thinking of the Brainette Major.

**Second Zambesi**

How much is that?

**Salesman**

Forty-for-and-six.

*CAPTION: 44/6d = £2.22½p*

**Second Zambesi**

Oh no, it's not worth it.



**Salesman**

Not with the Curry's surgery we use, no, madam. (*he gets out some tools*) Now then. The best bet is the Bertrand Russell Super Silver. That's a real beauty -- 250 quid plus hospital treatment.

**First Zambesi**

Oooh, that's a lot.

**Salesman**

It's colour. Right. *(he begins to twiddle a few knobs; lights flash on occasionally as he does this)* One, two, three, testing, testing.

**Second Zambesi**

Mince pie for me, please.

**First Zambesi**

What did she say that for?

**Salesman**

Quiet please. It's not adjusted yet. *(he makes more adjustments)*

## **Second Zambesi**

Oh, I am enjoying this rickshaw ride. I've been a Tory all my life, my life, my life.  
Good morning Mr Presley. How well you look, you look very well ... our cruising  
speed is 610 miles per hour ... well, well well porridge ... well, well, well, well,  
hello, hello dear ... hello dear!

**Salesman**

Right, one, two, three ... *(the salesman adjusts a switch)*



## Second Zambesi

... eight, seven, (*he adjusts another switch*) four.

**First Zambesi**

Oh, she never knew that before.

**Salesman**

Quiet please. Mrs Zambesi, who wrote the theory of relativity?

**First Zambesi**

I know! I know.

**Salesman**

Quiet, please! (*he adjusts a tuning control*)

## Second Zambesi

Einstane ... Einstone ... Einsteen ... Einston ... Einstin ... Einsten ... Einstein.

**Salesman**  
Good.

**Second Zambesi**  
Noël Einstein.



**Salesman**

Right. That'll be 13/6d please.

**First Zambesi**

*(paying him with invisible money)* That's marvellous.

**Salesman**

She can take it off at night, unless she wants to read, of course. And don't ask her too many questions because it will get hot. If you do have any trouble here is my card. *(he reaches in his case and hands her the dismembered part of an arm)* Give us a ring - - give us a ring, and either myself, or Mr Rutherford, *(he picks the dummy up and drags it towards the door)* will come and see you. Goodbye.

## **First Zambesi**

Thank you very much.

*As soon as the door is shut, the man's head pops round.*

**Man**

Er, He's gone now.

*He withdraws head and shuts the door.*

**First Zambesi**

*(tentatively)* Er, shall we, er, go down and give blood?

## **Second Zambesi**

*(with slightly glazed eyes)* Yes, please Mr Roosevelt, but try and keep the noise to a minimum.

**First Zambesi**

I'll go and get your coat for you.



## **Second Zambesi**

I'm quite warm in this stick of celery, thank you, Senator Muskie.

*The pepperpots appear out of their gate and walk down the street. We follow them closely.*

## **Second Zambesi**

*(to neighbour)* Stapling machine, Mr Clarke.

**First Zambesi**  
*(explaining)* New brain.

## **Second Zambesi**

Stapling machine, Mrs Worrall.

*Into shot comes a pepperpot with identical brain strapped to head, who is washing her hedge with a scrubbing brush.*

## **Mrs Worrall (?)**

Stapling machine, Mrs Zambesi.

*They walk on passing a bus stop at which a penguin is standing reading a paper. One or two unexploded Scotsmen lie on the ground at various places.*

**First Zambesi**

Are you sure that's working all right?

## **Second Zambesi**

Yes, thank you dear. It's marvellous. I think we can win one or two of the early primaries, we could split the urban Republican vote wide open.

## **First Zambesi**

Well, here we are then.

*They go into a door marked 'Blood Donors'.*

## Second Zambesi

Well being President of the United States is something that I shall have to think about.

[Continued in Blood Donor](#)

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# Blood Donor

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show -Series three, [Episode 39](#)

---

## The sketch:

Continued from [New Brain from Curry's](#)

*They walk through and out of shot. A hospital lobby. A line of people are being ushered through. A sign says 'Blood Donors' with an arrow in the direction they're all going. Mr Samson is in a white coat.*

### Samson

Blood donors that way, please.

### Donor

Oh thank you very much *(joins the line)*.

### Samson

Thank you. *(Grimshaw comes up to him and whispers in his ear, Samson looks at him, slightly surprised)* What? *(Grimshaw whispers again)* No. No, I'm sorry but no. *(Grimshaw whispers again)* No, you may not give urine instead of blood. *(Grimshaw whispers again)* No, well, I don't care if you want to. *(Grimshaw whispers again)* No. There is no such thing as a urine bank.

### Grimshaw

Please.

### Samson

No. We have no call for it. We've quite enough of it without volunteers coming in here donating it.

### Grimshaw

Just a specimen.

### Samson

No, we don't want a specimen. We either want your blood or nothing.

**Grimshaw**

I'll give you some blood if you'll give me...

**Samson**

What?

**Grimshaw**

A thing to do some urine in.

**Samson**

No, no, just go away please.

**Grimshaw**

Anyway, I don't want to give you any blood.

**Samson**

Fine, well you don't have to, you see, just go away.

**Grimshaw**

Can I give you some spit?

**Samson**

No.

**Grimshaw**

Sweat?

**Samson**

No.

**Grimshaw**

Earwax?

**Samson**

No, look, this is a blood bank - all we want is blood.

**Grimshaw**

All right, I'll give you some blood.

*He holds out a jar full of blood.*

**Samson**

Where did you get that?

**Grimshaw**

Today. It's today's.

**Samson**

What group is it?

**Grimshaw**

What groups are there?

**Samson**

There's A...

**Grimshaw**

It's A.

**Samson**

*(sniffing the blood)*

Wait a moment. It's mine. This blood is mine! What are you doing with it?

**Grimshaw**

I found it.

**Samson**

You *found* it? You stole it out of my body, didn't you?

**Grimshaw**

No.

## **Samson**

No wonder I'm feeling off-colour. *(he starts to drink the blood; Grimshaw grabs the bottle)* Give that back.

## **Grimshaw**

It's mine.

## **Samson**

It is not yours. You stole it.

## **Grimshaw**

Never.

## **Samson**

Give it back to me.

## **Grimshaw**

All right. But only if I can give urine.

## **Samson**

...Get in the queue.

Continued in [International Wife Swapping](#)

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# International Wife-Swapping

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 39

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## The sketch:

*Cut to John Rickman type person with hat which he raises. There are white rails behind him which might be a racecourse.*

**Rickman** (Michael)

Good afternoon and welcome to Wife-Swapping from Redcar. And the big news this morning that the British boy Boris Rogers has succeeded in swapping his nine-stone Welsh-born wife for a Ford Popular and a complete set of Dickens. Well now, I can see they're ready at the start and so let's go over now for the start of the 3.30.

*Cut to high shot of a street with about 10 houses on each side.*

**Rickman**

And first let's catch up with the latest news of the betting.

*CAPTION:*

*No. 12 Betty Parkinson 7/4 on fav*

*No. 27 Mrs E. Colyer 9/4*

*No. 14 Mrs Casey 4/1*

*5/1 bar*

**Voice Over** (Eric)

Number 12 Betty Parkinson 7 to 4 on favourite, number 27 Mrs Colyer 9 to 4, 5 to 1 bar those.

**Rickman**

And here's the starter Mrs Alec Marsh, *(she climbs onto a rostrum and fires a gun)* and they're off.

*One of the doors opens and a lady rushes across the street into another house. Other doors start opening up and down the street, with ladies criss-crossing out of each other's houses. About twenty seconds of this high activity.*

## **Rickman**

And Mrs Rogers is the first to show, there she goes into Mr Johnson's, and Mrs Johnson across to Mr Colyer, followed closely by Mrs Casey on the inside. Mrs Parkinson, number 12, going well there into Mr Webster's from the Co-op, Mrs Colyer's making ground fast after a poor start, she's out of Mr Casey's into Mr Parkinson's, she's a couple of lengths ahead of Mrs Johnson who's still not out of Mr Casey's. Mrs Penguin and at number 8 Mrs Colyer -- these two now at the head of the field from Mrs Brown, Mrs Atkins, Mrs Parkinson, Mrs Warner and Mrs Rudd -- all still at Mr Philips's. Mrs Penguin making the running now, challenged strongly by Mrs Casey, Mrs Casey coming very fast on the inside, it's going to be Mrs Casey coming from behind. Now she's making a break on the outside, Mrs Penguin running ... and at the line, it's Mrs Casey who's got it by a short head from Mrs Penguin in second place, Mrs Parkinson in third, Mrs Rudd, Mrs Colyer, Mrs Warner and there's Mrs Griffiths who's remained unwrapped.

*One lady is left in the middle of the road. Cut back to Rickman at the course railing.*



**Rickman**

Well, a very exciting race there, and I have with me now the man who owned and trained the winner, Mrs Casey -- Mr Casey. Well done, Jack.

**Mr Casey** (Terry J.)

Thank you, John.

**Rickman**

Well, were you at all surprised about this, Jack?

**Mr Casey**

No, not really, no she's been going very well in training, and at Doncaster last week, and I fancy her very strongly for the Cheltenham weekend.

**Rickman**

Well, thank you very much indeed, Jack. We must leave you now because it's time for the team event.

*Peter West type figure in a white DJ standing with five ladies in ball gowns and two gentlemen.*

*CAPTION: Come Wife-Swapping -- North West v the South East*

**Peter (Eric)**

Hello, and a very warm welcome from the Tower ballroom suite at Reading, where there's very little in it, they're neck and neck, crop and grummit, real rack and saddle, brick and bucket, horse and tooth, cap and thigh, arse over tip, they're absolutely birds of a feather, there's not a new pin in it, you couldn't get a melon between them. Well, now, everything rests on the formation event and here comes the North West with the Mambo. Maestro, take it away, please.

*Cut to two lines of ballroom dancers, ladies opposite gentlemen, sixteen altogether. The ladies are in nasty tulle, the gents in tails, with numbers on their backs. Mambo music starts its intro. At the back of the hall a large banner says 'Mecca Wife-Swapping'. The men bow and the ladies curtsy; each pair joins hands and they wait for a few bars. Then the two teams start grabbing each other and wrestling on the ground. A vast orgy breaks out as they roll all over the floor. Cut quickly to Frank Bough in the 'Grandstand' studio.*

**Frank Bough (Michael)**

And now it's time for Rugby League, and highlights of this afternoon's game between Keighley and Hull Kingston Rovers.

*Cut to a field where mud-caked rugby league players, one team in hooped shirts and the other in red, are getting ready for a scrum.*

*CAPTION: Keighley 2 Hull K.R. 23*

**Eddie Waring (Eric)**

(voice over) Well, good afternoon and as you can see, Hull Kingston Rovers are well in the lead, it's a scrum down on the twenty-five for Keighley, Tom Colyer with the put-in, Mrs Colyer to be put.

*The scrum has formed up, the scrum half has a dummy woman, small and light but real looking, tucked under his arm, while he steadies the scrum. He puts her into the scrum, and after a lot of kicking she is eventually heeled out.*

## **Eddie Waring**

And there goes his wife into the scrum. And Hull have got the heel against the head. Doing nicely with this scrum, some very good picking here. Warrington's picked her up, is he going to let her go, Wrigley's with him, grand lad is this.

*Mrs Colyer is picked up by the scrum half who makes a run with her. Handing off a strong tackle and dodging with her, he side steps and slips Mrs Colyer to a back who makes a run through and touches her down between the posts. They leave the lady dumped down between the posts and run to congratulate and hug each other.*

**Eddie Waring**

Well, that was right on the whistle, Rovers walkin' it there, winnin' easily by twenty-six points to two.

*Cut to Frank Bough again in the 'Grandstand' set.*

## **Frank Bough**

Just a reminder that on 'Match of the Day' tonight you can see highlights of two of this afternoon's big games: Mrs Robinson v Manchester United and Southampton v Mr Rogers, a rather unusual game that. And here's a late result... Coventry nil, Mr Johnson's Una three -- Coventry going down at home, there. Just a little reminder that the next sport you can see on BBC1 will be 9.20 on Wednesday night, when 'Wife Swapping with Coleman' comes live from my place. Till then, goodnight.

[Link to next sketch...in TV Series](#)

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# Credits of the Year

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 39](#)

---

## The sketch:

*Credits roll over four screens of naughty bedroom activity to the 'Grandstand' signature tune.*

### *CAPTION:*

*Grandstand*

*a BBC inside broadcast*

*conceived written and performed by*

*Michael Palin and Mrs. Cleese*

*Eric Idle and Mrs. Palin*

*John Cleese and Mrs. Jones*

*Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones and Mrs. Idle*

*Graham Chapman and Mr. Sherlock*

*also appearing*

*Carol Cleveland and Mr. and Mrs and Mrs. Zambesi*

*Caron Gardner and Mrs A.*

*make-up by Miss Gaffney and Mr. Last*

*costumes Hazel Pethig and Mr. Clarke*

*graphics by Bob Blagden and 'Naughty' Rosy*

*animations by*

*Terry Gilliam*

*Rabbi Colquhoun*

*film cameraman Alan Featherstone and Miss Weston*

*film editor Mr. Ray Millichope and his Orchestra*

*sound Richard Chubb and Mrs. Lighting*

*lighting Bill Bailey and Mr. Sound*

*choreography by Jean Clarke and an unnamed man in Esher*

*designed by Chris Thompson and Mrs. Armstrong-Jones*

*produced by Ian MacNaughton and 'Dickie'*

*a BBC TV and Mrs. Thames production*

*© BBC 1972*

[Link to next sketch...in TV Series](#)

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# Back to the 'Light Entertainment Awards'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 39

---

## The sketch:

*Pull out from screen to see that this is the screen in the awards set and Dickie is working a stirrup pump which pumps tears out from the side of his head via rather obvious tubes.*

### **Dickie** (Eric)

There they go, the credits of the year. Credits that you and the Society voted as the credits that brought the most credit to the Society. Sadly, the man who designed them cannot be with us tonight, as he is at home asleep, but we are going to wake him up and tell him the good news.

*We see a darkened bedroom. The light is suddenly switched on. We see two men in bed together.*

**Dickie**

Are you there in Bristol, Arthur Briggs...?

**Briggs** (Michael)

*(terrified)* Oh, my God! *(pulls a sheet over the other man )*

*Cut back to Dickie.*

**Dickie**

And now for the moment you've all been waiting for...

*CAPTION: The End*

**Dickie**

No, not that moment. Although that moment is not coming, in a moment. The moment I'm talking about is the moment when we present the award for the cast with the most awards award, and this year is no exception. Ladies and gentlemen will you join me and welcome please, the winners of this year's Mountbatten trophy, Showbusiness's highest accolade, the cast of the Dirty Vicar sketch.

*The cast enter to applause and stately music, shake hands in turn with the Dummy Princess Margaret and collect the award, shake hands with Dickie and then line up behind him.*

**Dickie**

Well, now let us see the performances which brought them this award. Let us see the Dirty Vicar Sketch.

[Link to next sketch... in TV Series](#)

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# The Dirty Vicar Sketch

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 39

---

## The sketch:

*Cut to two ladies taking tea in an Edwardian drawing room.*

**First Lady** (Carol)

have you seen Lady Windermere's new carriage, dear?

**Second Lady** (Caron Garden)

Absolutely enchanting!

**First Lady**

Isn't it!

*Chivers the butler enters.*

**Chivers** (Graham)

The new vicar to see you, m'lady.



**First Lady**

Ah, send him in, Chivers.

**Chivers**

Certainly, m'lady. *(he goes)*

*Enter a Swiss mountaineer in Tyrolean hat, lederhosen, haversack, icepick, etc. Followed by two men in evening dress. They look round and exit.*

**First Lady**

Now, how is your tea, dear? A little more water perhaps?

## **Second Lady**

Thank you. It is delightful as it is.

**Chivers**

The Reverend Ronald Simms, the Dirty Vicar of St Michael's ... ooh!

*Chivers is obviously goosed from behind by the Dirty Vicar.*

**Vicar** (Terry J.)

Cor, what a lovely bit of stuff. I'd like to get my fingers around those knockers.

*He pounces upon the second lady, throws her skirt over her head and pushes her over the back of the sofa, then rolls around on top of her.*



**First Lady**

How do you find the vicarage?

*The vicar stands up from behind the sofa, his shirt open and his hair awry; he reaches over and puts his hand down the first lady's front.*

**Vicar**

I like tits!

**First Lady**

Oh vicar! vicar!

*The vicar suddenly pulls back and looks around him as if in the horror of dawning realisation.*



**Vicar**

Oh my goodness. I do beg your pardon. How dreadful! The first day in my new parish, I completely ... so sorry!

**First Lady**

*(adjusting her dress)* Yes. Never mind, never mind. Chivers -- send Mary in with a new gown, will you?

*The second lady struggles to her feet from behind the couch, completely disheveled. Her own gown completely ripped open.*

**Chivers**

Certainly, m'lady.

**Vicar**

*(to the second lady)* I do beg your pardon ... I must sit down.

**First Lady**

As I was saying, how do you find the new vicarage?

*They take their seats on the couch.*

**Vicar**

Oh yes, certainly, yes indeed, I find the grounds delightful, and the servants most attentive and particularly the little serving maid with the great big knockers, and when she gets going...

*He throws himself on the hostess across the tea table, knocking it over and they disappear over the back of the hostess's chair. Grunts etc. Enter Dickie applauding. Also, we hear audience applause.*

**Dickie (Eric)**

Well, there we are, another year has been too soon alas ended and I think none more than myself can be happier at this time than I ... am.

*The cast of the sketch stand in a line at the back, looking awkward and smiling. Fade out.*

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# SERIES FOUR

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**FORTY-ONE - Titled: "Michael Ellis" and released on 7th November 1974**

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## **FORTY-FOUR - Titled: "Mr. Neutron" and released on 28th November 1974**

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## **FORTY-FIVE - Titled: "Party Political Broadcast" and released on 5th December 1974**

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# The Golden Age of Ballooning: Montgolfier Brothers

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 40

---

The cast:

**PLUMBER**

Michael Palin

**JACQUES**  
Eric Idle

**JOSEPH**

Terry Jones

**BUTLER**

Graham Chapman

**VOICE OVER**

Graham Chapman

## The sketch:

*(Animation of balloons ascending.)*

CAPTION: 'THE GOLDEN AGE OF BALLOONING'

CAPTION: 'THE BEGINNINGS'

*(Cut to a suburban bathroom. A plumber with a bag of tools open beside him is doing an elaborate repair on the toilet. He is in rather an awkward position.)*

**Plumber:** *(working away)* The Golden Age of Ballooning can be said to begin in 1783 ... when the Montgolfier brothers made their first ascent in a fire balloon. On the eve of that ... *(struggling with the work)* come on... come on... momentous ascent, the brothers took one last look at their craft, as it stood on the field of Annencay.

*(Pleasant elegant eighteenth-century music. Mix to a French small country-house inten'or. At the window Joseph and Jacques Montgolfier are looking out at their balloon. In the background a plumber is working. away at a bit of eighteenth-century French piping.)* **Jacques:** This is a great moment for us, Joseph.

**Joseph:** It is a great moment for France.

**Jacques:** Ah, oui!

**Joseph:** First ascent in a hot-air balloon, by the Montgolfier brothers - 1783 .. · I can see us now... just after Montesquieu and just before Mozart.

**Jacques:** I think I'll go and wash ...

**Joseph:** Good luck.

**Jacques:** Oh ... it's quite easy, really ... I just slap a little water on my face, then...

**Joseph:** No... good luck for tomorrow.

**Jacques:** Oh I see, yes. You too. Yours has been the work.

**Joseph:** Let us hope for a safe ascent... and don't use my flannel.

**Jacques:** You know, when you showed me the plans in Paris, I could not believe that we should be the first men who would fly.

**Joseph:** Yes ... it's wonderful.

**Jacques:** I am so excited I could hardly wash.



**Joseph:** Yes ... I too have had some difficulty washing these past few days.

**Jacques:** Still, what is washing when we are on the verge of a great scientific breakthrough?

**Joseph:** Jacques...

**Jacques:** Yes, Joseph...

**Joseph:** I have not been washing very thoroughly for many years now.

**Jacques:** What do you mean? You must have been washing your face?

**Joseph:** Oh yes, my face, I wash my face... but my legs... my stomach ... my chest, they're filthy.

**Jacques:** Well, I don't wash my stomach every day.

**Joseph:** *(with increasing self-remorse)* Ah, but you wash far more than me ... you are the cleaner of the Montgolfier brothers.

**Jacques:** This is nothing, Joseph...

*(A very formal butler enters.)*

**Buffer:** Monsieur Montgolfier..! A Mr Parfitt to see you, sir.

*(A head appears round the door and corrects the butler, in a very stage whisper.)*

**Mr Bartlett:** No, no... no... Bartlett! *(the head disappears again)*

**Buffer:** A Mr Barklit, to see you, sir.

**Mr Bartlett:** No! Bartlett with a 't'. *(the head disappears again)*

**Buffer:** *(with di'icul'y)* Barr ... at ... elett ... to see you, sir.

**Mr Bartlett:** Bartlett *(he disappears again)*

**Buffer:** Barkit...

**Mr Bartlett:** Bartlett!

**Buffer:** Baffle... Bartlett... A Mr Bartlett to see you, sir.

**Joseph:** I don't want to see anyone, O'Toole... tell him to go away.

**Buffer:** Thank you, sir. *(he exits)*

**Jacques:** Well, it's getting late. I must go and have a wash.

**Joseph:** What will you be washing?

**Jacques:** Oh ... just my face and neck ... perhaps my feet... and possibly ... but no ... no ... lock up the plans, Joseph... tomorrow they will make us the toast of France. 'The first ascent by the Montgolfier brothers in a balloon'. Just after Ballcock and just before Bang... what a position!

*(Some men have now entered the room, chosen a spot and are briskly but quietly setting up a screen and a projector, The projector is turned on and a film comes up on the screen together with triumphant music, applause and commentary. We zoom in to the screen. It shows an animation of two naled men boxing in a large tub of water.)* **Voice Over:** So, on June 7th, 1783, the Montgolfier brothers had a really good wash ... starting on his face and arms, Joseph Michael Montgolfier went on to scrub his torso, his legs and his naughty bits, before rinsing his whole body. That June night, he and his brother between them washed seventeen square feet of body area. They used a kilo and a half of catholic soap and nearly fourteen gallons of nice hot water. It was indeed an impressive sight.

*(Music crescendo.)*

CAPTION: 'THE END'

*(Picture of a balloon. Cut to BBC2 logo)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'THE GOLDEN AGE OF BALLOONING'.

**Voice Over:** Next week on 'The Golden Age of Ballooning', we examine the work of Girlsher and Coxwell, the English balloonists who ascended to a height of seven miles in 1862 without washing. There is also a book called 'The Golden Age of Ballooning' published by the BBC to coincide with the series. It's in an attractive hand-tooled binding, is priced L5 and failure to buy it will make you liable to a £50 fine or three months' imprisonment. There's also a record of someone reading the book of 'The Golden Age of Ballooning', a crochet-work bedspread with the words 'The Golden Age of Ballooning' on it, available from the BBC, price £18 (or five months' imprisonment) and there are matching toilet-seat covers and courtesy mats with illustrations of many of the baboons mentioned. Also available is a life-size model frog which croaks the words 'The Golden Age of Ballooning' and an attractive bakelite case for storing motorway construction plans in, made in the shape of a balloon. And now, another chance to see a repeat of this morning's re-run of last night's second showing of episode 'two of the award-winning series 'The Golden Age of Ballooning'.

*(ANIMATION: balloons ascending as before.)*

CAPTION: 'THE GOLDEN AGE OF BALLOONING'

CAPTION: 'EPISODE TWO: THE MONTGOLFIER BROTHERS IN LOVE'>

CAPTION: 'NOT WITH EACH OTHER, OBVIOUSLY'

*(Joseph Montgolfier's workshop. We see plans and drawing boards, and at one end of the room, Joseph's fiancée, Antoinette, in a pretty dress. She is hanging suspended in a harness horizontally, attached to a gas bag. In other words she is floating like the bottom half of an airship. Joseph is making calculations excitedly. Occasionally he goes over to her, takes a measurement and goes back to his desk to write it down.)* **Antoinette:** Oh Joseph, all you think about is baboons... all you talk about is balloons. Your beautiful house is fun of bits and pieces of balloons... your books are all about balloons... every time you sing a song, it is in some way obliquely connected with balloons... everything you eat has to have 'balloon' incorporated in the title... your dogs are canned 'balloonno'...

you tie balloons to your ankles in the evenings.

**Joseph:** I don't do that!

**Antoinette:** Well, no, you don't do that, but you do duck down and shout 'Hey! Balloons!' when there are none about. Your whole life is becoming obsessively balloonistic, you know. Why do I have to hang from this bloody gas bag all day? Don't I mean anything to you?

**Joseph:** *(busy measuring)* Oh ma chérie, you mean more to me than any heavier than air dirigible could ever...

**Antoinette:** Oh there you go again!

**Joseph:** Don't waggle!

*(Jacques enters.)*

**Jacques:** I've run your bath for you, Joseph. *(he sees Antoinette)* Oh... I'm so sorry, I didn't realize.

**Joseph:** It's all right, we've done the difficult bit.

**Jacques:** Well, don't forget we have our special guest coming this evening.

**Joseph:** Oh?

**Jacques:** Don't tell me you have forgotten already. The man who is giving us thousands of francs for our experiments.

**Joseph:** What man?

**Jacques:** Louis XIV!

**Joseph:** Isn't he dead?

**Jacques:** Evidently not...

**Joseph:** All right, I'll be round.

**Jacques:** Oh, and Joseph...

**Joseph:** Yes, Jacques?

**Jacques:** You will... wash... won't you?

**Joseph:** Yes, of course!

CAPTION: 'LATER THAT EVENING'

*(Continued...)*

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# The Golden Age of Balloning: Louis XIV

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 40

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The cast:

**JACQUES**  
Eric Idle

**JOSEPH**

Terry Jones

**BUTLER**

Graham Chapman



**LOUIS XIV**  
Michael Palin

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

**SIR DIVIDENDS**

Graham Chapman

**PRESENTER**  
Michael Palin

# LORD INTEREST

Eric Idle

---

## The sketch:

*(Sketch is a continuation of '[Montgolfier Brothers](#)' Sketch. Fade up on the Montgolfiers' sitting room. Jacques sits there rather nervously. The plumber is working away. The door opens and the butler appears.)* **Butler:** His Royal Majesty, Louis XIV of France.

*(Mr Bartlett's head pops in and whispers loudly to butler.)*

**Mr Bartlett:** And Mr Bartlett.

*(The butler pushes him aside. Fanfare. Enter Louis XIV and two tough-looking advisers. He is resplendent in state robes.)*

**Jacques:** Your Majesty. It's a great privilege. Welcome to our humble abode.

**Louis:** *(in very broad Glaswegian accent)* It's er... very nice to be here.

**Jacques:** *(calling)* O'Toole.

**Butler:** Sir?

**Jacques:** Claret for His Majesty please.

**Butler:** There's a Mr Bartlett outside again, sir.

**Jacques:** Not now, I can't see him, we have the King of France here.

**Butler:** Yes, sir.

*(He exits. Jacques and the king stand in rather embarrassed silence. Jacques eventually speaks.)*

**Jacques:** Your Majesty. You had a pleasant journey, I trust?

**Louis:** Yes... yes, oh definitely... yes... yes. Oh aye, aye.

*(Silence.)*

**Jacques:** You have come from Paris?

**Louis:** Where?

**Jacques:** From Paris... you have travelled from Paris?

**Louis:** Oh yes, we've come from Paris... yes... yes, yes, we've just come from... er... Paris... yes.

*(The butler comes back in.)*

**Butler:** Sir?

**Jacques:** Yes, O'Toole?

**Butler:** Which one is the claret, sir?

**Jacques:** The claret is in the decanter.

**Butler:** The wooden thing?

**Jacques:** No no... the glass thing... the glass decanter with the round glass stopper.

**Butler:** Oh yes, behind the door.

**Jacques:** No no... on the sideboard.

**Butler:** The sideboard?

**Jacques:** The sideboard... yes. Look... you go into the *salle a manger* ... the dining room, right? - and the sideboard is on your left, by the wall, beside the master's portrait.

**Butler:** Ah! Above the mirror, sir?

**Jacques:** No! No! The mirror is on the other side. It's opposite the mirror.

**Butler:** But that's the table, sir.

**Jacques:** No... you don't go as far as the table. You go into the room, right?... on your right is the door to the orangery, straight ahead of you is the door to the library, and to your left is the sideboard.

**Butler:** Ah, yes, I see, sir...

**Jacques:** And the claret is on top of the sideboard, to the left.

**Butler:** On the left.

**Jacques:** Yes...

**Butler:** As one looks at it, sir?

**Jacques:** Yes.

**Butler:** I see, sir, thank you. *(he turns to go)*

**Jacques:** O'Toole.

**Butler:** Yes, sir.

**Jacques:** Will you please tell Monsieur Joseph our guest is here.

**Butler:** Yes, sir.

*(He leaves. There is another embarrassed silence.)*

**Jacques:** I'm sorry about that, Your Majesty.

**Butler:** *(re-entering)* Apparently, sir, there is a plan to build a canal between the two Egyptian towns of..,

**Jacques:** Not now, O'Toole!

*(The butler exits. More silence.)*

**Louis:** Well... er... Mr Montgolfier... let's not beat around the bush ... my... dukes and I are very busy men. What we'd like to do is see the plans of your proposed balloon... if that's at all possible.

**Jacques:** Certainly, Your Majesty... I have them here ready prepared.

**Louis:** Oh, great .... hen... what we would like to do ... is er... to take them back wi'us for the Royal Archives of er...

**First Duke:** *(also Glaswegian)* France.

**Louis:** France, aye.

**Jacques:** Well, it is indeed a great honour Your Majesty, that I cannot refuse.

**Louis:** Right! OK! Let's get 'em.

*(He and his two dukes are suddenly galvanized into action. They are about to grab the plans when Joseph enters, clad only in a towel and rather silly bath hat.)*

**Joseph:** Just a moment!

**Jacques:** Joseph!

**Joseph:** *(indicating the king)* This man is not Louis XIV!

**Jacques:** Joseph Are you out of your mind!

**Joseph:** I've been looking it up in my bath. Louis XIV died in 1717. It's now 1783! Answer me that!

**Louis:** Did I say Louis XIV? Oh, sorry, I meant Louis XV... Louis XV.

**Joseph:** He died in 1774!

*(Louis, getting rather hot and angry, comes over to Joseph belligerently.)*

**Louis:** All right, Louis XVI!... listen to me, smart arse, when you're King of France,... you've got better things ,to do than go around all day remembering your bloody number.

*(Putting his face very close to Joseph's. He butts him sharply and viciously on the bridge of the nose with his forehead in the time-honoured Glaswegian way.)*

**Joseph:** Aaaaaarh!

*(He reels away, clutching his nose in agony. Louis approaches Jacques, equally belligerently.)*

**Louis:** Right! You want to argue about numbers?

**Jacques:** Er... no, no.

**Louis:** Right, well... lees get hold of the plans for the Royal Archives. We've got to get back to... er...

**First Duke:** Paris.

**Louis:** Paris by tonight so get a move on..

**Joseph:** Aaaargh! Ow! Oooooohh!

*(The butler reappears.)*

**Butler:** I got as far as the sideboard, sir...

*(Louis and his dukes grab the plans and push past the butler and across to an open window. There is a bit of a scuffle at the window as they are clambering out at the same time as two men in black with a projector and screen are clambering in.)*

**Joseph:** Stop them... oh! Ah... oooooohh!

**Butler:** *(to Jacques)* No news on the canal I'm afraid, sir, but apparently in India they're thinking of building a railway between the towns of Lahore...

**Joseph:** Stop... ow! Stop them, O'Toole for... oh! shit! God's sake... stop them, they've got the plans!  
*(he rushes to the window)*

*(By now the men in black have set up the screen. On the screen comes film of Louis and his men racing through the gardens away from the Montgolfier' s home.)*

**Voice Over:** Will Louis XVI get away with the Montgolfiers' precious plans? Is sixteen years of work to be stolen by this suspect sovereign? Is France really in the grip of a Glaswegian monarch? Watch next week's episode of 'The Golden Age of Ballooning'... Now!

*(Cut to animation titles as before. Music.)*

CAPTION: 'THE GOLDEN AGE OF BALLOONING'

CAPTION: 'EPISODE THREE: THE GREAT DAY FOR FRANCE'



*(Cut to a TV discussion in progress. An Urgent, impressive current affairs show called 'Derision '. Two opulent-looking men and a presenter.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'SIR CHARLES DIVIDENDS'

**Sir Dividends:** ... But now that the Government has collapsed ... and shown itself incapable of providing any son of unifying force, I feel we do need the stability and the breathing space that a military presence would provide.

**Presenter:** Lord Interest?

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'LORD INTEREST'

**Lord Interest:** Oh yes... I agree that the army should take over, but I think it should not interfere with the programme of street executions, which I feel have been the shot in the arm that the British economy so desperately needed.

*(As they drone on, the presenter turns away from them to talk softly into the camera.)*

**Presenter:** The Montgolfier brothers' plans did indeed turn up... six months later, and a long way from Paris, at the court of King George III of England.

*([Continued...](#))*



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# The Golden Age of Ballooning : George III

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 40

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The cast:



**GEORGE III**  
Graham Chapman

**LORD NORTH**  
Terry Jones

**LOUIS XIV**

Michael Palin

**DR. HAMER**

Terry Gilliam

**ANTOINETTE**  
Carol Cleveland

**JACQUES**  
Eric Idle



**JOSEPH**

Terry Jones

**FIRST VOICE OVER**

Michael Palin

## SECOND VOICE OVER

Graham Chapman

---

### The sketch:

*(Sketch is a continuation of "[Louis XIV](#)" Sketch. Cut to a throne room. George III is being read to by an adviser.)*

CAPTION: 'THE COURT OF GEORGE III, 1781'

**Reader:** ... Titty was very worried. Where could Mary be? He looked everywhere. Under the stones and behind the bushes... and Mr Squirrel helped him by looking up in the trees, and Mr Badger helped him by looking under the ground...

*(There is a knock on the door. George III looks up quickly. The reader, with obviously well practiced skill, shuts the book, slips it beneath another book which he opens and carries on reading.)*

**Reader:** ... and so, Your Majesty, we the Commons do herein crave and beseech that...

**George III:** Enter!

*(Lord North enters and bows briefly.)*

**Lord North:** Your Majesty... Louis XVIII is here!

**George III:** Who is Louis XVIII?

**Lord North:** The King of France, Your Majesty! This is a great moment to have, sir.

**George III:** There is no Louis XVIII.

*(We hear a Scottish voice outside the door. Lord North ducks his head out for a moment, then reappears.)*

**Lord North:** He craves Your Majesty's pardon. He has had a long journey here and miscounted... He is Louis XVII.

**George III:** Louis XVI is dead already?

*(A trace of worry crosses North's face. He goes outside the door again for a moment. Sounds of a slight argument between himself and the Glaswegians. Suddenly there is a yell of pain and Lord North reels in holding the bridge of his nose.)*

**Lord North:** Aaaaaaaaaaaghh! Oh my God! Oh... ah... oh Christ!

*(Louis strides in with the two dukes. They all wear tam o 'shanters.)*

**Louis:** *(to the reader)* Your Majesty, I am Louis XVI... Oh Christ... *(to George III)* Your Majesty... I am Louis XVI as you so rightly say, and I don't want to muck about. I have a wee proposition which could make the name of George IV the most respected in Europe...

**George III:** George III

**Louis:** George III Sorry. Where can we talk?

**Lord North:** OH God! ... did you see that?... Oh!... aaaargh! Oh dear! *(he is in great pain still and clutching his nose)*

**George III:** We shall have a state banquet at St James' Palace!

**Louis:** Noi look, I can't hang about. It's take it or leave... we got to get back to... er...

**First Duke:** Paris.

**Louis:** Paris, by tonight...

**George III:** Must you leave us, Louis?

**Louis:** I'd rather just sell the plans and nip off, Georgie boy.

**George III:** All right... we will buy the plans... if you will undertake to disengage your troops in America.

**Louis:** Do what?

**George III:** And, I shall give you £10,000 for the plans...

**Louis:** Ten thousand pounds! Right, well, we'll disengage the, urn, you know... like you said - we'll disengage 'em... tell you what, hen, I'll put a duke on to it... OK? Right!

**Lord North:** *(still clutching his nose)* That's the worst thing you can do to anybody.

**Louis:** You asked for it, sonny.

**Lord North:** You could have broken my bloody nose!

**George III:** North! Please!

**Lord North:** You saw it! It was right on the bone.

**George III:** North! Will you send for the Duke of Portland ... we have a financial matter to discuss.

**Lord North:** Well, it really hurt.

**Louis:** No, look, I think it's better if you give the money to us. We're going back. We've got a bag.

**George III:** No, no... don't worry, Louis. We shall talk to your Monsieur Necker.

**Louis:** Ah! Well, actually, we'd rather you didn't... we've been having a wee bit of trouble with him... you know what I mean?

**George III:** Monsieur Necker? The man who introduced so many valuable reforms and who proved so popular despite his opposition to Mirabeau's policy of issuing 'assignats'?

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'THIS SPEECH HAS BEEN VERIFIED BY ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA'

**Louis:** Er... aye, yeah... the trouble is he's been drinking a bit recently ... you' know, fourteen lagers with his breakfast... that sort of thing.

**George III:** Well... very well, Louis...

*(The door flies open and there is Joseph Montgolfier, still clad only in towel and silly bath hat.)*

**Joseph:** Just a moment!

**Louis:** Oh, Christ!

**George III:** What are you doing?

**Joseph:** I am Joseph Montgolfier, the inventor of the fire balloon. The man before you is an impostor!

**George III:** Ooh! I am not ... honestly!

**Joseph:** No, not you, Your Majesty *(he points at Louis)* This man -- this Louis, the so-called King of France man. Which number did you give this time - Louis the 23rd?

**Louis:** I got it right!

**Joseph:** I bet you took a few guesses.

**Louis:** Listen, you spotty sassenach pillock..

**Dr Hamer:** *(not a doctor but a period butler)* Your Maiesty! The Ronettes are here.

**Bartlett:** And Mr Bartlett.

*(Three black ladies wearing modern showbiz costumes come in and sing 'George III' song. Two men come in and set up a screen as before.)*

**The Ronettes:** *(singing)* George III ... etc .... etc ....

**George III:** Oh dear, I'm not supposed to go mad till 1800!

*(Louis, arguing violently with the butler, butts him. Music comes up and the sound fades on this strange scene. George III falls to the floor and waggles his legs around in the air. Zoom in as the*

*men in black take cover off the caption.)*

CAPTION: 'MEANWHILE, IN FRANCE...'

*(Cut to drawing more in the Montgolfiers' house. Jacques is at a table working on some drawings. Behind him Antoinette paces the room nervously. She is still wearing her harness, but it is no longer attached to the gas balloon. In a corner of the room a plumber is still mending the elaborate plumbing.)* **Antoinette:** Joseph has been gone for six months now ... we have heard nothing!

**Jacques:** He can look after himself.

**Antoinette:** But he had only on a towel, you know.

*(Jacques takes off his false ears and walks over to Antoinette.)*

**Jacques:** Antoinette... from now on there is only one Montgolfier brother.

**Antoinette:** But Louis XIV has the plans... you must wait until Joseph returns.

**Jacques:** *(casually loosening her harness)* The plans are here, cherie. *(he indicates the desk where he has been working)* Let me put my tongue in your mouth.

**Antoinette:** What do you mean?

**Jacques:** We're supposed to be French, aren't we?

**Antoinette:** No, I mean what are the plans which Joseph after is chasing?

**Jacques:** Please, let me put it in a little way.

**Antoinette:** Oh, Jacques, ze plans!

**Jacques:** I take it out if you don't like it.

*(He chases her a bit with his tongue out. Antoinette is about to react rather violently one way or the other, when her dramatic moment is cut short by the entrance of O'Toole the butler.)*

**Butler:** Are you sure the claret was on the left of the sideboard, sir?

**Jacques:** Yes, O'Toole, it's always been there.

**Butler:** Well I'll look for one more month, sir. *(he turns and goes out; Jacques eyes Antoinette lasciviously and is about to try and make contact in the French way when the butler returns)* By the way sir, Mr Bartlett has gone, sir. He said he couldn't wait any longer.

**Jacques:** Thank you, O'Toole...

**Butler:** Not at all, sir... I've enjoyed being in it...

**Jacques:** *(impatiently)* Right!

**Butler:** Thank you, sir... mam'selle.

*(He exits. Tremendous applause. He reappears, takes a bow and leaves again. Jacques and Antoinette look nonplussed. He reappears. Terrific applause. He gestures for them to quieten down. Eventually there is silence.)*

**Butler:** By the way, sir, Mr Bartlett has gone, sir. *(tremendous applause)* He said he couldn't wait any longer, sir.

*(Incredible volume of laughter here brings the house down. The rest of the scene is pandemonium with laughter developing into prolonged applause.)*

**Jacques:** Thank you, O'Toole.

**Butler:** Not at all, sir ... I've enjoyed being in it.

**Jacques:** Right!

**Butler:** Thank you, sir ... mam'selle.

**Audience:** More! More! More! etc .... etc .... etc ....

*(Crescendo of applause. Over shouts of more! More! Superimposed Python credits. The butler is showered with flowers. Fans come on and congratulate him. A BBC security man restrains them. Other members of the cast appear and shake hands, and stand in a row behind, applauding. A dear old middle-aged lady comes in and stands beside him, weeping proudly.)* **1st Voice Over:** George III was arranged and composed by Nell Innes. He is available from the BBC price £4 or eight months' imprisonment.

*(The credits end. Cut to BBC world symbol.)*

**2nd Voice Over:** That was episode three of 'The Golden Age of Ballooning'. May I remind you that there's still time to get your 'Golden Age of Ballooning' suppositories direct from the BBC, price £4.50, or £19 for a set of six. Well, in a moment the BBC will be closing down for the night, but first, here is a [Party Political Broadcast on behalf of the Norwegian Party](#).



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# Norwegian Party Political Broadcast

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 40

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The cast:



**NORWEGIAN**  
Eric Idle

## VOICE OVER

Graham Chapman

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### The sketch:

*(A very straight Norwegian in light blue suit and tie. He speaks earnestly in Norwegian. Ad-libbed, on the lines of the following.)*

**Norwegian:** Ik tvika nasai...

SUBTITLE: 'GOOD EVENING'

**Norwegian:** . . . Stivianka sobjiord ki niyanska ik takka Norge weginda zokiy yniyet...

SUBTITLE; YOU MAY THINK IT STRANGE THAT WE SHOULD BE ASKING YOU TO VOTE NORWEGIAN AT THE NEXT ELECTION'

**Norwegian:** ... Ik vietta nogiunda sti jibiora...

SUBTITLE: 'BUT CONSIDER THE ADVANTAGES'

**Norwegian:** In Norge we hatta svinska offikiose buinni a gogik in Europa.

' SUBTITLE: 'IN NORWAY, WE HAVE ONE OF THE HIGHEST PER CAPITA INCOME RATES IN EUROPE'

**Norwegian:** Sti glikka in Norge tijik dinstianna gildoosi stiiioska kary.

SUBTITLE: 'WE HAVE AN INDUSTRIAL RE-INVESTMENT RATE OF 14%

**Norwegian:** E in Norge we haua siddinkarvo dikinik chaila osto tykka hennakska.

SUBTITLE: 'AND GIRLS WITH MASSIVE KNOCKERS!'

**Norwegian:** Gikkiaski ungurden kola bijiusti stonosse.

SUBTITLE; 'HONESTLY' THEY'LL DO ANYTHING FOR YOU'

**Norwegian:** Hijiasgo biundenen ki yikilpa stivvora niski ofidae.

SUBTITLE: 'THEY'LL GO THROUGH THE CARD'

**Norwegian:** E stavaskija, E stonioska.

SUBTITLE'. 'YOU NAME IT' THEY KNOW IT'

**Norwegian:** Stingtic oloshoyert okka in Trondheim khi oyplitz...

SUBTITLE: 'THERE'S ONE IN TRONDHEIM WHO CAN PUT HER . . . '

*(Blackout.)*

CAPTION: 'PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST ON BEHALF OF THE NORWEGIAN PARTY'

**Voice Over:** Highlights of that broadcast will be discussed later by Lord George-Brown, ex-Foreign Secretary, Mr Sven Olafson, the ex-Norwegian Minster of Finance, Sir Charles Ollendorff, ex-Chairman of the Norwegian Trades Council, Mr Hamish McLavell, the Mayor of Wick, the nearest large town to Norway, Mrs Betty Norday, whose name sounds remarkably like Norway, Mr Brian

Waynor, whose name is an anagram of Norway, Mr and Mrs Ford, whose name sounds like Fjord, of which there are a lot in Norway, Ron and Christine Boslo (*Balloons ascending. The montage with music as we continue with ['The Golden Age of Ballooning : Zeppelin'](#)*)

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# The Golden Age of Ballooning : Zepplin

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 40](#)

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**The cast:**

**FIRST VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

**VON BULOW**

Michael Palin

VON ZEPPELIN

Graham Chapman

**TIRPITZ**  
Terry Jones



**HELMUT**

Michael Palin

**HOLLWEG**

Eric Idle

**MRS. HELMUT**

Terry Jones

**SECOND VOICE OVER**  
Graham Chapman

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**The sketch:**

CAPTION: 'THE GOLDEN AGE OF BALLOONING'

CAPTION: 'EPISODE SIX: FERDINAND VON ZEPPELIN - PIONEER OF THE AIRSHIP'

*(Cut to photo of family, group.)*

**1st Voice Over:** Ferdinand von Zeppelin was born in Constance in 1838, the brother of Barry Zeppelin, the least talented of the fourteen Zeppelin brothers.

*(Black and white film of Barry blowing up balloons of increasing size. They all sink to the ground. The last one blows back and inflates him (specially made balloon); he rises into the air. Cut to stock film of a zeppelin.)*

**1st Voice Over:** Meanwhile for Ferdinand von Zeppelin, the year 1908 was a year of triumph.

*(Cut to interior of a zeppelin. A party. Expensively dressed guests. Champagne. A palm court orchestra playing. Some guests looking out of the windows in wonderment.)*

**Von Bulow:** *(approaching Zeppelin)* Herr Zeppelin - it's wonderful! It's put ballooning right back on the map.

*(Zeppelin goes instantly berserk with anger.)*

**Zeppelin:** It's not a balloon! D'you hear?... It's not a balloon ... It's an airship ... an airship ... d'you hear?

*(He hits him very hard on the top of the head with the underside of his fist.)*

**Von Bulow:** Well, it's very nice anyway.

**Tirpitz:** *(to Zeppelin)* Tell me, what is the principle of these balloons?

**Zeppelin:** It's not a balloon! You stupid little thick-headed Saxon git! It's not a balloon! Balloons is for kiddy-winkies. If you want to play with balloons, get outside.

*(Drags Tirpitz over to the door, opens it and flings him out into the clouds.)*

**Tirpitz:** Aaaaaaaaaghhh!

*(Cut to an old German couple in a cottage. The man is reading from a big book, the lady is knitting. The man is in underpants. There are a pair of lederhosen drying in front of the fire.)*

**Helmut:** *(reading)* Yorkshire ... pudding. A type of thick pancake, eaten with large ...

*(Roof splitting noise. A thump and the house shakes. They both look up. Cut back to the airship. The party is still going on.)*

**Hollweg:** I hear you are to name the balloon after Bismarck?

**Zeppelin:** *(flying into hysterical rage)* Bismarck? Of course I'm not calling it after Bismarck. It's a zeppelin. It's nothing to do with bloody Bismarck!

**Hollweg:** Surely he gave you some money for it?

**Zeppelin:** Get outside!

*(He opens the door and flings Hollweg out. Cut back to the old couple in the cottage.)*

**Helmut:** Za... bag... lione... a sort of cream mouse... mousse of Italian origin...

*(Roof splintering noise. A thump and the house shakes. Cut back to the airship. A little cluster of people round the door. The party is still going on but there is a little tension in the atmosphere.)*

**Von Bulow:** Ferdinand... that was a Minister of State you just threw out of the balloon.

**Zeppelin:** It's not a balloon! It's an airship!

**Von Bulow:** All right, I'm sorry.

**Zeppelin:** All right - go and have a look! *(he throws the protesting Von Bulow out)* And you!

*(Animation of several men being thrown from airship.)*

**Helmut:** Zu... cchin... ni ... Italian... ma... flows... *(splintering crash, thump, the home shakes)* Zingara... A garnish of finely chopped ... or shredded lean ham ... *(splintering crash, thump, the house shakes)* ... tongue ... *(another splintering crash, thump, the house shakes)* ... mushrooms and truffles. *(same again)* ... Zakuski. A Russian ... hors d'oeuvre ... *(a very loud splintering crash, thump and the house shudders; Mrs Halrout stops knitting and crosses the room to the door and into the next room, where the sounds are coming from)* With tiny pieces of sliced...

**Mrs Helmut:** *(looking in the other room)* Oh, look! It's the Chancellor!

*(Helmut's hand immediately goes to his tie. He half makes to rise.)*

**Helmut:** What? Prince Von Bulow? Here?

**Mrs Helmut:** Ja!

**Helmut:** Coming here?

**Mrs Helmut:** No - he is here.

**Helmut:** *(jumping to his feet)* Oh, I must go and put my old uniform on.

**Mrs Helmut:** He won't notice, Helmut. He's dead.

**Helmut:** Dead? Here?

**Mrs Helmut:** Ja. In our sitting room.

**Helmut:** This is our sitting room, dear.

**Mrs Helmut:** well, you know what I mean.

**Helmut:** *(waving his finger at her)* The drawing room!

**Mrs Helmut:** Yes ... but it's a kind of sitting room.

**Helmut:** *(doubtfully)* Well...

**Mrs Helmut:** Look!

*(She opens the door wider to reveal heap of about ten bodies in the other room. There is dust rising from them and a big hole in the ceiling. Helmut goes to the door.)*

**Helmut:** Which one is Von Bulow?

*(They walk round the pile. Mrs Helmut looks at a few bodies and then points.)*

**Mrs Helmut:** Here ... look!

**Helmut:** Oh, ja ... and Admiral Tirpitz!

*(They are both momentarily overawed.)*

**Mrs Helmut:** Ja.

**Helmut:** And Von Muller... and Herr Reichner... and Hollweg and Von Graunberg...

**Mrs Helmut:** That isn't Graunberg - that's Graunberg... das ist Moltke...

*(She lifts the body's head up by the hair as it's facing down.)*

**Helmut:** He's a lot older than I thought.

**Mrs Helmut:** He's a clever man, ja.

**Helmut:** ... and Zimmermann ... and Kimpfe...

**Mrs Helmut:** What shall we do, Helmut?

**Helmut:** We must ring the Government.

**Mrs Helmut:** This is the Government, Helmut.

**Helmut:** Oh dear.

**Mrs Helmut:** It is a great honour to have so many members of the Government dead in our sitting room.

**Helmut:** Drawing room.

**Mrs Helmut:** Ja, well...

**Helmut:** There are no members of the Government dead in our sitting room.

**Mrs Helmut:** Ja, you know what I mean.

**Helmut:** Perhaps I should make a little speech or something?

**Mrs Helmut:** Not a speech, Helmut no...

**Helmut:** Shall we make them a cup of tea?

**Mrs Helmut:** It would be a waste of tea.

**Helmut:** But we must do something - so many important people in our drawing room - we must do something.

*(They think for a little while.)*

**Mrs Helmut:** We could sort them out.

**Helmut:** And make a litde list.

**Mrs Helmut:** Ja, ja. We could put the ministers for internal affairs over against the wall, and those for foreign here by the clock.

**Helmut:** And we can sort them out alphabetically?

**Mrs Helmut:** Nein, nein - just put the cleanest by the door.

**Helmut:** Ja.

*(They start to hump the corpses around. Helmut starts to hump Von Bulow towards the clock.)*

**Mrs Helmut:** No, no! That's Von Bulow! He must go over here.

**Helmut:** That is my reading chair.

**Mrs Helmut:** He is the Reich Chancellor of Germany, Helmut.

*(Helmut starts to take him towards the reading chair.)*

**Helmut:** All right ... but I think he would have been better up against the clock, you know.

**Mrs Helmut:** No, he would not look nice under the clock.

**Helmut:** I did not say under the clock. I said against the clock.

**Mrs Helmut:** Well then we could not see the clock!

**Helmut:** We could put the Minister for Colonies under the clock. He's small.

**Mrs Helmut:** No. Colonies are internal affairs. He must go against the wall. *(Helmut lifts up the head of another corpse)* Education!

*(Helmut starts to drag him over to the wall.)*

**Helmut:** Soon we shall be able to make a list.

**Mrs Helmut:** Ja, is, wait a minute! ... Who's that by the cat litter?

**Helmut:** I don't know. I've never seen him before.

**Mrs Helmut:** He is not a member of the Government. Get him out of here. Put him in the drawing room.

**Helmut:** He's in the drawing room, my dear.

**Mrs Helmut:** Ja, well you know what I mean.

**Helmut:** Put him in the sitting room.

**Mrs Helmut:** Ja, in, the sittng room, it's all the same.

**Helmut:** You can put him in the sitting room if he's in the drawing room.

*(Cut to stock film of the zeppelin.)*

**1st Voice Over:** Count Ferdinand Von Zeppelin's behaviour on that flight in 1900 had incredible, far-reaching consequences, for one of the falling Ministers *(cut to an old Edwardian photo of a German minister)* the talented Herr Von Maintlitz, architect of the new Geman expansionist farm policy, fell on top of an old lady *(old Edwardian photo of an elderly lady)* in Nimwegen, killing her outright. Her daughter, Alice *(old Edwardian photo of attractive young girl in the nude)* suffered severe cerebral damage from the talented minister's *(picture of Maintlitz again)* heavy briefcase *(Edwardian photo of a brief case)* but was nursed back to life *(another Edwardinn erotic postcard)* by an English doctor, Henderson. *(a Muybridge photo of a nude man)* Eventually, they married *(Edwardian nude couple)* and their eldest son, George Henderson ... *(1930s nude man)* was the father of Mike Henderson... *(health and efficiency nudist camp group photo; a figure at the back is arrowed)* producer and director of 'The Golden Age of Ballooning'.

*(ANIMATION: balloons as before.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'GOLDEN AGE OF BALLOONING'

*(Pointed surgical instruments fly on in formation and puncture the balloons.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: THE GOLDEN YEARS OF COLONIC IRRIGATION'

*(Cut to black.)*

**2nd Voice Over:** Mr and Mrs Rita Trondheim; Reginald Bo-sankway, who would be next to Norway in a rhyming dictionary, if it included proper names, and if he pronounced his name like that.

*(Cut to a Victorian couple in the countyside.)*

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'THE MILL ON THE FLOSS'

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'PART I: BALLOONING'

*(The couple rise slowly in the air. Fade out.)*



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# Department Store

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 42

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The cast:

**DOORMAN**  
Michael Palin

**LADY**

Terry Jones

**CHRIS QUINN**  
Eric Idle

**LADY**

Carol Cleveland

## The sketch:

*(Animated titles.)*

CAPTION: 'THE END'

*(Roll credits.)*

*Establishing shot of large Harrods-type store. Outside limousines and taxis are disgorging very rich customers. Small doormen in enormously large coats opening doors of cars. A man with his nose bandaged comes out of the store. One large car pulls softly up to the kerb, and as small doorman opens its door, an enormously opulent lady in furs gets out. The doorman holds the door open. She knees him in the groin and walks on into the store. Chris Quinn arrives on a bicycle. He parks the bicycle against the kerb (the doorman flings it into the road) and goes into the outer hall of the store. He passes a couple leaving who also have noses bandaged. A gaggle of customers, mostly pepperpots, rush out. A very eager pepperpot lady shopper, going the other way, rushes between the two and bangs into a set of glass doors which have closed behind the gaggle. She cries out with pain clutching her nose and is escorted away by a large, coated attendant. Chris Quinn looks up at the list on the wall. It reads:)* BASEMENT: DANGEROUS GASES, VIRUSES, CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, RESTAURANT AND TOILET FIXINGS.

GROUND FLOOR: MENSWEAR, BOYSWEAR, EFFEMINATE GOODS HALL, ILL HEALTH FOODS.

MEZZANINE: TABLEWARE, KITCHEN GOODS, SOFT FURNISHINGS, HARD FURNISHINGS, ROCK-HARD FURNISHINGS.

FIRST FLOOR: COMPLAINTS.

SECOND FLOOR: COSMETICS, JEWELLERY, ELECTRICAL, SATIRE.

THIRD FLOOR: NASAL INJURIES HALL, OTHER THINGS.

FOURTH FLOOR: GRANITE HALL - ROCKS, SHALES, ALLUVIAL DEPOSITS, FELSPAR, CARPATHIANS, ANDES, URALS, MINING REQUISITES, ATOM-SPLITTING SERVICE.

FIFTH FLOOR: COMPLAINTS.

SIXTH FLOOR: COMPLAINTS.

SEVENTH FLOOR: COMPLAINTS.

EIGHTH FLOOR: ROOF GARDEN.

NINTH FLOOR: TELEVISION AERIALS.

TENTH FLOOR: FRESH AIR, CLOUDS, OCCASIONAL PERIODS OF SUNSHINE.

*(Quinn, knowing that there are doors, goes forward more cautiously and enters. The banging of noses on glass doors is a constant background theme. Cut to the gift department. A large lady is standing by counter holding a large cylinder, with a rose attachment.)* **Lady:** Yes this looks the sort of thing. May I just try it?

**Assistant:** Certainly, madam.

*(The lady presses button and a sheet of flame shoots out across the hall)*

**Lady:** Oh! Sorry! So sorry! *(she is happy though)* Yes that's fine.

**Assistant:** Is that on account, madam?

**Lady:** Yes.

*(Chris walks by, watching with interest but not much concern, passing a customer whose back is on fire but who has not noticed)*

([continued...](#))

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# Buying an Ant

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 41](#)

---

**The cast:**



**CHRIS QUINN**  
Eric Idle

**FIRST ASSISTANT**  
Graham Chapman

**SECOND ASSISTANT**  
Michael Palin

**REAL MANAGER**

Terry Jones

**The sketch:**

*(Sketch continues from '[Department Store](#)' He approaches a counter with a sign saying 'Ant Counter'. He stands by the apparently empty counter for one moment, then rings a bell.)* **Chris:** Hello? Hello?

*(A strange rubber-masked head appears from below the other side of the counter and gesticulates at him making a strange noise. This soon stops.)*

**First Assistant:** Oh, I'm terribly sorry... *(he takes off the mask to reveal a straight forward assistant)* I thought you were someone else.

**Chris:** Oh I see, yes.

**First Assistant:** I'm sorry sir, can I help you?

**Chris:** Yes, yes, as a matter of fact you can, actually I was interested in . the possibility... of purchasing one of your ... can I ask who you thought I was?

**First Assistant:** What?

**Chris:** Who did you think I was... just then... when you thought I was somebody.

**First Assistant:** Oh, it's no one you'd know, sir.

**Chris:** Well I might know them.

**First Assistant:** It's possible, obviously, but I think it's really unlikely.

**Chris:** Well, I know quite a lot...

**First Assistant:** I mean he's hardly likely to move in your circles, sir...

**Chris:** Why, is he very rich?

**First Assistant:** Oh, no, I didn't mean that, sir.

**Chris:** Is he a lord or something?

**First Assistant:** Oh, no, not at all.

**Chris:** Well look, this is very easy to settle. What is his name?.

**First Assistant:** What?

**Chris:** What is his name?

**First Assistant:** Well... er...

**Chris:** Yes?

**First Assistant:** Michael Ellis.

**Chris:** Who?

**First Assistant:** Michael Ellis.

**Chris:** I see.

**First Assistant:** Do you know him, sir?

**Chris:** Er ... Michael Ellis. Michael Ellis...

**First Assistant:** You don't

**Chris:** Well, I don't remember the name.

**First Assistant:** I think you would remember him, sir.

**Chris:** Why do you say that?

**First Assistant:** Well, would you remember a man six foot nine inches high, forty-sh, and he's got a long scar from here to here and absolutely no nose?

**Chris:** ... oh, I think I do remember somebody like that...

**First Assistant:** Well, that's not Michael Ellis.

**Chris:** What?

**First Assistant:** He's a small man about this high with a high-pitched voice.

**Chris:** Right, I'm not going to buy an ant from you now.

**First Assistant:** *(distressed)* Oh, no, please.

**Chris:** No. You've not been properly trained. I demand another assistant.

**First Assistant:** Oh, no, come on... please...

**Chris:** No, I want another assistant.

**First Assistant:** All right! I'll get another assistant. *(he disappears behind a curtain)*

**Chris:** Thank you.

*(The same assistant reappears with a long mandarin-style Chinese moustache.)*

**First Assistant:** *(high-pitched voice)* Hello sir, can I help you, sir?

**Chris:** No, I want a different assistant.

**First Assistant:** I am sir, I'm Mr Abanazar, sir.

**Chris:** Don't be silly.

**First Assistant:** *(normal voice)* Oh no, please, please, please let me help you...

**Chris:** No! I want another assistant.

**First Assistant:** Oh, no, come on, please...

**Chris:** If you don't give me another assistant,,.

**First Assistant:** No, no, I'll be very good, sir, really. *(he becomes exaggeratedly polite)* Good morning, sir... how are you, sir... bit parky outside today... isn't it, sir... ? A very nice suit you've got there, sir... you had a very close shave this morning, sir...

**Chris:** Right I'm going!

**First Assistant:** No, no, please... *(he takes off his moustache)* I'll get another assistant... *(he rings the bell on the counter.)*

*(After a pause, very slowly indeed an identical mask to the first appears over the top of the counter right next to the first assistant, making the same noise very quietly. The first assistant sees him, starts and nudges him hard.)*

**Second Assistant:** Wooooooo ....ooooooooo...

**First Assistant:** It's not him!

*(The second assistant makes a disappointed noise and disappears below.)*

**Chris:** *(pointing over the counter at the disappeared assistant)* I don't want him!

**First Assistant:** Oh please, give him a chance!

**Chris:** No!

**Second Assistant:** *(appearing from below counter without a mask, looking immaculate)* Yes, sir, can I be of any assistance?

**Chris:** Oh no, come on, don't try that!

**Second Assistant:** I'm sorry, sir... try what?

**Chris:** YoU know perfectly well what I mean.

**Second Assistant:** I'm afraid I don't, sir.

**Chris:** You were down behind there with a silly mask on going wo00-ooo...

**Second Assistant:** I don't think I was, sir.

**Chris:** All right, get the manager.

**Second Assistant:** There seems to have been some sort of misunderstanding, sir.

**Chris:** Manager!

**First Assistant:** This is the manager, sir.

**Chris:** What?

**Second Assistant:** *(in a silly voice)* Yes, I'm the manager.

**Chris:** Manager! *(he keeps calling)*

**Second Assistant:** It's a smashing store this, I can't recommend it too highly, well-lit, rat-free. It's a joy to manage. Oh yes, the freshest haddock in London, second floor, third floor Ribena, ants here, television and flame throwers over there, behind them our dinner-wagon exhibition closes at six...

**First Assistant:** *(nudging him)* Quick!

*(They both disappear under the counter. The real manager arrives and presents himself to Chris.)*

**Real Manager:** Yes, sir? Can I help you, sir?

**Chris:** *(noticing the 'manager' badge on his lapel)* Yes, I want to complain about the assistants on this counter.

**Real Manager:** I'm sorry to hear that, sir, which ones?

**Chris:** Well, they're hiding now.

**Real Manager:** Sir?

**Chris:** They're hiding, down there behind the counter.

**Real Manager:** I see, sir. *(he goes round counter, looks, but obviously can't see them; Chris goes round to join in the search)*... well... there's nobody down here, sir.

**Chris:** They must have crawled through here, and made their escape through 'Soft Toys'. *(he points)*

**Real Manager:** Yes, of course.



**Chris:** They were wearing masks and making silly noises and one of them pretended to be the manager. He spoke like this.. *(he does an impression)*

**Real Manager:** Ah! I think I've got it, sir, I think I've got it! It's rag week.

**Chris:** Ragweek?

**Real Manager:** Yes, you know, for charity, sir.

**Chris:** Oh! I see. Some local college or university?

**Real Manager:** No, no it's the store's rag week.

**Chris:** The store's rag week?

**Real Manager:** Yes. The senior staff don't join in much - it's for the trainees really...

**Chris:** It's not very good for business is it?

**Real Manager:** Oh, It's for charity, sir. People are awfully good about it, you know. *(he rattles a collecting tin)*

**Chris:** Yes, yes, of course. *(he puts a coin in)*

**Real Manager:** Right, sir, I'll get you a senior assistant - ants, was it?

**Chris:** Yes, please.

**Real Manager:** *(calling)* Mr Snetterton? *(Mr Snetterton approaches immediately; he is clearly the first assistant with very bad short crew-cut wig on)* Could you look after this gentleman, Mr Snetterton?

**Chris:** I don't want him!

**First Assistant:** Oh please! Give me a chance!

**Chris:** No!

**Real Manager:** All right - Mr Hartford!

**Hartford:** Yes - good morning, sir - can I help you?

**Chris:** Yes, please, I'm interested in buying an ant.

**Hartford:** Ah yes - and what price were you thinking of paying, sir?

**Chris:** Oh, well, I hadn't actually got as far as that.

**Hartford:** Well sir, they start about half a p. but they can go as high as three p. or even three and a half p. for a champion - inflation I'm afraid...

**Chris:** Well, I should think one about one and a half p., please.

**Hartford:** Ah yes, well you should get a very serviceable little animal for that, sir. Quite frankly the half pence ones are a bit on the mangy side ... What length was sir thinking of?.

**Chris:** Oh ... medium?

**Hartford:** Medium. Medium. Here we are, sir. *(he tips some ants - which we can't see - out into a special ring on counter)* That one there is an Ayrshire, and that one there is a King George bitch I think ... and that one killing the little flitbat is an Afghan.

**Chris:** That's a nice one.

**Hartford:** Lees see how you get on with him, eh? *(he puts it on Chris's hand)* Ah yes, he likes you. He's taken to you.

**Chris:** What do you feed them on?

**Hartford:** Blancmange.

**Chris:** Blancmange?

**Hartford:** I'm sorry. I don't know why I said that. No, you don't feed them at all.

**Chris:** Well, what do they live on?

**Hartford:** They don't. They die.

**Chris:** They die?

**Hartford:** Well of course they do, if you don't feed them.

**Chris:** I don't understand.

**Hartford:** You let them die, then you buy another one. It's much cheaper than feeding them and that way you have a constant variety of little companions.

**Chris:** Oh, I see.

**Hartford:** That's the advantage of owning an ant.

**Chris:** Right, well I'll take this one. Oh dear, I've dropped it...

**Hartford:** Never mind. Here's another one.

**Chris:** Is there anything else I'll need?

**Hartford:** Yes, sir - you'll need an ant house. *(he produces a birdcage)* This is the model we recommend, sir.

**Chris:** Won't it get out of there?

**Hartford:** Yes.

**Chris:** Well what's the point of having the cage?

**Hartford:** Well, none at all really. And then some pieces of cage furniture which will keep him entertained. *(he produces microscopic things)* Here's an ant-wheel, ant-swing, and a very nice one here, a little ladder - he can run up there and ring the bell at the top, that's a little trick he can learn.

**Chris:** Will he live long enough?

**Hartford:** Not really, no, but it's best to have one just in case, and here's a two-way radio he can play with... and of course you'll need the book. *(he produces an apenaive-looking book, thoughtlessly slam it down where the ants were, then hurriedly brushes them away)* **Chris:** The book?

**Hartford:** Yes, the book on ants.

**Chris:** *(looking unsure)* Yes...

**Hartford:** So, sir, that is, if I may say so, one hundred and eighty-four pounds one and a half p., sir.

**Chris:** Will you take a cheque?

**Hartford:** Yes, sir, if you don't mind leaving a blood-sample, and a piece of skin off the back of the scalp just here, sir ... *(indicates a point behind his ear)* sorry ... it's just for identification .-. you can't be too careful. *(he hands him a little knife and some cotton wool)* **Chris:** Oh, well I think I'll put it on account.

**Hartford:** I should, sir... much less painful Anyway sir, you know what they say about an ant. A friend for life, eh? Well, a friend for its life anyway... *(Hartford loads the large cage, furniture, two-way radio and the book on ants into a huge box; with some difficulty he finds the ant; he picks it up carefully)* His name is Marcus. *(he drops him in the big box and pushes it across the counter; the box has on one side, in large letters 'live ant: handle with care ' ; it has breathing holes in it)* If the little chap should go to an early grave, sir, give us a ring and we'll stick a few in an envelope, all right?

**Chris:** Thanks very much indeed.

**Hartford:** Not at all, thank you, Mr Ellis.

*(Chris turns sharply. The first assistant comes quickly up to Hartford.)*

**First Assistant:** Sssssshh!

**Chris:** What did you say?

**Hartford:** I said thank you, Mr Ellis...

**First Assistant:** It's not him.

**Hartford:** Oh!

**Chris:** Why did you say I was Mr Ellis?

**Hartford:** *(innocently)* Who?

**First Assistant:** No, he didn't say that.

**Chris:** Yes he did. I heard him say 'Thank you, Mr Ellis'.

**First Assistant:** Oh, no, no - he said 'I'm jealous'.

**Chris:** What?

**First Assistant:** I'm jealous of your ant. Goodbye. Goodbye. *(waves pointedly)*

**Chris:** *(leaving the counter)* I don't care who Michael Ellis is!

*(Chris passes a shop area labelled 'The Paisley Counter' where two customers are talking to mirrors in thick Irish accents. Chris moves on to lift. A little old lady passes, oblivious to the fact that her shopping trolley is smouldering. The lady passes and Chris is about to enter.)*

**System:** Will Mr Michael Ellis please go straight to the manager's office... I'll repeat that... *(Chris wheels round and listens)* Will Mr Nigel Mellish please go straight to the manager's office.

*(Chris narrows his eyes suspiciously and gets into the lift cautiously. [Cut to Chris Quinn's home...](#))*

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# At home with the Ant and other pets

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 42](#)

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**The cast:**

**CHRIS QUINN**  
Eric Idle

# MOTHER

Terry Jones

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to the kitchen in Chris Quinn's home. His mother is putting chopped meat into a line of at least half a dozen feeding bowls with various animal names on them. 'Baboon', 'Dromedary', 'Gorilla', 'Trout', and 'Pangolin'. There is a tiger in a cage in the middle of the kitchen, with a bowl marked 'Tiger' in front of him. A large cobra is hanging from the clothes drier and a wolf is in a cage below the sink. A monkey is on top of one of the cupboards. Chris enters with the box.)*

**Mother:** What have you got now?

**Chris:** I bought an ant, mother.

**Mother:** What d'you want one of them for! I'm not going to clean it out. You said you'd clean the tiger out, but do you? No, I suppose you've lost interest in it now. Now it'll be ant, ant, ant for a couple of days, then all of a sudden, 'oh, mum, I've bought a sloth' or some other odd-toed ungulate like a tapir.

**Chris:** It's really different this time, mum. I'm really going to look after this ant.

**Mother:** That's what you said about the sperm whale... now your papa's having to use it as a garage.

**Chris:** Well, you didn't feed it properly.

**Mother:** Where are we going to get forty-four tons of plankton from every morning? Your papa was dead vexed about that. They thought he was mad in the dell.

**Chris:** Well at least he's got a free garage. *(growl from the tiger)*

**Mother:** That's no good to him... his Hillman smells all fishy. *(we hear a roar)* Oh blimey, that's the tiger. He'll want his mandies.

**Chris:** Are you giving that tiger drugs?

**Mother:** 'Course I'm giving it drugs!

**Chris:** It's illegal.

**Mother:** You try telling that to the tiger.

**Chris:** I think it's dangerous.

**Mother:** Listen ... before he started fixing, he used to get through four Jehovah's witnesses a day. And he used to eat all of them, except the pamphlets.

**Chris:** Well he's not dim.

*(A very loud roar and rattling of cage.)*

**Mother:** All right!

*(She loads a syringe and starts to leave.)*

**Chris:** Well, I'm going to watch one of the televisions... come on Marcus.

*(He puts Marcus in cage and is just about to take it through to the next room.)*

**Mother:** Michael's been on the phone all day for you.

**Chris:** Michel?

**Mother:** You know, Michael... Michael. Michael Ellis. He's been on the phone all day ... he came round twice.

**Chris:** What did he look like?

**Mother:** Oh, I didn't see him. The orange-rumped agouti answered the door. Only useful animal you ever bought, that.

**Chris:** Where is he now?

**Mother:** He's upstairs forging prescriptions for the sodding tiger!

**Chris:** No, no, where is Michael Ellis now?

**Mother:** Oh, I don't know.., he said it wasn't important, anyway... all right, here I come.

*(She goes to the tiger. Chris looks confused, then shrugs and goes into the sitting room with Marcus. In the room there are about twenty old televisions on shelves. Chris selects one of the televisions, puts it on the table, switches it on and settles down to watch it with Marcus. He is about to watch a ['Documentary on Ants'](#))*



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# Documentary on Ants

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 41

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**The cast:**

**ANNOUNCER**

Michael Palin

**SURGEON**

Michael Palin

**CHRIS QUINN**

Eric Idle

**ANT EXPERT'S VOICE**

Terry Jones

## The sketch:

*(Sketch continues from '[At home with the Ant and other pets](#)' Chris quickly switches the TV on.)*

**Announcer:** *(waits for noises to stop)* ... and of the announcement. And now back to 'University of the Air', and our series for advanced medical students, 'Elements of Surgical Homeopathic Practice'. Part 68 - 'Ants'.

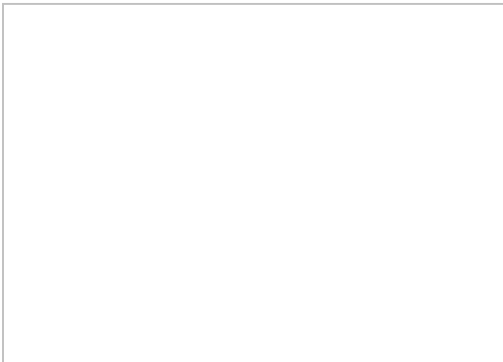
**Chris:** Ah! We're in luck again, Marcus.

*(A surgeon appears on television. He makes a few ant gestures.)*

**Surgeon:** Hello formicidophiles! Before the blood and guts that you're waiting to see, let's have a look at the anatomy of the little ant.

*(Cut to a drawing of an ant.)*

**Ant Expert's Voice:** The body of the ant is divided into three sections. *(arrow indicates)* The head, the thorax and the abdomen. They are enclosed in a hard amour-like covering called the exoskeleton, which provides some protection from other nasty little insects but unfortunately not from the dissector's scalpel. *(an animated hand with a knife slices hits off the ant)* See, nothing to it, he's not such a toughy. And his legs ... they help him carry hundreds of times his own weight, but look at this ... *(a hand pulls the legs off)* you're not so strong compared with me, four, five, six ... Ha!



**Chris:** I didn't know ants had six legs, Marcus!

**Ant Expert:** Well I can assure you they do, Mr Ellis.

**Chris:** Hey! You've got two legs missing! And that's a false feeler Marcus! Blimey!

*(He leaps up, switches the TV off and hurls it into the corner onto a pile of used TYs, and hurries out. The tiger is quiet now. Mother, bloody and tom, is emptying a tin of 'Kit-E-Cobra' into a box marked 'Cobra'.)*

**Chris:** I'm taking this ant back, mother - he's got two legs missing.

**Mother:** Hey! Mrs McWong's been on the phone! The polar bear's been in her garden again.

**Chris:** Well I'll get it on the way back from the store.

**Mother:** Well mind you do - his droppings are enormous. *(Chris goes through the door, mother shouts after him)* Oh, and by the way, while you're out get us another couple of tellies would you, here's 180 quid. *(she tosses a wad out to him)* *(Cut to the garden outside. There are TVs heaped in the garden path. Chris catches the wad of notes and leaves through the garden gate as a TV van is unloading half a dozen TVs onto a trolley, prior to wheeling them into the home.)*

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# Ant Complaints

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 41](#)

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**The cast:**

**LIFT WOMAN**

Micheal Palin



**CHRIS QUINN**  
Eric Idle

**FIRST ASSISTANT**  
Graham Chapman

**MANAGER**  
Terry Jones

**ASSISTANT**  
Michael Palin

## The sketch:

*(Continues from '[Doumentary on Ants](#)' Cut back to the store. Inside the lift. **Chris:** stands there with his ant in his hand. There are also two ladies in Geman national costume. The lift lady, who has a wall-eye, a wooden leg, a tooth-brace, a hearing aid, a hilt-up shoe, a neck-brace, and a hook is reciting.) **Lift Woman:** Second floor ... stationery, leather goods, tribal head injuries, cricket bats, film stars, delphiniums.*

*(The lift stops with some difficulty. The German girls get out with their baggage. In gets a man in Greek national costume holding an oar.)*

**Lift Woman:** Third floor ... cosmetics, books, Irish massage, tribal head'. gear, ants.. *(Chris starts to get out)* but not complaints about ants!

**Chris:** Oh, where do I go to complain?

**Lift Woman:** Straight on, then left, then fight past the thing, then, up the little stairs, then right by where it's gone all soft, then down the wobbly bit, past the nail, past the brown stain on the wall to your fight and it's the door marked exit straight ahead of you on the left.

**Chris:** Thank you.

**Lift Woman:** *(the doors shut but we can just hear her voice)* Fourth floor... kiddies' vasectomies...

*(The ant counter. It is obviously the same place with a roughly made sign 'Complaints '. Chrir is standing there with the original Assistant, who now has a plate in his lip and an enormous false chin about eight inches long and six inches across.)*

**Chris:** I don't want you.

**First Assistant:** *(speaking with difficulty)* Oh, something wrong with your little ant friend... ?

**Chris:** No! I'm not going to tell you.

**First Assistant:** Something missing in the leg department?

*(The Manager appears.)*

**Manager:** Can I help you, sir?

*(Chris looks down and sees that the Manager is half in a sack.)*

**Chris:** No! No! No! No!

**Manager:** Oh, it's all right, sir, it's for the sack race later on.

**Chris:** No, no, no, I want to speak to the General Manager, I want to complain.

**Manager:** Oh, well you want the Toupee Hall in that case, sir.

**Chris:** The what?

**Manager:** The Toupee Hall, Mr Ellis. *(he hops off)*

*(Chris approaches a stocking counter where lady Assistant is sewing two heavies who are trying on nylons over their heads. Chris speaks to the Assistant.)*

**Chris:** *(embarrassed)* Excuse me - could you tell me the way to the Toupee Hall, please?

**Assistant:** Sorry?

**Chris:** The Toupee Hall.

**Assistant:** The what?

**Chris:** The Toupee Hall.

**Assistant:** Oh, the Toupee Hall *(loudly)* Gladys, where are toupees now?

**Gladys:** Toupees? *(people start to look)*

**Assistant:** This gentleman wants one.

**Gladys:** *(even louder)* A toupee?

**Chris:** Well, no, actually...

**Gladys:** I think they're in surgical appliances now.

**Assistant:** That's right, yes, you go left at artificial limbs and hearing aids, right at dentures and it's on your left just by glass eyes. It doesn't say toupees to avoid embarrassing people, but you can smell 'em.

*(People by this time have formed a ring round to see who it is.)*

**Chris:** Thank you.

*(As he moves off people peer at his head.)*

**Woman:** *(to friend)* You can see the join.

*(Chris in order to avoid this embarrassment, dives into the nearest department. A sign over the door reads '[Victorian poetry reading hall](#)'.)*

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# Poetry Reading (Ants)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 41

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**The cast:**



**OLD LADY**

Graham Chapman

# WORDSWORTH

Terry Jones

**SHELLEY**

Terry Gilliam

# KEATS

Eric Idle

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## The sketch:

*(Cut to a poetry reading. Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats and Tennyson are present. Chris stands quietly in the corner hoping not to be noticed.)*

**Old Lady:** Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, it's so nice to see such a large turnout this afternoon. And I'd like to start off by welcoming our guest speakers for this afternoon... Mr Wadsworth...

**Wordsworth:** Wordsworth!

**Old Lady:** Sorry, Wordsworth... Mr John Koots, and Percy Bysshe.

**Shelley:** Shelley!

**Old Lady:** Just a little one, medium dry, *(a dwarf assistant pours her a sherry)* and Alfred Lorde.

**Tennyson:** Tennyson.

**Old Lady:** Tennis ball.

**Tennyson:** Son, son.

**Old Lady:** Sorry - Alfred Lord, who is evidently Lord Tennisball's son. And to start off I'm going to ask Mr Wadsworth to read his latest offering, a little pram entitled 'I wandered lonely as a crab' and it's all about ants.

*(Murmur of exalted anticipation. Wordsworth rises rather gloomily.)*

**Wordsworth:**

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high over vales and hills  
When all at once I saw a crowd  
A host of golden worker ants.

*(Ripples of applause.)*

**Old Lady:** Thank you, thank you, Mr Bradlaugh. Now, 'Mr Bysshe.

**Shelley:** Shelley.

**Old Lady:** Oh... *(the dwarf refills her glass)*... is going to read one of his latest psalms, entitled 'Ode to a crab'.

**Shelley:** *(rising: and taking his place quietly)* Well, it's not about crabs actually, it's called 'Ozymandias'. It's not an ode.

I met a travellet from an antique land  
Who said 'Six vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert  
And on the pedestal these words appear  
My name is Ozymandias, King of &nts  
*(oohs from his audience)*  
Look on my feelers, termites, and despair  
I am the biggest ant you'll ever see  
The ants of old weren't half as bold and big  
And fierce as me'.

*(Enormous applause.)*

**Old Lady:** Thank you Mr Amontillado. I'd like to ask one or two of you at the back not to soil the carpet, there is a restroom upstairs if you find the poems too exciting *(she falls over)* Good afternoon, next, Mr Dennis Keat will recite his latest problem 'Ode to a glass of sherry'. *(she falls off the podium)* **Keats:**

My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains  
My senses, as though an anteater I'd seen  
*(panic spreads and the audience half rise)*  
A nasty long-nosed brute  
*(screams from the audience)*  
With furry legs and sticky darting tongue  
I seem to feel its cruel jaws  
Crunch crunch there go my legs  
Snap snap my thorax too  
*(various screaming women faint)*  
My head's in a twain, there goes my brain  
Swallow, swallow, swallow, slurp

*(he loses control)*

**Old Lady:** Mr Keats, Mr Keats, please leave immediately.

**Keats:** It's true. Don't you see. It's true. It happens.

**Old Lady:** *(she bustles him out)* Ladies and gentlemen, I do apologize for that last... well I hesitate to call it a pram ... but I had no idea ... and talking of filth... I have asked you once about the carpet ... Now, I do appreciate that last poem was very frightening... but please! Now before we move on to tea and pramwiches, I would like to ask Arthur Lord Tenniscourt to give us his latest little plum entitled 'The Charge of the Ant Brigade'.

**Tennyson:** Half an inch, half an inch...

*(Enter Queen Victoria with a fanfare, followed by Albert's coffin.)*

**All:** The Queen, the Queen. *(they all bow and scrape)*

**Queen Victoria:** My loyal subjects, we are here today on a matter of national import. My late husband and we are increasingly concerned by recent developments in literary style *(developing a German accent)* that have taken place here in Germany ... er England. There seems to be an increasing tendency for ze ent... the ent... the ant... to become the dominant ... was is der dentaches Entwiddungsbund...

**Attendant:** Theme.

**Queen Victoria:** Theme ... of modern poetry here in Germany. We are not ... amusiert? *(an attendant whispers)* Entertained. From now on, ants is verboten. Instead it's skylarks, daffodils, nightingales, light brigades and ... was ist das schreckliche Gepong ... es schmecke wie ein Scheisshaus... und so weiter. Well, we must away now or we shall be late for the races. God bless you alles.

*(Chris leaves. We cut to him outside a door with a sign saying 'Electric Kettles '.)*

**Voice:** Psst! Electric kettles over here, Sir.

*(A hand holding a sign saying 'Toupees' beckons him. He goes over to door and is ushered through. There are pictures of famous bald world figures with toupees on the walls....[continued](#)...)*

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# Toupee Department

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 41](#)

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**The cast:**

# **TOUPEE MANAGER**

Terry Jones



**CHRIS QUINN**  
Eric Idle

**BRADFORD**  
Michael Palin

**The sketch:**

*(A hand holding a sign saying 'Toupees' beckons Chris Quinn. He goes over to door and is ushered through. There are pictures of famous bald world figures with toupees on the walls.)*

**Toupee Manager:** Don't worry, sir, you're among friends now, sir. *(the manager has an appalling toupee; Chris sees it and tries not to stare; the manager introduces his assistants)* Mr Bradford, Mr Crawley. *(Bradford and Crawley come forward; each has a toupee worst than the others)* These are our fitters, sir. We've had a lot of experience. in this field and we do pride ourselves we offer the best and most discreet service available. I don't know whether you'll believe this sir, but one of us is actually wearing a toupee at this moment...

**Chris:** Well, you all are, aren't you?

*(They rush to a mirror.)*

**Bradford:** Have you got one?

**Crawley:** Yes, but I didn't know...

**Toupee Manager:** I didn't realize that you two..., I thought it was me,

**Crawley:** Yes, I thought it was me,

**Bradford:** So did I. *(to Crawley)* That is good.

**Chris:** Actually, I only came in here to ask where the manager's office was.

**Toupee Manager:** Just a minute - someone told you we all had toupees?

**Chris:** No.

**Crawley:** Oh yeah?

**Bradford:** How did you know?

**Chris:** Well ... it's pretty obvious, isn't it?

**Crawley:** What do you mean obvious! His is undetectable.

**Chris:** Well, it's a different colour, for a start.

**Bradford:** Is it?

**Crawley:** Course it isn't!

**Chris:** And it doesn't fit in with the rest of his hair... it sort of sticks up in the middle.

**Bradford:** It's better than yours.

**Crawley:** Yes.

**Chris:** I'm not wearing one. *(they all jeer)*

**Toupee Manager:** Oh, I see, you haven't got one.

**Crawley:** Why did you come in here then?

**Chris:** They told me to find the manager's office here.

*(They all jeer again.)*

**Bradford:** Oh no, not again.

**Crawley:** That's a bit lame, isn't it...

**Chris:** It's the truth!

**All:** Manager's office. *(they laugh mockingly)*

**Bradford:** Yeah, look at it. Where did you get that, Mac Fishcries?

**Toupee Manager:** Dreadful, isn't it?

**Crawley:** Nylon?

**Chris:** It's not, it's real look. *(he pulls it)*

**All:** Oh yeah, anyone can do that.

*(They all do the same. Bradford incautiously pulls his loose.)*

**Crawley:** Come on, get it off.

**Chris:** Get away.

**Toupee Manager:** Look, do you want a proper one?

**Chris:** No, I don't need one.

**Bradford:** There's no need to be ashamed.

**Crawley:** We've all owned up.

**Chris:** I'm not wearing one.

*(They all look at each other for a moment, registering 'a hard case'.)*

**Toupee Manager:** Don't you see... this is something you've got to come to terms with.

**Chris:** I am not wearing a toupee! They just told me to come in here to find the manager's office, to complain about my ant!

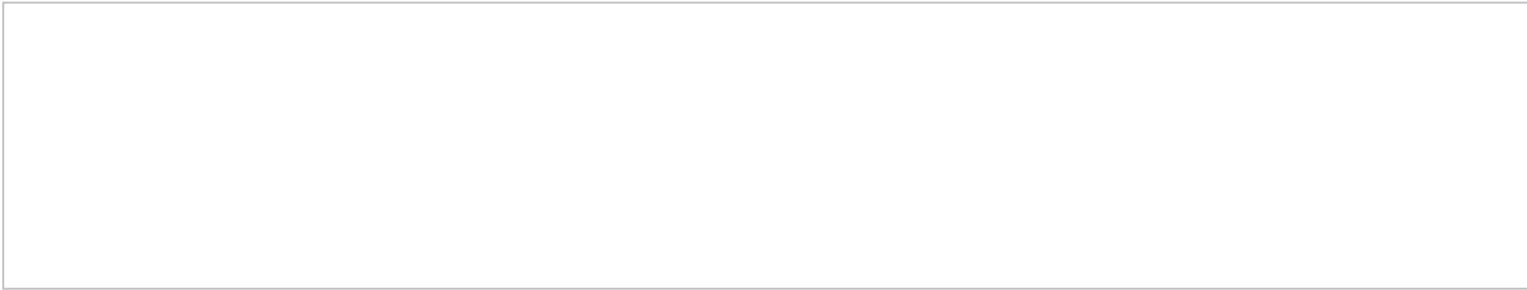
*(They look at each other.)*

**Crawley:** Pathetic, isn't it.

**Bradford:** Complain about an ant?

**Toupee Manager:** This is for your own good.

*(He grabs Chris's hair. A fight ensues in which all the assistants get their toupees dislodged. Chris is backed up against a door marked: 'Strictly no admittance'. He suddenly ducks out through this door... [and lands in the...](#))*



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# Complaints Department

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 41

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The cast:

**CHRIS QUINN**  
Eric Idle

**COMPLAINTS MANAGER**

Michael Palin



**LADY**

Carol Cleveland

**MR. ZYNDERSKY**

Terry Gilliam

# COLONEL EWING

Graham Chapman

---

## The sketch:

(Sketch continues from '[Poetry Reading \(Ants\)](#)') Cut to the other side of the door. Chris turns and double takes. It is the manager's office. There is a long line of people sitting waiting to complain. The manager looks up.) **Complaints Manager:** (irritably) All right. Take a seat.

(Chris shuts the door and takes a seat at the end of a line often people waiting to complain: the German clothes prop man; the Icelandic honey week man; a Greek with a motor tyre; a man with a lawn mower with a cat sticking out of it; a man with a bandaged nose holding a dog with a bandaged nose; a lady with a bandaged nose; a lady with a bandaged nose and a pram with a small column of smoke rising from it; a rather butch lady with her head through a tennis racket; a man with a cigar in his mouth that has obviously exploded - his face is blackened and his collar awry; a man in a terrible suit with one arm twice as long as a normal sleeve and trousers that finish at mid-thigh. A uniformed shop attendant is sitting next to a rather well dressed lady in twin set and pearls, and her equally distinguished looking husband. The attendant is occasionally touching the lady's 'cheek and peering into her eyes. The lady and the husband stare straight ahead. Next to them is Colonel Ewing. At the desk is the lady with the flame thrower. Part of the manager's desk and the entire corner of the office are blackened and smoking.) **Lady:** You see! There ought to be a safety catch on it, I mean ... ohhhh! (a spurt of flame shoots out) I mean, what if this fell into the wrong hands?

**Complaints Manager:** Yes, madam. I'll speak to the makers personally, all right.

**Lady:** Would you? It would put my mind at ease.

(She leaves closing the door. We hear the flame thrower.)

**Lady's Voice:** Sorry...

**Complaints Manager:** Next?

(The colonel gets up. As he does so Mr Zyndenky (the husband) indicates his wife and the attendant.)

**Mr Zyndersky:** He's still molesting her.

**Complaints Manager:** Yes, yes, I'll see to you in a moment, sir. (the colonel sits at the manager's desk)

**Colonel Ewing:** I've got a complaint to make.

**Complaints Manager:** Do take a seat. I'm sorry it's on fire.

**Colonel Ewing:** Oh, not at all. (he sits on it) I got used to this out east.

**Complaints Manager:** Where were you out east?

**Colonel Ewing:** Oh, Norway ... Sweden ... places like that... oh I'm awfully sorry, my suit seems to keep catching fire.

**Complaints Manager:** Extinguisher?

**Colonel Ewing:** Oh no, thank you, I think we'd better let it run its course. I was just thinking... Norway is not very east, is it? I should have said when I was out north. *(he slaps at the flames)*

**Complaints Manager:** Are there many fires in Norway?

**Colonel Ewing:** Good Lord yes. The place is a constant blaze. Wooden buildings, d'you know. I lost my wife in Norway.

**Complaints Manager:** I am sorry to hear that.

**Colonel Ewing:** Why, did you know her?

**Complaints Manager:** No, I meant...

**Colonel Ewing:** Oh I see. No, she wasn't a favourite of mine. We were out strolling across a fiord one day when one of the local matadors came out of his tree house and flung a lot of old scimitars and guillotines out that he'd got cluttering up his wine cellar and apparently rather a large proportion of them landed on my wife causing her to snuff it without much more ado.

**Complaints Manager:** Yes, yes - well look...

*(Ding-dong of store PA. An announcer speaks.)*

**Announcer:** Here is an important announcement about Michael Ellis. *(Chris looks up at loudspeaker; everyone turns towards it)* It is now the end of 'Michael Ellis' week. From now on it is 'Chris Quinn' week. *(murmur of excitement)* **Chris:** What a rotten ending.

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# Different Endings

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 41

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**The cast:**

**ASSISTANT**  
Terry Jones

**CHRIS QUINN**  
Eric Idle

**GIRL**

Carol Cleveland

**MALCOLM ALLISON**

Michael Palin



**The sketch:**

*(Cut to a polite, well dressed assistant at a counter with a big sign saying 'End of Show Department' behind him.)*

**Assistant:** Well it is one of our cheapest, sir.

**Chris:** What else have you got?

**Assistant:** Well, there's the long slow pull-out, sir, you know, the camera tracks back and back and mixes...

*(As he speaks we pull out and mix through to the exterior of the store. Mix through to even wider zoom ending up in aerial view of London. It stops abruptly and we cut back to Chris.)*

**Chris:** No, have you got anything more exciting?

**Assistant:** How about a chase?

*(The manager and the toupee assistants suddenly, appear at a door.)*

**Manager:** There he is!

*(Exciting chase music. They pursue Chris out of the hall and into another part of the store. Then cut back to Chris at counter.)*

**Chris:** Oh, no, no, no.

**Assistant:** Walking into the sunset?

**Chris:** What's that one?

*(Dramatic sunset shot on a beach. We can just see the back of Chris and the assistant as they walk together towards the setting sun. The assistant is gesturing and describing it.)*

**Assistant:** You know ... two lone figures silhouetted against the dying rays of the setting sun. The music swells, you've got a lump in your throat and a tear in your eye...

*(Cut back to the store.)*

**Chris:** Oh no.

**Assistant:** Oh, pity, I rather like that one...

**Chris:** They're all a bit off the point, you see.

**Assistant:** Well there is one that ties up the whole Michael Ellis thing, but...

**Chris:** But what... ?

**Assistant:** Oh, no, nothing, nothing...

**Chris:** Look, who is this Michael Ellis?

**Assistant:** How about a happy ending, sir?

*(A girl rushes up to Chris and flings her arms around him.)*

**Girl:** Oh Chris! Thank God you're safe.

**Assistant:** No, you wouldn't want that, would you.

*(This time we see the girl has disappeared.)*

**Chris:** Why wouldn't I want that?

**Assistant:** What about summing up from the panel? That's cheap. You know - the big match experts.

*(Panel in typical football panel set. Malcolm Allison, Brian Clough, and huge still of Jimmy Hill on set behind.)*

**Malcolm Allison:** Yes. It was quite a good show. I think that the Michael Ellis character was a little overdone.

**Brian Clough:** Well, I don't agree with that, Malcolm, quite frankly the only bit I liked was this bit with me in it now.

*(Cut back to the store.)*

**Assistant:** No? Slow fade?

*(The picture begins to fade.)*

**Chris:** Nnnn... no.

*( The picture comes up again.)*

**Assistant:** Well, how about a sudden ending?

*(Blackout.)*

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# 'Up your Pavement'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 42

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## The sketch:

*A high street. Musical theme played on a banjo à la 'Steptoe and Son' opening. Cut to a tracking shot of two tramps walking jauntily along. They are very arch, over-the-top jolly fellows. They nod at the occasional passer-by and do mock bows to a city gent.*

*CAPTION: Up Your Pavement*

*CAPTION: By the Rev. and Mrs A. G. Phipps*

*CAPTION: From an idea by Lord Carrington*

*They come to a litter bin, root in it, and one of them produces a newspaper. He hands it to the other, looks in again and brings out a pork pie. He looks in again, his eyes light up, and he produces a bottle of champagne. He passes it to his mate. He looks in again and finds two highly polished glasses. Meanwhile over all this and as they set off down the road together we hear: **Voice Over** (Michael)*

*Taking life as it comes, sharing the good things and the bad things, finding laughter and fun wherever they go -- it is with these two happy-go-lucky rogues that our story begins. (by this time the tramps have walked out of shot; cut to a shot of a sports car up on the pavement with the legs of the two tramps sticking out from underneath; the music turns more urgent and transatlantic) For it is they who were run over by Alex Diamond ... (appropriate music; a James Bond character climbs out of the car and looks down at the dead tramps) international crime fighter ... (shot of him rushing into a film première past photographers with flashing bulbs) and playboy ... (cut to him on yacht) fast-moving ... tough-talking ... (still of him with Henry Kissinger; cut to him striding down a street) and just one of the many hundreds of famous people who suffer from lumbago, the epidemic disease about which no one knows more than this man ... (we see him go into a doorway; cut to a low angle close up of Dr Koning donning gloves prior to the operation; the music changes to the Kildare theme) Dr Emile Koning ... doctor ... surgeon ... proctologist ... and selfless fighter against human suffering, whose doorbell (cut to a doorbell and pan down) was the one above the hero of our story tonight ... (pan down to find the doorbell and name) Rear-Admiral Humphrey De Vere! (the door opens and the rear-admiral comes striding out; naval music; he walks up the road) Yes! This is the story of Rear-Admiral Humphrey De Vere ... or rather, the story of his daughter ... (cut to a still of a young inspired and devoted nurse; the music instantly changes to the heroic) For it was her courage, foresight and understanding that enabled us to probe beneath the sophisticated veneer of ... (mix to impressive college grounds) the Royal Arsenal Women's College, Bagshot ... (zoom in across lawns towards the college building) and learn the true story of this man ... (the camera suddenly veers*

*off away from college and homes in on a solitary bush from which appears a seedy fellow in a terrible lightweight suit of several years ago that has got all stained and creased around the crutch)* Len Hanky! Chiropodist, voyeur, hen-teaser. The man of whom the chairman of Fiat once said...

**Chairman** (Eric)

Che cosa è lo succiacatori do polli?

*CAPTION: What is a hen-teaser?*

*The phone rings. He answers it dynamically and we zoom in on his tense, alert, executive face.*

## Voice Over

Yes! Tonight we examine the career of Gino Agnelli! The man who started from nothing to build up one of the greatest firms in Europe. *(mix through to stock film of a big car-producing plant)* And whose telescope was bought from the shop part-owned by a man who, at the age of eight, stole a penknife from the son of this man's brother's housekeeper's dental hygienist's uncle. *(as each of these things is mentioned we see a momentary flash of a still of each)* The Reverend Charlie 'Drooper' Hyper-Squawk Smith *(at this point the freeze frame starts moving as the chaplain lifts himself out of the cockpit and jumps down beside his Spitfire)* the cleft-palated RAF chaplain, who single-handed shot down over five hundred German chaplains. *(smiling cheerfully he crosses off another emblem of a vicar in a German helmet on the side of the plane. Beside this is written "Here we come Kraut" Luke 17, verse 3)* This is the story of the men who flew with him ... it really is!

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# RAF Banter

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 42

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## The sketch:

*A squadron leader, just off on a mission, runs past, and dashes into a Nissen hut*

*CAPTION: Somewhere in England, 1944*

*The squadron leader enters an RAF officers' mess and takes off his helmet*

**Bovril** (Terry J.)

Morning, squadron leader.

**Squadron Leader** (Eric)

What-ho, Squiffy.

**Bovril**

How was it?



## **Squadron Leader**

Top hole. Bally Jerry pranged his kite right in the how's your father. Hairy blighter, dicky-birdied, feathered back on his Sammy, took a waspy, flipped over on his Betty Harper's and caught his can in the Bertie.

**Bovril**

Er, I'm afraid I don't quite follow you, squadron leader.

## **Squadron Leader**

It's perfectly ordinary banter, Squiffy. Bally Jerry ... pranged his kite right in the how's yer father ... hairy blighter, dicky-birdied, feathered back on his Sammy, took a waspy, flipped over on his Betty Harper's and caught his can in the Bertie.

**Bovril**

No, I'm just not understanding banter at all well today. Give us it slower.

**Squadron Leader**

Banter's not the same if you say it slower, Squiffy.

**Bovril**

Hold on, then. (*shouts*) Wingco!

**Wingco** (Graham)

Yes!

**Bovril**

Bend an ear to the squadron leader's banter for a sec, would you?

**Wingco**

Can do.



**Bovril**

Jolly good.

**Wingco**

Fire away.

## **Squadron Leader**

*(draws a deep breath and looks slightly uncertain, then starts even more deliberately then before)* Bally Jerry ... pranged his kite ... right in the how's your father ... hairy blighter ... dicky-birdied ... ... feathered back on his Sammy ... took a waspy ... flipped over on his Betty Harper's ... and caught his can in the Bertie.

**Wingco**

... No, don't understand that banter at all.

**Squadron Leader**

Something up with my banter, chaps?

*A siren goes. The door bursts open and an out-of-breath young pilot rushes in in his flying gear.*

**Pilot (Michael)**

Bunch of monkeys on your ceiling, sir! Grab your egg and fours and let's get the bacon delivered.

*General incomprehension. They look at each other*

**Wingco**

Do you understand that?

**Squadron Leader**

No, didn't get a word of it.

**Wingco**

Sorry old man, we don't understand your banter.



**Pilot**

You know ... bally ten-penny ones dropping in the custard ... (*searching for the words*) um ... Charlie Choppers chucking a handful ...

**Wingco**

No, no ... sorry.

**Bovril**

Say it a bit slower, old chap.

**Pilot**

Slower banter, sir?

**Wingco**

Ra-ther!

**Pilot**

Um ... sausage squad up the blue end!

**Squadron Leader**

No, still don't get it.

**Pilot**

Um ... cabbage crates coming over the briny?



**Squadron Leader**

No.

**Wingco, Pilot and Bovril**

No, no ...

*Stock film of a German bombing raid.*

**Voice Over** (Michael)

But by then it was too late. The first cabbage crates hit London by July 7th. That was just the beginning...

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# Trivializing the War

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 42

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## The sketch:

*Cut to a Whitehall war office conference room. A general is on the phone. Four other generals sit there.*

**General** (Graham)

Five shillings a dozen? That's ordinary cabbages, is it? And what about the bombs?

Good Lord, they are expensive!

*A corporal rushes in.*

**Corporal** (Eric)

Sir!

## General

Yes, what is it?

**Corporal**

News from the Western Front, sir.

**General**

Yes ... ?

**Corporal**

Big enemy attack at dawn, sir ...

**General**

Yes ... ?

**Corporal**

Well, the enemy were all wearing little silver halos, sir ... and ... they had fairy wands with big stars on the end ... and ...



**General**

They what ... ?

**Corporal**

.. and ... they had spiders in matchboxes, sir.

## General

*(in disbelief)* Good God! How did our chaps react?

**Corporal**

Well, they were jolly interested, sir. Some of them ... I think it was the 4th Armoured Brigade, sir, they ... well, they went and had a look at the spiders, sir.

## **General**

Oh my God! All right, thank you, Shirley.

*A girl emerges from under the table. She is a blonde WAAF.*

**Corporal**  
Sir!

**General**

*(to a sergeant)* Get me the Prime Minister. *(the sergeant opens the door, Churchill stands outside)* Not that quickly! *(the sergeant shuts the door)* Gentlemen, it's now quite apparent that the enemy are not only fighting this war on the cheap, but they're also not taking it seriously.

**Ageing General (Terry G.)**

Bastards ...

## General

First they drop cabbages instead of decent bombs ...



**Corporal**

The crates were probably quite expensive, sir.

**General**

Quiet, critic! And now they're doing very silly things in one of the most vital areas of the war!

## **Ageing General**

What are we going to do, Shirley?

**General**

Well, we've got to act fast before it saps morale. We're going to show these Chinese

...

**Captain (?)**

Germans, sir.

## General

These Germans ... we're going to show them that no British soldier will descend to their level. Anyone found trivialising this war will face the supreme penalty that military law can provide. *(he holds a heroic pose; there is a pause during we expect to cut; we don't; suddenly he breaks out of the pose into informality)* That was all right, I think?

## Captain

*(getting out drinks)* Seemed to go quite well.

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# Court martial (Basinstoke in Westphalia) / 'Anything Goes In' (song)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 42](#)

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## The sketch:

*Cut to a courtroom in the 1940s. A court martial is in progress. An elderly general presides, with two others on either side of him. There is a defence counsel, a prosecutor, a clerk of court, and two men guarding the prisoner.*

### **Presiding General** (Terry J.)

Sappr Walters, you stand before this court accused of carrying out the war by other than warlike means -- to wit, that you did on April 16th, 1942, dress up as a bag of dainties, flick wet towels at the enemy during an important offensive ...

### **Walters** (Eric)

Well, sir ...

**Presiding General**

Shut up! Colonel Fawcett for the prosecution ...

**Fawcett (Michael)**

Sir, we all know ...



**Presiding General**  
Shut up!

**Fawcett**

I'm sorry?

**Presiding General**  
Carry on.

**Fawcett**

Sir, we all know the facts of this case; that Sapper Walters, being in possession of expensive military equipment, to wit one Lee Enfield .303 rifle and 72 round of ammunition, valued at a hundred and forty pounds three shillings and sixpence, chose instead to use wet towels to take an enemy command post in the area of Basingstoke

...

**Presiding General**

Basingstoke? Basingstoke in Hampshire?

**Fawcett**

No, no, no, sir, no.

**Presiding General**

I see, carry on.

**Fawcett**

The result of his action was that the enemy ...



**Presiding General**  
Basingstoke where?

**Fawcett**

Basingstoke Westphalia, sir.

**Presiding General**

Oh I see. Carry on.

**Fawcett**

The result of Sapper Walters's action was that the enemy received wet patches upon their trousers and in some cases small red strawberry marks upon their thighs ...

## **Presiding General**

I didn't know there was a Basingstoke in Westphalia.

**Fawcett**

*(slightly irritated)* It's on the map, sir.

**Presiding General**  
What map?

**Fawcett**

*(more irritably)* The map of Westphalia as used by the army, sir.



**Presiding General**

Well, I've certainly never heard of Basingstoke in Westphalia.

**Fawcett**

*(patiently)* It's a municipal borough sir, twenty-seven miles north north east of Southhampton. Its chief manufactures ...

## **Presiding General**

What ... Southampton in Westphalia?

**Fawcett**

Yes sir ... bricks ... clothing. Nearby are remains of Basing House, burned down by Cromwell's cavalry in 1645 ...

## **Presiding General**

Who compiled this map?

**Fawcett**

Cole Porter, sir.

**Presiding General**

*(incredulously)* Cole Porter ... who wrote 'Kiss Me Kate'?

**Fawcett**

No, alas not, sir ... this was Cole Porter who wrote 'Anything Goes'. Sir, I shall seek to prove that the man before this court ...



## **Presiding General**

That's the same one! (*he sings*) `In olden days a glimpse of stocking ...'

**Fawcett**

I beg your pardon, sir?

## **Presiding General**

*(singing)* 'In olden days a glimpse of stocking, was looked on as something shocking,  
now heaven knows, anything goes ...'

**Fawcett**

No, this one's different, sir.

**Presiding General**  
How does it go?

**Fawcett**

What, sir?

## **Presiding General**

How does your `Anything Goes' go?

**Walters**

Can I go home now?



**Presiding General**

Shut up! (*to Fawcett*) Come on!

**Fawcett**

Sir, really, this is rather ...

## **Presiding General**

Come on, how does your `Anything Goes' go?

**Fawcett**

*(clearing his throat and going into an extraordinary tuneless and very loud song)*

Anything goes in.

Anything goes out!

Fish, bananas, old pyjamas,

Mutton! Beef! and Trout!

Anything goes in ...

## **Presiding General**

No, that's not it ... carry on.

**Fawcett**

With respect sir, I shall seek to prove that the man before you in the dock being in the possession of the following: one pair of army boots, value three pounds seven and six, one pair of serge trousers, value two pounds three and six, one pair of gaiters value sixty-eight pounds ten shillings, one ...

## **Presiding General**

Sixty-eight pounds ten shillings for a pair of gaiters?

**Fawcett**

*(dismissively)* They were special gaiters, sir.



**Presiding General**  
Special gaiters?

**Fawcett**

Yes, sir, they were made in France. One beret costing fourteen shillings, one pair of ...

## **Presiding General**

What was special about them?

**Fawcett**

Oh ... *(as if he can hardly be bothered to reply)* they were made of a special fabric, sir. The buckles were made of empire silver instead of brass. The total value of the uniform was there ...

## **Presiding General**

Why was the accused wearing special gaiters?

**Fawcett**

*(irritably)* They were a presentation pair, from the regiment. The total value of the uniform ...

## **Presiding General**

Why did they present him with a special pair of gaiters?

**Fawcett**

Sir, it seems to me totally irrelevant to the case whether the gaiters were presented to him or not, sir.



**Presiding General**

I think the court will be able to judge that for themselves. I want to know why the regiment presented the accused with a special pair of gaiters.

**Fawcett**

*(stifling his impatience)* He ... used to do things for them. The total value ...

**Presiding General**  
What things?

**Fawcett**

*(exasperated)* He .. he used to oblige them, sir. The total value ...

**Presiding General**  
Oblige them?

**Fawcett**

Yes, sir. The total value of the uniform ...

## **Presiding General**

How did he oblige them?

**Fawcett**

What sir?



## **Presiding General**

How did he oblige them?

**Fawcett**

*(more and more irritated)* He ... um ... used to make them happy in little ways, sir.  
The total value of the uniform could therefore not have been less than ...

## **Presiding General**

Did he touch them at all?

**Fawcett**

Sir! I submit that this is totally irrelevant.

## **Presiding General**

I want to know how he made them happy.

**Fawcett**

*(losing his temper)* He used to ram things up their ...

**Presiding General**

*(quickly)* All right! All right! No need to spell it out! What er ... what has the accused to say?

**Walters**

*(taken off guard)* What, me?



**Presiding General**

Yes. What have you got to say?

**Walters**

What can I say? I mean, how can I encapsulate in mere words my scorn for any military solution? The futility of modern warfare? And the hypocrisy by which contemporary government applies one standard to violence within the community and another to violence perpetrated by one community upon another?

**Defence Counsel (Terry G.)**

I'm sorry, but my client has become pretentious. I will say in his defence that he has suffered ...

**Fawcett**

Sir! We haven't finished the prosecution!

## **Presiding General**

Shut up! I'm in charge of this court. *(to the court)* Stand up! *(everyone stands up)* Sit down! *(everyone sits down)* Go moo! *(everyone goes moo; the presiding general turns to Fawcett)* See? Right, now, on with the pixie hats! *(everyone puts on pixie hats with large pointed ears)* And order in the skating vicar. *(a skating vicar and everyone bursts into song)*

## **Everyone (?)**

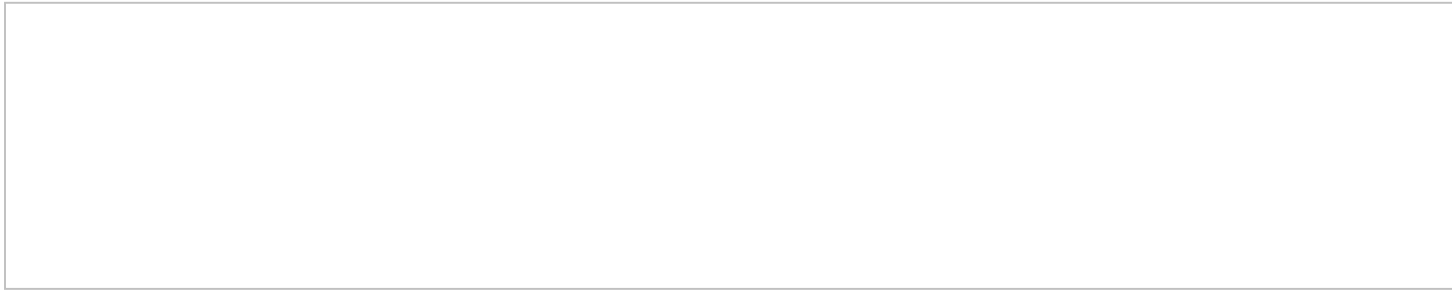
Anything goes in. Anything goes out!

Fish, bananas, old bananas,

Mutton! Beef! and Trout!

Anything goes in. Anything goes out. etc.

[Link to next sketch..](#)



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**Return to the sketches index**

# Film Trailer

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 42

---

## The sketch:

*Cut to the coast of Norway. Night. Tense music. Shots of big coastal guns, cliff-top fortifications.*

*CAPTION: Drama!*

*CAPTION: Action!*

*Build up for about ten seconds. Cut to a cliff top looking out to sea. A grappling hook comes over and sticks in, then another, and another. Whispered voices, music, the tension rises as the rope is tightened. Then over the top comes a German, head blackened and camouflaged. Then others climb over; they are wearing haloes, pink tutus, jackboots, wands. They charge over. Stock film of guns blazing.*

### **Voice Over** (Michael)

*Yes! Coming to this cinema soon! (cut to stock film of a destroyer in the midst of a pitched sea-battle; victory-at-sea music) The tender compassionate story of one man's love for another man in drag. (cut to a sailor on a ship in rough sea; he calls to the captain who is in an evening gown) THRILL! to the excitement of a night emission over Germany.*

*CAPTION: Thrill!*

*Cut to stock shots of bombers on a night raid. Cut to interior of a bomber. Various shots of pilot and navigator. There is flak outside and explosions occasionally light up the cabin*

## Voice Over

When the pilot, Jennifer (*shot of the pilot*) has to choose between his secret love for Louis, (*shot of the navigator*) the hot-bloodedly bi-sexual navigator and Andy, (*shot of the rear gunner*) the rear gunner, who, though quite assertive with girls, tends to take the submissive role in his relationships with men. (*cut to close up of gritty pipe-smoking RAF top brass*) And sensational Mexican starlet, Rosetta Nixon, plays the head of bomber command, (*insert of WAAF*) whose passion for sea-birds ends in tragedy. (*cut to montage of war footage, explosions, guns firing, etc.*) With Ginger, as the half-man, half-woman, parrot whose unnatural instincts brought forbidden love in the aviary. And Roger as Pip, the half-parrot, half-man, half-woman, three-quarter badger, ex-bigamist negro preacher, for whom banjo-playing was very difficult, and he never mastered it although he took several courses and went to banjo college ... er ... and everything ... don't miss it!

*During this last lot are superimposed in quick succession the following captions: 'Drama' 'Suspense' 'Thrills' 'Marquetry' 'Adventures' 'Don't miss it' 'Coming to your cinema soon'*

## **Voice Over**

Coming to your cinema soon! (*cut to an Indian restaurant*) Only five minutes from this restaurant! But now! (*Cut to the nude organist and 'It's' man*)

**It's Man** (Michael)

It's ...

*Opening titles*

*At the end of the title cut to tramps exactly as at the beginning of the show.*

[Link to next sketch...in TV Series](#)

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# The public are idiots

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 42

---

## The sketch:

*Then cut to two twin-set-and-pearls ladies, Mrs Elizabeth III and Mrs Mock Tudor. They are in a sitting room with vulgar furnishings. By the TV, which they are watching, stands a small Arab boy. He has electrodes fixed to him and wires stretching from a control box held by Mrs Elizabeth III. They are watching the tramps.*

**Mrs Mock Tudor** (Graham)  
Bloody repeats!

*She presses the switch. The arab boy flinches with pain and turns and switches of the TV set.*

**Mrs Elizabeth III** (Terry J.)  
Yes, repeats or war films. It really makes you want to micturate.

**Mrs Mock Tudor**

People on television treat the general public like idiots.

**Mrs Elizabeth III**

Well we are idiots.

**Mrs Mock Tudor**

Oh no we are not!

**Mrs Elizabeth III**  
Well I am.

**Mrs Mock Tudor**

How do you know you're an idiot?

**Mrs Elizabeth III**

Oh, I can show you!

**Mrs Mock Tudor**  
How?



## **Mrs Elizabeth III**

Look!

*Cut to Mrs Elizabeth III coming out of the front door in a fairly well-to-do mock Tudor detached house in its own grounds. She runs headlong into a tree opposite the front door. Repeat a few times. Then she rushes into a field, digs a hole three feet deep and stands in it. Cut to her standing beside a letter box. She straps on a long false nose and pokes it through the letter box. She drinks a delicate cup of tea at a posh café and eats the whole cup. Cut to her nailing something to a lorry. The lorry starts off to reveal that she had been nailing herself to the lorry. She is dragged away. Cut to TV planners at a window, watching Mrs Elizabeth III doing silly things in a car park below them. She has a cream bun hanging from a long stick which comes out of her hat. She walks along strangely.*

[Link to next sketch...](#)

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**Return to the sketches index**

# Programme Titles Conference

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 42

---

## The sketch:

**Chief Executive** (Terry J.)

You see the public are idiots ... *(he has a conference tag on his lapel which reads 'Chief TV Planner'; he turns from the window to a conference table, piled with drinks)* Yes ... you might just as well show them the last five miles of the M2 ... they'd watch it, eh?

*Cut to Mrs Mock Tudor and Mrs Elizabeth III watching TV. There is a film of the motorway on it, filmed from the bank beside a bridge.*

**Mrs Mock Tudor** (Graham)

At last they done been put on something interesting.

**Mrs Elizabeth III** (Terry J.)

Oh, most interesting.

*Cut back to the programme planners' conference.*

**First Planner** (Eric)

*(reading figures)* ... and our figures show that the motorways are extremely popular. I mean, last time we showed a repeat of the Leicester bypass our ratings gave us 97,300,912, and ITV nought. So I do feel we ought to give B roads their own series.

**Chief Executive**

I'm sorry ... we just can't give you a bigger budget.

**Second Planner** (Michael)

Budgie?

**First Planner**

*(to the second planner)* No, he's left I think. *(to the senior executive)* Why not?

**Chief Executive**

We're not the only slice of the cake, you know.

**Third Planner** (Graham)

Wouldn't mind a slice of cake. Nice chocolate cake ... delicious ...

## **Second Planner**

I had a budgie once you know, amusing little chap, used to stick his head in a bell ... what was his name, now ... Joey? ... Xerxes? ...

**First Planner**

We could repeat them ...

## Third Planner

Re-heat them?



**First Planner**

No, repeat them ...

### **Third Planner**

You don't re-heat cakes. Not chocolate cakes.

**Chief Executive**

What, repeat the cakes?

**Second Planner**

Mr Heath, that was the name of the budgie.

**Chief Executive**

*(looking at his watch)* Good Lord, the bar's open! *(they all scramble madly to their feet)*

Oh no it isn't, I was looking at the little hand that goes round very fast ...

**First Planner, Second Planner and Third Planner**

Damn. Blast.

*They sit down again reluctantly. There is a short pause.*

**First Planner**

I've got it. We can retitle the repeats.

**Second Planner**

What ... give them different names?

**Chief Executive**

Wouldn't that mean retitling them?



**Third Planner**  
Brilliant!

**Chief Executive**

Right -- all we need is new titles. And they must be damned new!

**Second Planner**

How about `Dad's Navy'?

**Chief Executive**

Mm, good, good.

**First Planner**

`Up Your Mother Next Door.'

**Chief Executive**

Even better ...

**Third Planner**

`Doctor At Bee'!

**Chief Executive, First Planner and Second Planner**

What?

*There is a knock at the door.*

**First Planner**

Someone's knocking at the door.



## **Chief Executive**

Quite like it -- bit long, though, I think.

## Third Planner

Far too long.

**Second Planner**

`I Married Lucy.'

**Chief Executive**

Hasn't that been done?

## **Second Planner**

Oh, yes, a long time ago, though, they'd never remember it.

## Third Planner

`Doctor at Three'!

**Chief Executive**

What?

*There is a knock at the door.*

**First Planner**

I think someone's knocking at the door.



**Chief Executive**

That's even longer!

**Second Planner**

`I Married A Tree.'

**Chief Executive**

`And Mother Makes Tree.'

### **Third Planner**

`Doctor At Cake'!

*Continuous knocking on the door.*

## **First Planner**

Look! I'm not absolutely certain, but, well I do rather get the impression that there is someone actually knocking on the door at this very moment.

**Chief Executive**

That's ridiculous. Half the programme gone. Stop lengthening it!

## **Third Planner**

*(desperate)* 'I Married A Cake'?

**Second Planner**

*(over excited)* `I Married Three Rabbit Jelly Moulds'!



**Third Planner**

Prefer a cake ... specially chocky cake ...

*There is by now a constant hammering.*

**Security Man** (Terry G.)

*(yells from outside door)* Open the sodding door!

**Chief Executive**

No, no. You can't say `sodding' on the television.

*All shake their heads. The door is broken in. Enter a neo-fascist-looking security man in a wheelchair with an oriental sword through his head.*

**Chief Executive**

You're supposed to knock!

**Security Man**

Sorry, sir, but there's trouble at studio five!

**Second Planner**

You're in security, aren't you?

**Security Man**  
Yes, sir.

## **Second Planner**

*(triumphantly)* Well, you're not allowed to suggest programme titles. *(he smiles victoriously at others)*

**Security Man**

Sir! It's the World War series in studio five -- they're not taking it seriously any more.



**First Planner**

You're not allowed to suggest programme titles!

**Security Man**

*(switching on a TV set)* Look!

*They rush to the monitor. One of them brushes the oriental sword which is through his head.*

## **Security Man**

Ow! Mind me war wound!

## **Chief Executive, First Planner, Second Planner and Third Planner**

That's it! Very good title!

*On the screen we see the court martial in progress as we saw it earlier in the show, with the whole court singing.*

## **Everyone (?)**

Anything goes in. Anything goes out!

Fish, bananas, old pyjamas,

Mutton, beef and trout!

Anything goes in. Anything goes out! etc.

[Link to next sketch... in TV Series](#)



**Return to the sketches index**

# Woody and Tinny Words

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 42

---

## The sketch:

*Exterior, a large, tasteful, Georgian rich person's house with extensive gardens beautifully tended, croquet hoops on the lawn -- all in superb taste, nothing vulgar. The sun shines tastefully. The atmosphere is calm. Birds sing. Sound of lawnmowers and cricket in the distance. Laughter from the tennis court. Sound of gardener sharpening spades in the potting shed. Out of vision, a Red Indian struggles to free himself from the rope bonds that bind him. We hear 'Where does a dream begin' being played on a cracked record.*

CAPTION:

1942

Egypt crossed out

Ecuador crossed out

Ethiopia crossed out

England

*The caption fades and we cut to an upper-class drawing room. Father, mother and daughter having tea. Four motionless servants stand behind them.*

**Father** (Graham)

I say ...

**Daughter** (Carol)

Yes, daddy?

**Father**

Croquet hoops look damn pretty this afternoon.

**Daughter**

Frightfully damn pretty.

**Mother** (Eric)

They're coming along awfully well this year.

**Father**

Yes, better than your Aunt Lavinia's croquet hoops.

**Daughter**

Ugh! -- dreadful tin things.



**Mother**

I did tell her to stick to wood.

**Father**

Yes, you can't beat wood ... Gorn!

**Mother**

What's gorn dear?

**Father**

Nothing, nothing, I just like the word. It gives me confidence. Gorn ... gorn. It's got a sort of woody quality about it. Gorn. Gorn. Much better than 'newspaper' or 'litterbin'.

**Daughter**

Frightful words.

**Mother**

Perfectly dreadful.

**Father**

Ugh! Newspaper! ... litterbin ... dreadful tinny sort of words. Tin, tin, tin.

*The daughter bursts into tears.*

**Mother**

Oh, dear, don't say `tin' to Rebecca, you know how it upsets her.



**Father**

*(to the daughter)* Sorry old horse.

**Mother**

Sausage!

**Father**

Sausage ... there's a good woody sort of word, `sausage' ... gorn.

**Daughter**  
Antelope.

**Father**

Where? On the lawn? (*he picks up a rifle*)

**Daughter**

No, no, daddy ... just the word.

**Father**

Don't want an antelope nibbling the hoops.

**Daughter**

No, antelope ... sort of nice and woody type of thing.



**Mother**

Don't think so, Becky old chap.

**Father**

No, no, `antelope', `antelope' -- tinny sort of word (*the daughter bursts into tears*)  
Oh! Sorry old man ...

**Mother**

Really, Mansfield.

**Father**

Well, she's got to come to terms with these things ... seemly ... prodding ... vacuum ...  
leap ...

**Daughter**  
*(miserably)* Hate leap.

**Mother**

Perfectly dreadful.

## Daughter

Sort of PVC-y sort of word, don't you know.

**Mother**

Lower-middle.



**Father**

Bound!

**Mother**

Now you're talking.

**Father**

Bound ... Vole ... Recidivist.

**Mother**

Bit tinny. *(the daughter howls)* Oh! Sorry, Becky old beast. *(the daughter runs out crying)*

**Father**

Oh dear, suppose she'll be gone for a few days now.

**Mother**

Caribou!

**Father**

Splendid word.

**Mother**

No dear ... nibbling the hoops.



**Father**

*(he fires a shot)* Caribou gorn.

**Mother**

*(laughs politely)*

**Father**

Intercourse.

**Mother**

Later, dear.

## Father

No, no, the word, `intercourse' -- good and woody ... inter ... course ... pert ... pert thighs ... botty, botty, botty ... *(the mother leaves the room)* ... erogenous ... zone ... concubine ... erogenous zone! Loose woman ... erogenous zone ... *(the mother returns and throws a bucket of water over him)* Oh thank you, dear ... you know, it's a funny thing, dear ... all the naughty words sound woody.

**Mother**

Really, dear? ... How about tit?

**Father**

Oh dear, I hadn't thought about that. Tit. Tit. Oh, that's very tinny isn't it? (*the daughter returns*) Ugh! Tinny, tinny ... (*the daughter runs out crying*) Oh dear ... ocelot ... wasp ... yowling ... Oh dear, I'm bored ... I'd better go and have a bath, I suppose.

**Mother**

Oh really, must you dear? You've had nine today.



**Father**

All right, I'll sack one of the servants ... Simkins! ... nasty tinny sort of name. Simkins!  
(*he exits*)

*A pilot from the [RAF banter](#) scene enters.*

**Pilot** (Michael)

I say, mater, cabbage crates coming over the briny.

**Mother**

*(frowns and shakes her head)* Sorry dear, don't understand.

**Pilot**

Er ... cowcatchers creeping up on the conning towers ...

**Mother**

No ... sorry ... old sport.

**Pilot**

Caribou nibbling at the croquet hoops.

**Mother**

Yes, Mansfield shot one in the antlers.

**Pilot**

Oh, jolly good show. Is 'Becca about?

**Mother**

No, she's gorn off.



**Pilot**

What a super woody sort of phrase. `Gorn orff'.

**Mother**

Yes, she's gorn orff because Mansfield said `tin' to her.

**Pilot**

Oh, what rotten luck ... oh well ... whole afternoon to kill ... better have a bath I suppose.

**Mother**

Oh, Gervaise do sing me a song ...

**Pilot**

Oh, OK.

## **Mother**

Something woody.

*The pilot launches into a quite enormously loud rendering of 'She's going to marry Yum Yum'. The impact of this on the mother causes her to have a heart attack. She dies and the song ends.*

**Pilot**

For ... she's going to marry Yum Yum ... oh crikey. The old song finished her orff.

**Father**

*(entering)* What's urp?



**Pilot**

I'm afraid Mrs Vermin Jones appears to have passed on.

**Father**

Dead, is she?

**Pilot**

'Fraid so.

## Father

What a blow for her.

[Link to next sketch... in TV Series](#)

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# Show Jumping (muscial) / Newsflash (Germans)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 42

---

## The sketch:

*Cut to the scene on a TV screen and pull out from the TV to Mrs Mock Tudor and Mrs Elizabeth III in their sitting room watching it.*

**Mrs Mock Tudor** (Graham)

What I want to know Mrs Elizabeth III, is why they give us crap like that, when there's bits of the Leicester by-pass what have never been shown. Biskwit?

**Mrs Elizabeth III** (Terry J.)

*(takes biskwit from plate)* Oh, thank yew ...

*Mrs Mock Tudor switches her TV switch. The Arab boy winces in great pain and moves over to the set. He changes channels. Up comes a picture of the motorway again. Roller caption superimposed over the motorway. Appropriate 'Crossroads' type theme music.*

**Voice Over** (Eric)

*(reading the roller caption)* Appearing on the M2 were 4,281 Vauxhall Vivas, 2,117 Vauxhall Vivas de luxe, 153 Vauxhall Vivas with ...

*Mrs Elizabeth III throws the switch and the Arab boy winces with real pain and turns the knob of the television set which changes channels. On the TV set we see the same two ladies watching their set as before with the tramps on it. They continue watching until the two ladies on the set speak.*

**Mrs Mock Tudor**

*(on the TV set)* Bloody repeats.

**Mrs Mock Tudor**

*(not on the TV set)* Bloody repeats.

*As before she switches switch. The Arab boy winces in pain and changes channels.*

**Mrs Elizabeth III**

*(on the TV set)* Yes, repeats or war films ... makes you want to ...

*She throws the switch. The Arab boy winces in pain and turns over. The White City as for show-jumping. Close up of a mounted female rider waiting to start. Voice over of Dorian Williams.*

**Dorian Williams** (Eric)

Hello and welcome to Show-Jumping from White City ...



**Mrs Mock Tudor**

Oh, moto-cross!

## **Dorian Williams**

... and it's Anneli Drummond-Hay on Mr Softee just about to go into jump-off against the clock. The short pause is for the stewards who are repairing the Sound of Music. *(cut to shot of stewards who are organizing eight nuns, Von Trapp in Tyrolean gear, Julie Andrews, and the six Von Trapp children into a group forming a fence; cut back to Anneli)* ... Captain Phillips on 'Streuth' just caught one of the nuns at the very start of what would have been a fine clear round. It's a formidable obstacle this Sound of Music -- eight nuns high but they're ready now, and singing. *(the group start singing 'The Hills are Alive'; the bell goes for the start of the round and the lady rider sets off towards the group)* And there's the bell. She's got 1.07 seconds to beat, but she needs a clear round to win. As she comes towards the Sound of Music and ...

*Cut away to the two ladies watching their TV. Shot from an angle so we can't see the screen.*

**Mrs Elizabeth III**

Quite exciting.

*Cut back to White City to see the lady rider has just cleared the obstacle. A cheer from the crowd. The music changes to 'Oklahoma'. Follow her round to see a similar group dressed as for 'Oklahoma'. Ten hayseeds and six wenches with a hay wagon. Most have primitive pitch forks and are sucking on straws.*

**Dorian Williams**

... beautifully taken, and now she needs to pick up speed for Oklahoma, but not too much. This is where Alan Jones knocked down poor Judd, but ... And ... she's taken it superbly!

**Mrs Mock Tudor**

You notice how we never actually see the horses jump.

*Cheer from TV. Cut back to White City. The horse is coming away from Oklahoma. Cut to run up to Black and White Minstrels.*

**Mrs Mock Tudor**

Wait for it ...

*Cur back to White City.*

**Dorian Williams**

And! She's taken it ... (*cheer; we actually see the lady jumper jump over the chorus of minstrels*) She's over the Minstrels. She just flicked Leslie Crowther with her tail, but the time's good, and now she turns before coming into the final jump ... this is a tough one ... It's Ben-Hur -- forty-six chariots ... 6,000 spectators ... 400 slaves, lion-handlers, the Emperor Nero and the entire Coliseum. 198 feet high. 400 years across!

*The lady jumper is now coming right towards the camera. Cut back to the ladies watching.*

## **Mrs Mock Tudor**

I bet we don't see this one.

*Cut back to horse actually jumping towards the camera. Cut to newsreader Peter Woods in a news studio.*

## **Peter Woods** (Peter Woods)

We interrupt show jumping to bring you a news flash. The Second World War has now entered a sentimental stage. The morning on the Ardennes Front, the Germans started spooning at dawn, but the British Fifth Army responded by gazing deep in their eyes, and the Germans are reported to have gone 'all coy'.

[Link to next sketch... in TV Series](#)

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# 'When Does A Dream Begin?' (song)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 42

---

## The sketch:

*Music comes in underneath: 'When does a dream begin'. Mix to a young airman on an airfield gazing into a WAAF's eyes. Black and white, soft focus and scratched film to look like a not very good print of a 40s film. Airman sings.*

**Airman** (Neil Innes)

When does a dream begin?  
Does it start with a goodnight kiss?  
Is it conceived or simply achieved  
When does a dream begin?  
Is it born in a moment of bliss?  
Or is it begun when two hearts are one  
When does a dream exist?  
The vision of you appears somehow  
Impossible to resist  
But I'm not imagining seeing you  
For who could have dreamed of this?  
When does a dream begin?  
When reality is dismissed?  
Or does it commence when we lose all pretence  
When does a dream begin?

*(Mix sound to end of signature tune. Halfway through the song the credits roll superimposed. They read;)*

Monty Python (social class 9)  
was performed by  
Graham Chapman  
Terry Gilliam  
Eric Idle  
Terry Jones  
Michael Palin (social class 2, Arsenal 0)  
Conceived and written by  
Graham Chapman  
John Cleese  
Terry Gilliam  
Eric Idle  
Neil Innes  
Terry Jones  
Michael Palin (social class Derry and Toms)

Also appearing  
Carol Cleveland  
Bob R. Raymond  
Marion Mould (social class 47 actors)  
`When Does a Dream Begin' by Neil Innes (social class 137 musicians)  
Variations on the theme by Bill McGuffie (social class 137a other musicians)  
Make-up  
Maggie Weston (social class 5 till midnight)  
Costumes  
Andrew Rose (social class 35 28 34)  
Film Cameraman  
Stan Speel (social class f8 at 25th sec.)  
Sound Recordist  
Ron Blight (social class unrecordable)  
Film Editor  
Bob Dearberg (social class Lower 6th) (Mr Potter's)  
Sound  
Mike Jones (social class slightly above the Queen)  
Lighting  
Jimmy Purdie (social class a bottle of Bell's)  
Visual Effects  
John Horton (social class ant)  
Production Assistant  
Brian Jones (social but no class)  
Designer  
Robert Berk (no social class at all)  
Produced by  
Ian MacNaughton (social class 238-470 Scotsman)  
BBC Colour (by permission of Sir K. Joseph)



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# Bogus psychiatrists

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 43](#)

---

## The sketch:

*Tragic music in background.*

*CAPTION: Hamlet*

*CAPTION: By William Shakespeare*

*CAPTION: Act One*

*Quick cut to a close shot of a big American car skidding round a corner. Music. Montage of close ups of tyres, foot on accelerator shots, etc. with a deafening sound track. The car skids to a halt at the side of the curb. Pull out to reveal it is in a smart Harley Street type location. The door opens and out gets a man in black leotard, with make-up and a small crown -- Hamlet, in fact. He goes into a doorway, presses the doorbell and waits. Cut to modern psychiatrist's office. Hamlet is lying on the couch.*

**Hamlet** (Terry J.)

It's just that everywhere I go it's the same old thing. All anyone wants me to say is 'To be or not to be ...'

**Psychiatrist** (Graham)

'... that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous ...'

**Hamlet**

*(quickly)* Yes, it's either that, or `Oh that this too solid flesh would melt ...'

## Psychiatrist

*(taking over)* `... would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew. Or that the everlasting had not fixed his canon 'gainst self slaughter ...'

**Hamlet**

Yes. All that sort of thing. And I'm just getting really fed up.

**Psychiatrist**

*(picking up a skull)* Now do the bit about 'Alas poor Yorrick ...'

**Hamlet**

No. I'm sick of it! I want to do something else. I want to make something of my life.



**Psychiatrist**

No. I don't know that bit.

**Hamlet**

I want to get away from all that. Be different.

**Psychiatrist**

Well um ... what do you want to be?

**Hamlet**

A private dick!

**Psychiatrist**

Why do you want to be a private dick?

**Hamlet**

Ooh ... why does anyone want to be a private dick? Fame, money, glamour, excitement, sex!

**Psychiatrist**

Ah! It's the sex, is it?

**Hamlet**

Well, that's one of the things, yes.



**Psychiatrist**

Yes, what's the sex problem?

**Hamlet**

Well, there's no problem.

**Psychiatrist**

Now, come on, come on. You've got the girl on the bed and she's all ready for it.

**Hamlet**

No, no, it's nothing to do with that.

**Psychiatrist**

*(getting excited)* Now come on, come on, there she is, she's all ready for it. She's a real stunner, she's got great big tits, she's really well stacked and you've got her legs up against the mantelpiece.

**Dr Natal** (Eric)

All right, Mr Butler, I'll take over. *(a distinguished-looking man in a suit enters; the psychiatrist leaves)* Morning, Mr Hamlet. My name's Natal. Sorry to keep you waiting. Now what seems to be the problem.

**Hamlet**

Well, I was telling the other psychiatrist ...

**Dr Natal**

He's ... he's not a psychiatrist.

**Hamlet**

Oh. He said he was a psychiatrist.



**Dr Natal**

Well ... yes ... um, he's a kind of psychiatrist he's ... he's not a proper psychiatrist. He's not er ... fully qualified ... in, um, quite the sort of way we should want. Anyway the problem I believe is basically sexual is it?

*The psychiatrist puts his head round door.*

**Psychiatrist**

I asked him that!

**Dr Natal**

Get out! *(the psychiatrist goes; to Hamlet)* Now then, you've got the girl on the bed. You've been having a bit of a feel up during the evening. You've got your tongue down her throat. She's got both her legs up on the mantelpiece ...

*Enter a distinguished-looking psychiatrist in a white coat.*

**Third Psychiatrist** (Michael)

*(quietly and authoritatively, indicating the door)* Dr Natal ... out please!

**Dr Natal**

I'm talking to a patient! Oh ... *(he goes)*

### **Third Psychiatrist**

Out please! I'm terribly sorry, sir. We have a lot of problems here with bogus psychiatrists. One of the risks in psychiatry I'm afraid. Unfortunately they do tend to frighten the patient and they can cause real and permanent damage to the treatment. But I assure you that I am a completely bona fide psychiatrist. Here's my diploma in psychiatry from the University of Oxford. This here shows that I'm a member of the British Psychiatric Association, a very important body indeed. Here's a letter from another psychiatrist in which he mentions that I'm a psychiatrist. This is my Psychiatric Club tie, and as you can see the cufflinks match. I've got a copy of 'Psychiatry Today' in my bag, which I think is pretty convincing. And a letter here from my mother in which she asks how the psychiatry is going, and I think you'll realize that the one person you can't fool is your mother. So if you'd like to ask me any questions about psychiatry, I bet I can answer them.

**Hamlet**

No, no, it's all right, really.

**Third Psychiatrist**

OK, you've got this girl on your bed, you've had a few drinks, you've got her stretched out and her feet on the mantelpiece ... (*the intercom buzzes*) yes, what is it?

**Intercom Voice (?)**

There's a proper psychiatrist to see you, Dr Rufus Berg.

**Third Psychiatrist**

Oh, oh my God! Ok, thank you. *(he hurriedly changes into a police constable's uniform)* Right, thank you very much for answering the questions, sir. We'll try not to trouble you again, sir. *(exits hurriedly)*

*A fourth psychiatrist rushes in.*

**Fourth Psychiatrist (Terry G.)**

Right you've got the girl down on the bed, you've got her legs up on the mantelpiece.

*Two men in white coats bundle him out. Dr Natal Enters.*



**Dr Natal**

Well, well done, Mr Hamlet. You've done extremely well in out disorientation tests.

**Hamlet**

Oh? Oh!

**Dr Natal**

You see, I'm sorry it might have confused you a little, but we do this to try to establish a very good doctor/patient relationship, you see ... we do it to sort of, as it were, to break down the barriers. All right?

**Hamlet**

yes fine.

**Dr Natal**

Good! Well, you've got her legs up on the mantelpiece ...

*The two men come in and chase him out. Cut to a man at a consultant's desk in a smart West End surgery.*

*CAPTION: Dr Bruce Genuine, Chairman of the Psychiatric Association*

**Dr Bruce** (Terry J.)

On behalf of the Psychiatric Association, I should like to say that we are taking firm action to clamp down on the activities of bogus psychiatrists. In fact in many areas of modern psychiatry computers are now being increasingly used for the first basic diagnosis and this has gone a long way in eliminating the danger of unqualified impostors.

*Cut to Hamlet in an office. A big, impressive-looking computer beside him.*

**Computer** (?)

*(in tinny computer voice)* You've had your tongue down her throat and she's got her legs on the mantelpiece.

*The door opens and a nurse appears.*

**Nurse** (Carol)

Out!

*The computer scuttles for the door, revealing that underneath it are six pairs of legs, in pin-striped trousers and expensive shoes. Cut to the same computer in a field. The nurse picks up a bazooka. The computer rises into the air, the nurse fires at it and it explodes.*

[Link to next sketch...](#)



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# 'Nationwide' / Police Helmets

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 43

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## The sketch:

*'Nationwide' type music and credits. Michael Charlton in a studio.*

### **Charlton** (Eric)

Good evening and welcome to 'Nationwide'. The programme where we do rather wet things nationally and also give you the chance to see some rather wet items in the Regions. Well, everyone is talking about the Third World War which broke out this morning. But here on 'Nationwide' we're going to get away from that a bit and look instead at the latest theory that sitting down regularly in a comfortable chair can rest your legs. It sounds very nice doesn't it, but can it be done? Is it possible or practical for many of us in our jobs and with the sort of busy lives we lead to sit down in a comfortable chair just when we want? We sent our reporter John Dull to find out.

*Cut to Dull sitting in a chair on Westminster Bridge.*

### **Reporter** (Graham)

Well, here I am on London's busy Westminster Bridge, seeing just how much time sitting down can take. Well, I arrived here by train at about 8.50, it's now 9.05, so I've been here approximately twelve minutes and if it's any encouragement, I must say that my legs do feel rested.

*A policeman walks up to him.*

### **Policeman** (Michael)

Is this your chair?

**Reporter**

Er ... well, no, it's a prop.

**Policeman**

It's been stolen!



**Reporter**  
What?

**Policeman**

This belongs to a Mrs Edgeworth of Pinner -- she's standing over there.

*Cut to worried middle-aged lady, standing on the other side of the road, peering across. She has an identical chair in one hand.*

**Reporter**

Ah well, it's nothing to do with me. It's just a prop which the BBC ... aaargh!

*The policeman pushes the reporter off and picks up the chair.*

## **Policeman**

It's got her name on the bottom. (*he indicates: Mrs E. Edgeworth*)

**Reporter**

Well er ... perhaps you'd better give it back to her.

**Policeman**

You don't believe I'm a policeman, do you?

**Reporter**  
Yes I do!

**Policeman**

What am I wearing on my head?



**Reporter**  
A helmet

**Policeman**

*(correcting him)* A policeman's helmet!

**Reporter**  
Yes.

**Policeman**

*(taking off his helmet and demonstrating)* You see that?

**Reporter**  
Yes.

**Policeman**

That little number there?

**Reporter**  
Yes.

## **Policeman**

That is a Metropolitan Area Identification Code. No helmet is authentic without that number.



**Reporter**  
I see.

**Policeman**

Kids' helmets, helmets you get in toy shops, helmets you buy at Christmas. None of them is authentic ... Hang on. *(he turns and crosses the busy road)*

**Reporter**

Oh could I ...

**Policeman**

Hang on!

*He goes across to Mrs Edgeworth, and tries to grab the other chair from her. Mrs Edgeworth resists. He clouts her and pulls the chair away. He brings it back across the road and sits down next to the reporter.*

## **Policeman**

Mind you I didn't join the police force just to wear the helmets you know. That just happens to be one of the little perks. There are plenty of jobs where I could have worn a helmet, but not such a nice helmet. *(Mrs Edgeworth is gesticulating; another policeman comes up and drags her away)* This helmet, I think, beats even some of the more elaborate helmets worn by the Tsar's private army, the so-called Axi red warriors. You know about them?

**Reporter**

Well, no I don't.

**Policeman**

Ah! Their helmets used to look like ... you got any paper?

**Reporter**

Well only these scripts.

*The policeman gets up, looks up the street, and selects a businessman with a briefcase, who is hurrying away from him. The policeman runs up to him, grabs his arm, twists it up behind his back and wrenches the briefcase from his hand. He opens it, gets out some paper, then drops briefcase before the amazed owner, and ambles back to his chair, neatly grabbing a pen from a passer-by's inside pocket.*



**Policeman**

I'll have that!

**Man (?)**

I say!

*The policeman sits down again and starts to draw, talking the while.*

## **Policeman**

Now then. Their helmet was not unlike the bobby's helmet in basic shape. It had an emblem here, and three gold -- and in those days it really was gold, that's part of the reason the Tsar was so unpopular -- three gold bands surmounted by a golden eagle on the apex here. Pretty nice helmet, eh?

**Reporter**  
Yes.

## **Policeman**

I think the domed helmet wins every time over the flattened job, you know, even when they're three cornered ... *(suddenly his eyes light on two office secretaries opening their packed lunch on a nearby seat)* ... you want something to eat?

**Reporter**

*(sensing what's going to happen, hurriedly)* Well no, er really ...

**Policeman**

*(approaching the girls and getting out his notebook)* Hang on. You can't park here you know.

**Women ()**

*(bewildered)* We're not parked!

**Policeman**

No parked! What's that then?

**Women**

That's our lunch.



**Policeman**

Right. I'm taking that in for forensic examination.

**Women**

Why?

**Policeman**

Because it might have been used as a murder weapon, that's why! *(the girls look at each other; the policeman grabs their lunch)* Yeah, not bad. Could be worse. *(to the reporter)* Beer?

**Reporter**

*(desperately)* No, no, please ... honestly ... please ...

*The policeman walks off. There is a crash of breaking glass. An alarm bell starts to ring. The reporter winces. The policeman walks into shot again, holding two bottles of beer. He sits down, opens th beers with his teeth and hands one to reporter who is very embarrassed.*

## **Policeman**

Now, the Chaldeans, who used to inhabit the area in between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, their helmets were of the modular restrained kind of type ...

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# Father-in-law

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 43

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## The sketch:

*To lyrical music the camera pans across the road, and comes across a couple making love on the pavement. Pedestrians step over them.*

**Carol** (Carol)

Oh Robert, tell me I'm beautiful.

**Robert** (Terry J.)

Oh you are, you are!

**Carol**

Oh Robert, do you mean that?

**Robert**

Of course I do.



**Carol**

Tou're not just saying that because I asked you?

**Robert**

Of course not.

**Carol**

Oh Robert ... Robert, are you sure it doesn't put you off?

**Robert**

What?

**Carol**

My father wanting to come and live with us.

**Robert**

No, of course I don't mind your father coming to live with us.

**Carol**

He wouldn't just be living with us.

**Robert**

What do you mean?



**Carol**

Well, he finds it very difficult to get to sleep on his own, so I said he could sleep with us.

**Robert**

He wants to put his bed in our room?

**Carol**

No, no, of course not.

**Robert**

Oh good ...

**Carol**

Our bed is plenty big enough for three ...

**Robert**

What?

**Carol**

He'd just get into bed and go to sleep.

**Robert**

No. I'm not having that.



**Carol**

Oh Robert, I thought you loved me?

**Robert**

Well I do, but ...

**Carol**

Well, he wouldn't look.

**Robert**

He's bound to peek.

**Carol**

No, no, he wouldn't honestly.

**Robert**

No! No! No!!

*Cut to the three of them in bed. Robert is in the middle. Father wears striped pyjamas, the others are nude. There is an uncomfortable silence.*

**Father** (Graham)

You young couple just carry on. Take no notice of me ... *(silence; they smile half-heartedly)* I don't want to feel as though I'm getting in the way.

**Carol**

Oh no dad, you're not.

**Robert**

No, no.



**Father**

Good.

*Silence again.*

**Carol**

Well, I think I'll get to sleep.

**Father**

*Are you sure?*

**Carol**

Oh yes, I'm a bit tired after the wedding.

**Father**

Bob, what about you?

**Robert**

Oh yes, all right, yes.

**Father**

Oh well, I seem to be O/C lights.

**Carol**

*(to Robert)* Good night, darling.



**Robert**

Good night.

**Father**

Good night!

*He switches the light off. It is pitch dark. There is a long pause, then a strange scraping noise like a pencil being sharpened. The scraping is followed by sawing and is eventually replaced by short sharp knocking sounds. This goes on for some time.*

**Carol**

Father. Father, what are you doing?

**Father**

I'm making a boat.

**Carol**

What?

**Father**

It's the Cutty Sark. It's a model I've been making in the dark for some years now.

**Carol**

Well, wouldn't it be better with the light on?

**Father**

No, no, I'm making it in the dark, that;s the point.

*There is a click. The light goes on. He looks disappointed. In his hands is a completely shapeless mass of wood and nails.*



**Father**

Oh dear, not as accurate as I thought.

**Robert**

It's not the Cutty Sark!

## Father

Well it hasn't got its sails yet. Oh well I'll ... I'll have a look at it in the dark room in the morning. Good night. (*grunts from the others who are already snuggling down; lights go off; silence*)

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# Hamlet and Ophelia

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 43

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## The sketch:

*Animated opening titles.*

*Banging on the wall from next door.*

**Man** (Terry G.)

Shut up! Will you shut up in there!

*Cut to a middle-aged man with small moustache and neat pyjamas banging on the wall with what appears to be an Indian club.*

**Man**

Shut up! *(it goes quiet next door)* That's better.

*He walks to a side wall and hangs his club on a hook beneath big old-fashioned art-nouveau sign clearly labelled 'The Burlington Wall-banger'. He goes across to bed and gets in. In the bed are a party of four Japanese businessmen in suits with lapel badges, two lady American tourists with rain hats and cameras, three other moustached English gentlemen in pyjamas, four Tour De France riders, three Swedish businessmen, and Winston Churchill. In the corner of the room are three Tour De France bicycles. All the people are watching TV. All in the bed are slightly tear-stained and sad, and eating popcorn and crisps, utterly absorbed. On TV we hear a Hamlet sad speech.*

**Hamlet** (Terry J.)

I am myself indifferent honest, but then I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me.

*Cut to the TV set in the room. Close in on TV set to see Hamlet lying beside Ophelia, who is gazing at him intently. It is the same Hamlet we saw in the psychiatrist's scene. They are in one of those rather austere modern theatre sets.*

**Hamlet**

O fair Ophelia, nymph, in thy orisons, be all my sins remembered ...

**Ophelia** (Connie Booth)

So anyway, you've got the girl on the bed and her legs are on the mantelpiece ...

*The nurse from the psychiatrist's office enters.*

**Nurse** (Carol)

Out! (*bundles her off*)

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# Boxing match aftermath

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 43

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## The sketch:

*Animation: Ends with a poster 'Boxing Tonight! The Killer vs. The Champ. 15 Rounds'.*

*Cut to a dressing room at Madison Square Gardens, table, chairs, towels, and the usual paraphernalia. Noise of a crowd outside. The door opens and in comes Mr Gabriello, and two assistants carrying a boxer on a stretcher. Smoke, action, excitement come in with them.*

**Mr Gabriello** (Michael)

That was a great fight, Champ, a great fight, you hear! Oh boy, what a fight, Champ, what a great fight! You nearly had him, Champ, you nearly had him ... where's his head?

**First Assistant** (?)

I got it in here, Mr Gabriello.

*He holds up a carrier bag. Gabriello goes over to it, looks inside and shouts into it.*

**Mr Gabriello**

You were great, Champ, d'you hear, you were great!



**First Assistant**

*(looking in the bag)* He's got a nasty cut over his eye.

**Mr Gabriello**

Yeah, I think it was a mistake him wearing spectacles. *(gives the bag o the assistant)*

Oh well, get that sewn onto his body in time for the press pictures.

**First Assistant**

OK, Mr Gabriello.

**Mr Gabriello**

*(to second assistant)* Wasn't he great my boy?

**Second Assistant** (Eric)

He was great, Mr Gabriello.

**Mr Gabriello**

The way he kept fighting after his head came off!

## **Second Assistant**

He was better when the head came off, Mr Gabriello. He was really dodging the guy.

**Mr Gabriello**

Yeah, I reckon that if he could've lasted till the end of that first minute, he would've had the Killer worried.

**Second Assistant**

Sure, Mr Gabriello.



**Mr Gabriello**

Oh he was great. Did you see his left arm?

**Second Assistant**

No!

**Mr Gabriello**

OK, we'll look around the hall after everybody's gone.

**Second Assistant**

Do you realize Mr Gabriello, some of those guys out there paid over £2,000 for a ringside seat.

**Mr Gabriello**

And where did the head land? Right at the back, that's justice... *(the door opens; a black cleaner comes in)* What d'you want?

*The cleaner holds up a carrier bag.*

**Black Man** (Terry G.)

This your boy's head?

**Mr Gabriello**

No, no, we've got his head. He ain't hurt that bad.

**Second Assistant**

*(looking in the bag)* Hey, that's Gerry Marinello. He fought the Killer last week.

**Mr Gabriello**

OK, give it to me. I'm seeing his trainer tomorrow. I'll give it to him.

*The cleaner is ushered out.*



**Second Assistant**

Hey, Mr Gabriello. The press is still outside. Are you ready for them?

**Mr Gabriello**

How's the Champ?

**First Assistant**

*(working away with needle and thread)* Well, the head's on OK. But there's still a left arm missing.

**Mr Gabriello**

OK, well keep the dressing gown kinda loose, OK. *(Gabriello goes to door and opens it)* OK boys, come on in!

*The press surge in. The fighter is propped up.*

**First Reporter** (Terry J.)

Hey Mr Gabriello, Mr Gabriello. Did you expect your boy to last the full twenty-eight seconds?

**Mr Gabriello**

This boy has never let me down. He's the pluckiest goddamn fighter I've ever trained.

**Second Reporter** (Carol)

Were you worried when his head started to come loose?

**Mr Gabriello**

No, no, we were expecting that. I told them to expect it to and it did. He ain't stupid.

**First Reporter**

Hey, can we have a word with the Champ?

**Mr Gabriello**

Yeah OK. But keep the questions simple.



**First Reporter**

Hey Champ! How're you feeling?

**Mr Gabriello**

*(angrily)* I said keep the questions simple!

## **Second Reporter**

Mr Gabriello. People are saying that the kid ought to be buried. His head's come off in the last six fights.

**Mr Gabriello**

There's no question of burying the kid. He's just reaching the top.

**Second Reporter**

Well, shouldn't he just stay in hospital?

## Mr Gabriello

No, he ain't going to no hospital. He's got the return fight next week.

*Shot of the `New York Times' headline `Champ to be kept alive for big return'.*

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# Boxing Commentary

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 43](#)

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## The sketch:

*Cut to a hospital ward. Numerous doctors and nurses are listening to the radio.*

**Radio Voice** (Michael)

And there's Frank Sinatra leaving the ring. Behind him is George Raft, another great boxing fan, Martin Bormann, acknowledging the applause, and with him of course is Gus Himmler, who did an awful lot for the sport in his country in the early 1940s. And here comes the Champ now and he seems in good shape to meet the Killer once again. Before an audience, some of them will have paid \$920,000 million for the privilege of seeing this boy get beaten up. And there's the bell.

**Patient** (?)

*(having a heart attack on the bed in the corner)* Aaarrrrghhh!

**All** (?)

Quiet!!

## Radio Voice

And a left and a right and a right jab that's taken the Champ's shoulder off. And here's the Killer again with a right and another left and a bash with a hammer and a terrific smack with a heavy thud right into the skull and there's a gaping hole right through the Champ's body now. And now the Killer's working on the cut eye with a series of beautifully placed punches and the head's coming loose. *(the doctors and nurses getting increasingly excited)* The Champ must try and keep his head on. The Killer's kicked him in the groin and he's bitten half his left buttock off and the referee's stepped in with a warning there. What a plucky fighter this Champ is. He's fighting as well as I've ever seen him. Must be losing blood at a rate of a pint a second now. It's everywhere. Certainly those who paid one and a half million dollars for those ringside seats are really getting their money's worth. They're covered in it. And his head's off! *(everyone cheers)* His head that's come off in so many fights is off in the thirty-first second. It's rolled away down to the left ... but what's happening? The Killer's being talked to by the referee. There's the Champ ... plucky little body racing around the ring, trying to find his opponent. And the Killer has been disqualified. *(pandemonium breaks out in the ward - some patients cheering, doctors thumping them in disagreement)* He's been disqualified ... this great fighter who has killed more than twenty people in his career has at last been defeated by this courageous headless little southpaw from New York. And there's a great roar here as the referee raises the arm of the new World Heavyweight Champion. What a pity the rest of his body wasn't there to see it. *(general disappointment; someone changes channels)*

## Second Radio Voice (Terry J.)

Well here in London it's 12.30 and time for 'The Robinsons'. *(everyone perks up)* An everyday story of bla-di-bl-di-bla ... *(sings 'Archers' theme tune)* da di da di da di da ... and so on.

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# Piston engine (a bargain)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 43

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## The sketch:

**Mrs Non-Robinson** (?)

*(on radio)* Morning Mrs Robinson.

**Mrs Robinson** (?)

*(on radio)* Mornin Mrs Non-Robinson.

**Mrs Non-Robinson**

Been shopping?

**Mrs Robinson**

No, ... I've been shopping.

*During this exchange there have been six cuts to close-ups of radios of different shapes and sizes.*

**Mrs Non-Robinson**

What'd you buy?

*Pull out to reveal a pepperpot. Mrs Non-Gorilla sitting beside a radio on a park bench.*

**Mrs Robinson**

*(on radio)* A piston engine.

**Mrs Non-Robinson**

What d'you buy that for?

**Mrs Robinson**

It was a bargain.

**Mrs Non-Gorilla** (Eric)

Bloody rubbish. *(she turns the radio off)*

*Quick cut to a hospital, doctor on a bed listening to a radio. It switches off.*

**Doctor** (Graham)

I wanted to listen to that!

*Cut back to Mrs Non-Gorilla. Another pepperpot approaches.*

**Mrs Non-Gorilla**

Morning Mrs Gorilla.

**Mrs Gorilla** (Michael)

Morning Mrs Non-Gorilla.

**Mrs Non-Gorilla**

Have you been shopping?

**Mrs Gorilla**

No ... been shopping.

**Mrs Non-Gorilla**

Did you buy anything?

**Mrs Gorilla**

A piston engine!

*She reveals a six-cylinder car engine on a white tray, on a trolley.*

**Mrs Non-Gorilla**

What d'you buy that for?

**Mrs Gorilla**

Oooh! It was a bargain.

*Start to pan away from them, their voices become fainter*

**Mrs Non-Gorilla**

Oooohhh!

*Pan across a civic park, of which the only occupants are about ten pepperpots, dressed identically, scattered across on benches. One pepperpot is in a wheelchair. We come in to Mrs Non-Smoker, unwrapping a parcel and calling to the birds.*

**Mrs Non-Smoker** (Terry J.)

Come on little birdies ... come on little birdies ... tweet tweet ... come and see what mummy's got for you ...

*Shw unwraps the parcel revealing a leg of lamb which she hurls at the gathered birds. A screech. She kills a pigeon. She reaches in a another bag and produces two tins of pineapple chunks and throws them.*

**Mrs Non-Smoker**

Come on little birdies ... tweety tweety ... oooh look at this ... tweet tweet ... ooohhh nice one ... come on little birdies ...

*She chortles with delight as she hurls a huge jar of mayonnaise which smashes messily. She then throws a large frozen turkey, a jar of onions, a bag of frozen peas, and a bottle of wine. We widen as Mrs Smoker, with an identical piston engine to the last pepperpot, comes up to Mrs Non-Smoker. Quite a large area in front of Mrs Non-Smoker is littered with packaged foods and dead birds; a bird is pecking at a tin of pâté; a small pond in front of her has a swan upside down with its feet sticking in the air, a huge tin floating beside it.*

**Mrs Non-Smoker**

Oohh hello, Mrs Smoker.

**Mrs Smoker** (Graham)

Hello Mrs Non-Smoker.

**Mrs Non-Smoker**

What, you been shopping then?

**Mrs Smoker**

Nope ... I've been shopping!

**Mrs Non-Smoker**

What d'you buy?



**Mrs Smoker**

A piston engine!

**Mrs Non-Smoker**

What d'you buy that for?

**Mrs Smoker**

It was a bargain!

**Mrs Non-Smoker**

How much d'you want for it?

**Mrs Smoker**

Three quid!

**Mrs Non-Smoker**

Done. *(she hands over the money)*

**Mrs Smoker**

Right. Thank you.

**Mrs Non-Smoker**

How d'you cook it?

**Mrs Smoker**

You don't cook it.

**Mrs Non-Smoker**

You can't eat that raw!

### **Mrs Smoker**

Ooooh ... never thought of that. Oh, day and night, but this is wondrous strange ...

### **Mrs Non-Smoker**

... and therefore is a stranger welcome it. There are more things in Heaven and Earth Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come, the time is out of joint. Oh cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right. Let's go together.

*They get up and go. Fade to black.*

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# A room in Polonius' house / Dentists (Live from Epsom)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 43

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## The sketch:

*CAPTION: Act Two - A Room in Polonius's House*

*Cut to Frank Bough type presenter. Behind him are sports pictures.*

**Presenter** (Michael)

Hello, and welcome to 'A Room in Polonius's House'. Well tonight is European Cup night. One result is already in from Munich. The European Cup, first round, second leg, Bayern München 4397, Wrexham 1. So Wrexham going through there on aggregate. Well, now it's time for racing, so let's go over to Epsom and Brian McNutty.

*Cut to a dentist's surgery. A dentist is filling a patient. He talks to camera.*

*CAPTION: Live from Epsom*

**Dentist** (Graham)

Well over here at Epsom, there are chances a-plenty for those who want to make a good start in ...

**Patient** (?)

Dentistry.

## Dentist

Dentistry. It's a well-off suburb, so most people have their own teeth and surgeries are opening at a rate of four or five a week.

*Cut to housewife in a back garden standing in front of a washing line with really nasty stained washing on it: some man's trousers with very nasty stain on crotch and running down the leg; a badly torn sheet with melted chocolate biscuit stuck on it; a huge bra, with cups eighteen inches across; two pieces of bacon and a fried egg pegged on the line; and more dirty washing.*

*CAPTION: Live from Epsom*

## Housewife (Graham)

Well, it's only forty-four minutes from the West End on the train and it's not too built up, so you can have a nice garden. And the people of Epsom are a very nice class of person.

*Cut to a property developer in a main street.*

*CAPTION: Live from Epsom*

## Property Developer (Michael)

Well here in High Street Epsom, there are ample opportunities for all kinds of redevelopment. As you can see *(he indicates old houses)* behind me now there are a high level of low density consumer units, still not fully maximising site value. This could be radically improved by a carefully planned programme of demolition. And of course most of the occupants are ... er ... elderly folks, so they wouldn't put up much of a fight.

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# Jockey Interviews

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 43

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## The sketch:

*Cut to Epsom racecourse, and a presenter, Brian MacThighbone, up against the paddock rail.*

*CAPTION: Live from Epsom*

**Brian** (Eric)

Good afternoon. Well in fact there's still a few minutes to go before the main race on the card this afternoon - the Queen Victoria Handicap. So let's have a quick word with the winner of the last race, one of the season's top jockeys - Ronnie Mau-Mau. *(a jockey's cap comes into shot, which is all we ever see of him)* Good afternoon, Ronnie.

**First Jockey** (Michael)

Good afternoon, Brian.

**Brian**

*(pointing his stick-mike down)* A very fine ride there, Ronnie.

**First Jockey**

Well, a fine horse, Brian. You know you can't go wrong.

**Brian**

Do you fancy your chances for the Derby?

**First Jockey**

*(vigorously nodding)* Oh very definitely, very definitely, indeed, certainly Brian.

**Brian**

Well, let's just see if a colleague of yours agrees with that. Let's just have a quick word with Desmond Willet. Afternoon Des.

*Another different silk hat comes into the bottom of frame. Again all we see is the jockey's cap.*

**Second Jockey (Graham)**

*(Irish accent)* Afternoon, Brian. *(he shakes his head)* No chance, no chance at all.

**First Jockey**

*(nodding vigorously)* No, no I think you're wrong there, Des, with the right kind of going, he's going to be in there at the finish, Des.

## **Second Jockey**

*(shaking vigorously)* No chance, there's no chance.



**Brian**

Well in fact I can see last season's top jockey, Johnny Knowles. *(two caps move over)*  
Good afternoon, Johnny.

*Pause. Not even a cap is seen.*

**Third Jockey (?)**

*(faintly)* Hello, Brian.

**Brian**

Er, could we have a box for Johnny, please. (*a cap comes into sight*) Thank you.

**Third Jockey**  
Hello, Brian

**Brian**

That's better. Well there you are. Three very well known faces from the racing world.

Thanks very much for coming along this afternoon, lads.

**First Jockey, Second Jockey and Third Jockey**

Not at all. (*vigorous nodding of caps*)

**Brian**

And best wishes for the Derby.

**First Jockey, Second Jockey and Third Jockey**

Ah, thank you Brian, thanks very much. *(they leave nodding)*

**Brian**

Well in fact I hear they're ready for us now at the start of the main race this afternoon.  
So let's go right away and join Peter at the start.

[Link to next sketch..](#)

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# Queen Victoria Handicap

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 43](#)

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## The sketch:

*A view of the starting stalls, shot so we cannot see inside.*

*CAPTION: 3.15 Queen Victoria Handicap*

### **Voice Over** (Eric)

Well they're under starter's orders for this very valuable Queen Victoria Handicap. And they're off, *(the starting stall doors fly open; out come eight identically dressed Queen Victorias who go bustling off up the field)* and Queen Victoria got a clean jump off, followed by Queen Victoria, Queen Victoria and Queen Victoria. It's Queen Victoria from Queen Victoria and Queen Victoria. It's Queen Victoria making the early running on the inside. And at the back Queen Victoria already a couple of lengths behind the leaders. Queen Victoria has now moved up to challenge Queen Victoria with Queen Victoria losing ground. Queen Victoria tucked in neatly on the stand side with a clear view. Queen Victoria still the back marker as they approach the halfway mark, but making ground now, suddenly past Queen Victoria with Queen Victoria, Queen Victoria and Queen Victoria still well placed as they approach the first fence. *(a low angle shot as the Queen Victorias appear over the fence and thunder towards the camera)* And at the first fence it's Queen Victoria just ahead of Queen Victoria and Queen Victoria falling away in third place. And Queen Victoria in the lead as they ...

*Cu back to the presenter in the studio; he is completely dressed as Queen Victoria, apart from his face.*

### **Presenter** (Michael)

Well a very exciting race there at Epsom. And now over to the European Cup at Barcelona where the latest news is that Miguel Otana, the burly Real Madrid striker, was sent off for breaking wind in the forty-third minute. He'd already been cautioned for pursing his lips earlier on in the game and now he's off! So let's see a playback of that ... Brian.

*Cut to Brian, dressed the same way.*

### **Brian** (Eric)

Yes ... er ... well as you can see ... there's Otana now *(brief stock shot of football match)* ... he gets the ... er ... through ball from Gomez *(cut back to Brian)* and er ... he makes no attempt to play the ball. He quite deliberately lets off! And to my mind he was within the box and the referee had no option whatsoever but to send him off.

*Cut to the presenter.*

**Presenter**

Jimmy?

*We cut to the real Jimmy Hill dressed as Queen Victoria, veil, crown and all.*

**Jimmy Hill** (Jimmy Hill)

Good evening.



**Presenter**

What do you make of that?

**Jimmy Hill**

Well the referees really are clamping down these days. Only last week the Belgian captain was sent off for having a Sony radio cassette player. And Gonerelli, the huge Italian defender, was sent off in Turin for having his sitting and dining room knocked through to form an open living area.

*Cut to the presenter.*

**Presenter**

Hamlet?

*Cut to Hamlet.*

**Hamlet** (Terry J.)

Good evening.

*Cut quickly back to the presenter.*

**Presenter**

Well you've got the girl on the bed and her legs up on the mantelpiece ...

*The nurse enters.*

**Nurse (Carol)**

Out, out, come on, come on, out ... *(she hustles the presenter out of studio)*

*Animated sketch.*

*CAPTION: Act Five - A Ham In The Castle*

*Mix to the theatre set we saw before. All the cast are dressed as Queen Victorias, except for Hamlet and Ophelia.*

**First Queen Victoria (?)**

Let four captains bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage. For he was likely had he been put on to have proved most royally ...

*CAPTION: The End*

*They come on and take bows. Superimposed Python credits in Shakespearean style and graphics.*

*CAPTION:*

*Monty Python*

*by William Shakespeare*

*Dramatis Personae*

*Hamlet - Terry Jones*

*A bachelor friend of Hamlet's*

*Graham Chapman*

*Quite a butch friend of Hamlet's but still a bachelor*

*Terry Gilliam*

*A friend of Hamlet's who, though married, still sees Hamlet occasionally*

*Michael Palin*

*A very close bachelor friend of Hamlet's who, though above suspicion, does wear rather loud shirts*

*Eric Idle*

*Another part of the dramatis personae:*

*A friend of Hamlet's who loves bachelors - Carol Cleveland*

*A Jimmy Hill near London - Jimmy Hill*

*A bachelor gentleman - Bob E. Raymond*

*An Ophelia - Constance Booth*

*A loony, but not a bachelor - Sir K. Joseph*

*Additional blank verse: J. Cleese (no relation) (of Hamlet's, that is)*

*Personae non dramatis but technicalis*

*(Some bachelors, some not)*

*A meker-upper  
Maggie Weston  
A costume designer and bachelor  
Andrew Rose  
A cameraman of London  
Stan Speel  
A sound recordist of ill repute  
John Blight  
An editor of film who is partly bachelor and partly vegetable with mineral connections  
Bob Dearberg  
A studio sound man  
Mike Jones  
A lighting Scotsman  
Jimmy Purdie  
A visual effector keen on bachelors  
John Horton  
An assistant producer friend of Hamlet's  
Brian Jones  
A designed who prefers married men but knows quite a few bachelors  
Valerie Warrender  
A professional producer and amateur bachelor  
Ian MacNaughton  
A Bachelor Broadcasting Corporation  
BBC Colour.*

*Fade out. Fade up on a moor. An explosion has just take place. Out of the smoke a ragged man walks towards the camera.*

**Man** (Michael)  
And then...

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# Post Box Ceremony

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 44

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**The cast:**

**SCRAP MAN**

Terry Jones

**G.P.O. OFFICIAL**

Michael Palin

## VOICE OVER

Michael Palin

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### The sketch:

*(A street in Ruislip, morning. A scrap can is going down the street.)*

**Scrap Man:** Let's bring 'em out! Any old iron! Any old iron!

*(A door opens and a housewife brings out a rather sophisticated-looking ground-to-air missile system, and dumps it on the cart.)*

**Scrap Man:** Thank you.

*(Another door opens and a couple of rather respectable-looking old ladies bring out two bazookas and assorted shells and put them by the gate. There are further contributions of arms from householders. A GPO van comes up the street, passes the scrap cart and comes to rest up by the camera. There is a pillar box with a cover on it on the pavement, plus a rostrum with PA and bunting. A lord mayor is ushered out of the van by a post office official. The mayor and several ladies sit on the rostrum. Clearing his throat, the GPO official gets up, tests the microphone and starts to speak in a slightly strange voice.)* **GPO Official:** We are here today to witness the opening of a new box to replace the box which used to stand at the corner of Ulverston Road and Sandwood Crescent. Owing to the road-widening programme carried out by the Borough Council, the Ulverston Road box was removed, leaving the wall box in Esher Road as the only box for the Ulverston Road area. This new box will enable the people of the Ulverston Road area to post letters, post-cards and small packages without recourse to the Esher Road box or to the box outside the post office at Turner's Parade which many people used to use, but which has now been discontinued owing to the opening of this box and also the re-organization of box distribution throughout the whole area, which comes into force with the opening of new boxes at the Wyatt Road Post Office in July. *(a moment's pause)* Nous sommes ici ce matin pour loire témoin à l'ouvermre de la nouvelle boîte pour reinplacer la boîte qui autrefois était placée au coin d'Ulverston Road et Sandwood Crescent. Porte que du projet pour l'égisement de la hie qui fait par le Borough Council, la boîte dam Ulverston Road est remplacée, et la boîte de tour dons Esher Road, est la seule boîte pour le région d'Ulverston Road. Cette boîte nouvelle rendra capables les hommes d'Ulverston Road de merue dons la poste les lettres, les cane-postales, et des petits paquets sans avant besoin de la boîte de tour dons Esher Road, ou les boîtes de la Turner's Parade bureau de poste, qui beaucoup des hommes one fait usage mais qui est maintenant disconfinuée parce que l'ouverture de cette boîte ici, et le réorganisation régionale que commence avec l'ouverture des boîtes au bureau de poste en Wyatt Road le juillet. *(a moment's pause)* Wir kornnen bier heute Morgen fur die Einfang auf dem neue Kabinett fur die Poste.

*(The first two sentences of the next voice over are laid over the end of the French speech.)*

**Voice Over:** A perfectly ordinary morning in a perfectly ordinary English suburb. Life goes on as it has done for years.

*(Cut to a suburban railway station.)*



**Voice Over:** But soon this quiet pattern of life was to change irrevocably. The commonplace routine of a typical Monday morning would never be the same again, for into this quiet little community came ... [Mr Neutron!](#)

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# Mr. Neutron

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 44

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The cast:

**VOICE OVER**

Michael Palin

**MRS. ENTRAIL**

Michael Palin

**MR. NEUTRON**

Graham Chapman

**MR. ENTRAIL**

Terry Jones

**CAPTAIN CARPENTER**

Eric Idle

# COMMANDER

Michael Palin

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## The sketch:

*(A train stops at the station. The train doors open and out steps Mr Neutron. He looks like an Amen'can footballer, with enormous shoulders, tapering to a thin waist. He has very regular features and piercing eyes and is most impressive. He stands at the door of the train for a moment. The words Mr Neutron are written in bold diagonally across his chest. He carries a Sainsbury shopping bag.)* **Voice Over:** Mr Neutron! The most dangerous and terrifying man in the world! The man with the strength of an army! The wisdom of all the scholars in history! The man who had the power to destroy the world. *(animation of planets in space)* Mr Neutron. No one knows what strange and distant planet he came from, or where he was going to!... Wherever he went, terror and destruction were sure to follow.

*(Cut to Neutron's garden. He has three little picnic chairs out and is having tea with Mr and Mrs Entrail, a middle-aged couple. The lady, a little overdressed dominates. Mr Entrail sits there rather sourly.)*

**Voice Over:** Mr Neutron! The man whose incredible power has made him the most feared man of all time... waits for his moment to destroy this little world utterly!

**Mrs Entrail:** Then there's Stanley ... he's our eldest ... he's a biochemist in Sutton. He's married to Shirley...

**Mr Neutron:** *(in a strange disembodied voice, grammatically correct but poor in intonation)* Shirley who used to be the hairdresser?

**Mrs Entrail:** Yes, that's right, I think she's a lovely person. *(indicates her husband)* My husband doesn't ... he thinks she's a bit flash.

**Mr Entrail:** I hate 'er! I hate 'er guts.

**Mrs Entrail:** And they, of course, they come down most weekends, so you'll be able to meet them then.

**Mr Neutron:** I'd ... love .. · to. Hairdressing is very interesting.

**Mrs Entrail:** And very important, too. If you don't care for your scalp, you get rabies. Then there's Kenneth, he's our youngest. Mind you, he's a bit of a problem... at least my husband thinks he is, anyway.

**Mr Entrail:** Nasty little piece of work, he is, I hate him!

**Mrs Entrail:** Mind you, the one we hear so much about nowadays is Karen. She married a Canadian - he's a dentist - they live in Alberta - two lovely children, Gary who's three, Leslie who's six. They look like the spitting image of Karen. D'you want to see a photo ... ?

**Mr Neutron:** Oh, yes please.

**Mrs Entrail:** All right.

*(She goes to get a photograph.)*

**Mr Entrail:** They're a couple of little bastards. I hate 'em. They've got eyes like little pigs, just like their mother. She's a disaster ... a really horrible-looking person, she is. I thought that one would stay on the shelf, but along comes this stupid dentist git. He's a real creepy little bastard, he is. I hate 'im.

**Mr Neutron:** This is a nice area.

**Mr Entrail:** It's like a bloody graveyard. I hate it.

**Mr Neutron:** It's handy for the shops and convenient for the West End.

**Mr Entrail:** If you like going to the West End. I think it's a stinking dump.

*(Cut to a well-guarded American government building, with the letters 'FEAR' on a board outside.)*

**Voice Over:** Meanwhile in Washington, at the headquarters of 'FEAR' - the Federal Egg Answering Room - in reality a front name for 'FEEBLE' - the Free World Extra-Earthly Bodies Location and Extermination Centre... all was not well.

*(A high-security operations room - maps, charts. monitor screens. A message comes chattering over the teleprinter. A teleprinter operator rips it out and takes it over to Captain Carpenter who sits at a control desk.)*

**Carpenter:** Good God! *(he grabs a red flashing phone)* Get me the Supreme Commander Land, Sea and Air Forces, immediately!

*(Cut to a large room, empty apart from a very large desk with a large American eagle emblem above it. We hear American military music. There is nothing on the desk, except for a very futuristic, dynamic-looking intercom. Behind the desk the supreme commander sits. After a moment, slowly and rather surreptitiously, he sniffs his left armpit inside his jacket. Then, with a quick look around to see that no one is watching, he smells the other armpit. He sits up again, then cups his hand in front of his face to smell his breath. He looks worried still. He reaches down slowly and takes his shoe off. He has just brought it up to his nose when the intercom buzzes loudly and a light flashes. The music stops. He jumps, and quickly takes his shoe off the desk. He presses a switch on the intercom.)* **Commander:** Hello?

**Voice:** This is Captain Carpenter sir, from FEAR.

**Commander:** You mean FEEBLE?

**Voice:** Yes, sir ...

**Commander:** What is it?

**Voice:** Mr Neutron is missing, sir!

([Continued...](#))

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# Mr. Neutron is missing!

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 44

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**The cast:**



**COMMANDER**

Michael Palin

**CAPTAIN CARPENTER**

Eric Idle

**MRS. SMAILES**

Eric Idle

**MR. NEUTRON**

Graham Chapman

# LUMBERJACK

Graham Chapman

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## The sketch:

*(Sketch continues from '[Mr Neutron](#)')*

**Commander:** Mr Neutron! Oh my God! OK - Surround the entire city! Send in four waves of armed paratroopers with full ground-to-air missile support! Alert all air bases! Destroy all roads! We'll bomb the town flat if we have to!

**Carpenter:** Sir! Sir! He's not in Washington, sir.

**Commander:** OK! Hold everything! Hold everything! Hold it! Lay off! Lay off... Where is he?

**Carpenter:** We don't know, sir ... all we know is he checked out of his hotel and took a bus to the airport.

**Commander:** All right! I want a full-scale Red Alert throughout the world! Surround everyone with everything we've got! Mobilize every fighting unit and every weapon we can lay our hands on! I want... I want three full-scale global nuclear alerts with every army, navy and air force unit on eternal standby!

**Carpenter:** Right, sir!

**Commander:** And introduce conscription!

**Carpenter:** Yes, sir!

**Commander:** Right!

*(He slams the intercom button down and sits there. Silence again. His eyes look from side to side then slowly he goes back to smelling himself.)*

**Voice Over:** So the world was in the grip of FEAR! A huge and terrifying crisis generated by one man! *(zoom into Neutron in his front garden, weeding; behind him the group of GPO people are sitting opening another box fifty yards further down From the first one, a line of recently opened boxes stretches up the road)*... easily the most dangerous man the world has ever seen, honestly. Though still biding his time, he could strike at any moment. Could he be stopped in time?

*(A lady stops and chats to him.)*

**Mrs Smailes:** You've got a bit of work to do there, then.

**Mr Neutron:** Yes, it is a problem.

**Mrs Smailes:** Mrs Ottershaw never used to bother ... then of course she was very old... she was 206! Well, must be going... if you need any help I'll send Frank round. He could do with a bit of exercise,

ha! ha! ha! ha! ... Fat old bastard...

*(She walks off. Neutron goes back to his wedding. Cut back to the supreme commander's office. He is sniffing himself again., only this time he has his whole shirt front pulled up and he is trying to smell under his shirt. The intercom goes. He quickly tucks his shin in and depresses the switch.)*

**Commander:** Yes?

**Carpenter:** Captain Carpenter here, sir. We've been on red alert now for three days, sir, and still no sign of Mr Neutron.

**Commander:** Have we bombed anywhere? Have we shown 'era we got teeth? **Carpenter:** Oh yes, sir. We've bombed a lot of places fiat, sir.

**Commander:** Good. Good. We don't want anyone to think we're chicken.

**Carpenter:** Oh no! They don't think that, sir. Everyone's really scared of us, sir.

**Commander:** Of us?

**Carpenter:** Yes, sir.

**Commander:** (pleased) Of our power?

**Carpenter:** Oh yes, sir! They're really scared when they see those big planes come over.

**Commander:** Wow! I bet they are. I bet they are. I bet they're really scared.

**Carpenter:** Oh they are, sir.

**Commander:** Do we have any figures on how scared they are?

**Carpenter:** No ... no figures, sir. But they sure were scared.

**Commander:** Ah! But it's not working?

**Carpenter:** No, sir.

**Commander:** OK. We'll try another tactic. We'll try and out-smart this Neutron guy. Yes, there's one man who could nail him.

**Carpenter:** One guy? That won't frighten anyone, sir.

**Commander:** Hc's the most brilliant man I ever met. We were in the CIA together. He's retired now. He breeds rabbits up in the Yukon... '

**Carpenter:** What's his name, sir?

**Commander:** His name is Teddy Salad.

**Carpenter:** Salad as in... ?

**Commander:** Lettuces, cucumber, radishes. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

**Carpenter:** Where do I find him, sir?

**Commander:** The Yukon. Oh, and Carpenter ...

**Carpenter:** Yes, sir?

**Commander:** Make sure you get a decent disguise.

*(Cut to the Yukon. Carpenter is trekking along. He is in ballet tights and heavy make-up with a big knapsack with 'Nothing to do with FEEBLE' on the back. He comes across a log cabin in the middle of nowhere. He presses the doorbell. A rather twee little chime. The door is opened by a huge lumberjack.)* **Carpenter:** Oh, hello. My name's Carpenter. I'm from the US Government.

**Lumberjack:** (OaXH~M) Are you from the army?

**Carpenter:** Er... no... I'm... er... I'm:.. I'm from the ballet. The US Government Ballet.

*(The lumberjack's eyes light up.)*

**Lumberjack:** The ballet! The ballet's coming here?

**Carpenter:** Well maybe...

**Lumberjack:** Oh, that's Feat! We love the ballet. Last year some of us from Yellow River got a party to go see the ballet in Montreal. Dimly we can see behind the lumberjack a bevy of beautiful boys of all nations.

**Carpenter:** Look, I was wondering...

**Lumberjack:** Oh, we had a marvellous time. It was Margot Fonteyn dancing 'Les Sylphides'... oh, it was so beautiful...

**Carpenter:** Do you know...

**Lumberjack:** Do you know how old she is?

**Carpenter:** Who?

**Lumberjack:** Margot Fonteyn.

**Carpenter:** 'No.

**Lumberjack:** She's 206!

**Carpenter:** Look, I hear there's a US ballet organizer round these parts by the name of Teddy Salad.

**Lumberjack:** You mean the special agent?

**Carpenter:** Well...

**Lumberjack:** He's an eX-CIA man. He's not a ballet dancer.

*(Laughter from the boys in the hut.)*

**Carpenter:** Well, I just want to see him on some ballet business...

**Lumberjack:** Well, you could try the store...

**Carpenter:** Oh, thank you. *(he turns to go)*

**Lumberjack:** Hey! Can you get us Lionel Blair's autograph?

*(Carpenter walks away.)*

**Voice Over:** While precious time was being lost in Canada, the seconds were ticking away for the free world...

*(Jarring chord Cut to Neutron's house. He is hanging flowery print wallpaper in his sitting room. Helping him is the quite enormously vast Frank Smailes who stands rather helplessly looking up at Neutron who is on a plank between two ladders.)*

**Voice Over:** Already Neutron - who, you will remember, is infinitely the most dangerous man in the world, he really is - was gathering allies together.

**Mr Neutron:** Try having an omelette for your evening meal... perhaps with yoghurt and grapefruit.

**Mr Smailes:** Oh, I've tried that ... I once got down to fifty-six stone. But I couldn't 'stay like that. I used to take potatoes wherever I went. I used to go to the cinema with three hundredweight of King Edwards, I'd eat 'em all before I got out of the toilet. I had to go on to bread.

**Mr Neutron:** What about salad?

**Mr Smailes:** Teddy Salad?

**Mr Neutron:** No, no, no - salad - as in lettuces, radishes, cucumber...

[\(Continued...\)](#)



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# Teddy Salad (CIA Agent)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 44

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The cast:

**CAPTAIN CARPENTER**

Eric Idle



ITALIAN

Michael Palin

**FIRST ESKIMO**

Graham Chapman

**SECOND ESKIMO**

Terry Jones

**ITALIAN CHAIRMAN**  
Eric Idle

**TRAPPER**

Terry Jones

## VOICE OVER

Michael Palin

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### The sketch:

*(Sketch continues from '[Mr Neutron is missing](#)'.....Cut to Carpenter in a log cabin trading post with trestle tables. Six Eskimos are sitting in a group at one end of the other tables. An Italian chef in a long white apron and greasy shirt, is standing over Carpenter.*

*Carpenter sits at one table with a huge fresh salad in front of him.)* **Italian:** You don't like it?

**Carpenter:** No, I didn't want to eat a salad. I wanted to find out about a man called Salad.

**Italian:** You're the first person to order a salad for two years. All the Eskimos eat here is fish, fish ...

**First Eskimo:** *(very British accent)* We're not Eskimos.

**Second Eskimo:** Where's our fish. We've finished our fish.

**Italian:** What fish you want today, uh?

**First Eskimo:** Bream please.

**Italian:** Bream! Where do I get a bream this time of year? You bloody choosy Eskimo pests.

**First Eskimo:** We are not Eskimos!

**Italian:** Why don't you like a nice plate of canelloni?

**Eskimos:** Eurrrrghhh!

**First Eskimo:** That's not fish.

**Italian:** *(as he turns to go in kitchen)* I've had my lot of the Arctic Circle. I wish I was back in Oldham ...

*(Carpenter crosses to the Eskimos.)*

**Carpenter:** *(speaking slowly, and clearly as for foreigners)* Do any of you Eskimos ... speak ... English?

**First Eskimo:** We're not Eskimos!

**Third Eskimo:** I am.

**Others:** Sh!

**Italian:** *(off)* Haddock!

**Eskimos:** Where?

**Carpenter:** *(still speaking as if to foreigners)* Do any of... you ... know... a man ... caned ... Salad?

**First Eskimo:** What, Salad as in...

**Carpenter:** Lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes ... yes.

**First Eskimo:** Like you have on your plate?

**Carpenter:** Yes. That's right.

**First Eskimo:** No, I'm afraid not.

**Second Eskimo:** Where's our fish?

**First Eskimo:** What does this Teddy Salad do?

**Carpenter:** He's a... er... hen-teaser.

*(Quick cut to the chairman of Fiat in his office.)*

**Chairman:** Che cosa è la stucciacatori di polli?

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'WHAT IS A HEN-TEASER?'

*(Cut back to the cabin.)*

**First Eskimo:** No, the only Teddy Salad we know is a CIA man.

**Carpenter:** Oh, he might know.

**Eskimos:** *(chanting)* Gunga gunga, where's our fish?

**Carpenter:** Where will I find him?

**Second Eskimo:** Oh, he lives up at Kipper Sound.

**Carpenter:** Thanks a lot.

**Eskimos:** Fishy fishy iyooooiyooo.

**First Eskimo:** Are you in international spying, too?

**Carpenter:** No... no... I'm with the... US Ballet... force... who are you with?

**First Eskimo:** *(leans forward confidentially)* MI6. But not a word to the Eskimos.

**Eskimos:** Fishy fishy igooo.

*(The Italian chef appears.)*

**Italian:** Here's your bloody fish.

**First Eskimo:** Thank you, Anouk.

**Italian:** I'm not an Eskimo!

*(Cut to Arctic wastes - ice and snow and bitter blasting winds. Carpenter - his little tadger tiny as a tapir's tits - struggles on. He stops and peers ahead He sees a trapper figure with a sledge pulled by four huskies. Carpenter hurries on and catches him up.)* **Carpenter:** Hey! Hey!

*(The man stops. On his sledge are supplies including two ladies in bikinis, deep-frozen and wrapped in cellophane bags.)*

**Carpenter:** Hi! I'm Carpenter of the US Ballet.

**Trapper:** Hey, great to have you around. The last decent ballet we got around here was Ballet Ramben..On Thursday they did 'Petrouchka', then on Saturday they did 'Fille Mal Gardée'. I thought it was a bit slow...

**Carpenter:** *(stopping him short)* It sure is nice to see you, Mr Salad.

**Trapper:** I ain't Salad.

**Carpenter:** What?

**Trapper:** You want Teddy Salad?

**Carpenter:** Yeah ... *(the man looks around rather furtively, to see if anyone is watching, then takes Carpenter's arm and indicates the dog team)* I don't see anyone.

**Trapper:** The one on the end, on the right. That's Salad.

**Carpenter:** That's a dog!

**Trapper:** *(confidentially)* No only bits of it.

**Carpenter:** What do you mean?

**Trapper:** Listen, Teddy Salad is the most brilliant agent the CIA ever had, right?

**Carpenter:** Right.

**Trapper:** That's how he made his name *(indicates the dog)* - disguise!

*(They look at the dog in silence for a moment.)*

**Carpenter:** That's incredible!



**Trapper:** He had to slim down to one and a half pounds to get into that costume. He cut eighteen inches off each arm and over three feet off each leg. The most brilliant surgeon in Europe stuck that tail on.

**Carpenter:** What about the head?

**Trapper:** All of the head was removed apart from the eyes and the brain in order to fit into the costume.

**Carpenter:** That's incredible!

**Trapper:** D'you want to talk to him?

**Carpenter:** Yeah, sure.

**Trapper:** *(looking around him again)* OK, let's move over to those trees over there... anyone might be watching.

*(They pull over to a lone deciduous tree in the middle of the empty tundra wastes. They pull in. The man goes round to the dog and kneels down beside it.)*

**Trapper:** *(softly)* Mr Salad? ... There's Mr Carpenter to see you.

**Carpenter:** What does he say?

**Trapper:** *(to Carpenter)* Do you have a bone? *(Carpenter feels rather helplessly in his pockets)* It's all part of the disguise *(he produces a bone, which he gives to the dog)* OK, Teddy... here's the bone. *(the dog tucks into the bone)* All right, you've got his trust, now, you can talk to him.

**Carpenter:** *(kneeling rather awkwardly down beside the dog, and speaking confidentially)* Sir ... sir ... Mr Salad ... sir, I've come direct from the Commander of Land, Sea and Air Forces ... There's a pretty dangerous situation, sir. Mr Neutron... is missing. *(he looks significantly at the dog, but the dog doesn't react)* The General says you're the only one who'll know where to find him ... What's he say?

**Trapper:** He wants to go walkies.

**Carpenter:** Walkies?

**Trapper:** Yeah, he's right into it today - d'you mind taking him for walkies?

*(He gives the dog to Carpenter on a lead. Carpenter hesitates and then walks off with the dog, bending down occasionally and explaining the situation.)*

**Voice Over:** While Carpenter took the most brilliant agent the CIA ever had for walkies, events in the world's capitals were moving fast!

[\(Continued...\)](#)

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# Mr. Neutron is still missing!

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 44

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

**PRIME MINISTER**

Eric Idle

**SECRETARY OF STATE**

Michael Palin

**GIUSEPPE**  
Terry Jones

**TRAPPER**

Terry Jones



**CAPTAIN CARPENTER**

Eric Idle

**The sketch:**

(Sketch continues from '[Teddy Salad \(CIA Agent\)](#)'.....Cut to a picture of the outside of 10 Downing Street. Zoom in on the door. Music: 'Rule Britannia' type theme. Cut to interior - a few circular tables, dim lighting. The decor of a rather exclusive restaurant. Subdued murmur of upper-class people stuffing their faces. A gypsy violinist is going from table to table playing and singing. In the middle of all this there is the prime minister at a big leather-topped desk, covered with official papers, three telephones, an intercom, tape recorder, a photo of Eisenhower with a very small bunch of flowers in front of it in a sort of self-contained shrine, an in/out tray, blotter, etc. The intercom buzzes.

**Voice:** The Secretary of State to see you, Prime Minister.

**Prime Minister:** Very well, show him in.

*(The prime minister switches off. The secretary of state enters, wending his way through the tables. He sits at the desk. He is in a rather agitated condition.)*

**Secretary of State:** Prime Minister.

**Prime Minister:** Do take a seat.

*(He takes a seat from the next table; the lady sitting on it falls to the floor.)*

**Secretary of State:** Prime Minister, we've just had the Supreme Commander US Forces on the phone. Apparently they want a full-scale Red Alert!

**Prime Minister:** They what?

*(The gypsy violinist has come round to the desk. He is playing a sad, slow melody and smiling encouragingly at them. They glance at him. He flashes a white smile. The secretary of state drops his voice and huddles closer to the prime minister.)*

**Secretary of State:** They want a full-scale Red Alert - every troop movement...

*(As the secretary leans forward so does the gypsy, musing the secretary to break off in mid-sentence.)*

**Prime Minister:** It's all right - don't worry about Giuseppe... *(the secretary looks at the gypsy who smiles again toothily)* He's English really.

**Secretary of State:** Well apparently the whole structure of world peace may be threatened unless we immediately...

**Giuseppe:** *(heavy accent, leaning forwards)* Your anniversary, signore?

**Prime Minister:** No, no, Giuseppe - not now.

**Giuseppe:** *(indicating the secretary of state)* You mean zis isn't ze lady?

**Prime Minister:** No.

**Giuseppe:** Oh, signora ... my mistake! I play for you 'My Mistake'. *(before the prime minister can stop him he goes into a strident Italian song)* 'My mistake, I have made my mistake! What a dreadful mistake! Is this mistake that I make!' *(strums violently and starts on the second verse)* 'Oh my mistake...'

**Prime Minister:** Giuseppe, do you mind playing over there.

**Giuseppe:** *(flashing a winning smile)* Very well, signor. But I play only for you... and your beautiful companion.

*(He moves off mysteriously, singing the mistake song.)*

**Secretary of State:** Well anyway, this Mr Neutron, is located somewhere in the London area. We must find and exterminate him. The Americans say if we don't, they will.

**Prime Minister:** *(straining to hear over noise of singing)* What?

**Secretary of State:** The Americans say if we won't they will!

**Prime Minister:** That he doesn't know what?

**Secretary of State:** They'll bomb the entire London area.

**Prime Minister:** *(getting up)* We'd better get out of here!... *(he grabs the photo of Eisenhower)*

**Secretary of State:** They won't bomb here.

**Prime Minister:** Are you sure?

**Secretary of State:** Sure.

**Prime Minister:** *(sitting down with great relief)* Right. When are they going to start?

**Secretary of State:** Well apparently they haven't got Neutron yet... but when they do...

*(The diners have by this time joined a conga led by the gypsy violinist playing 'My Mistake'. Awfully heartily they dance past the prime minister's desk.*

*Cut to Arctic wastes. The wind howls. The trapper is sitting beside a fire, picking his nose thoughtfully and tending a stew pan. The dog bounds back, Carpenter on the end of his lead, breathless from trying to keep up.)* **Trapper:** Well. Did he tell you anything?

**Carpenter:** *(worn out by the walk)* No ... we chased sticks ... we chased a few reindeer...

**Trapper:** *(patting the dog)* You been chasing reindeer, have you? You're a naughty boy... yes... ain't you a naughty boy...

**Carpenter:** Look, we haven't got much time .. · He hasn't given me any information yet...

**Trapper:** OK. Tell you what, let's eat. You give him one of your meatballs, he'll tell you anything.. · OK?

**Carpenter:** OK.

*(Suddenly the dog woofs, gets up on back legs and starts pawing the trapper.)*

**Trapper:** Wait a minute - he's trying to tell us something.

*(A strangled, strained American voice comes from within the dog. Slightly muffled perhaps.)*

**Dog:** Carpenter ... er ... ugh ... ah...Carpenter...

**Carpenter:** *(kneeling down and peering into the dog's face)* Yes, Mr Salad? Can you hear me?

**Dog:** Yes... yes... it's just it's so goddam painful in here... what's the problem?

**Carpenter:** It's Mr Neutron, sir ... he's gone missing. The Supreme Commander wants you to take charge.

**Dog:** I ... oh God ... I ... I ... I...

**Carpenter:** Yes, Mr Salad?

**Dog:** I gotta go walkies again.

*(Cut to the office of the supreme commander. He is now nude behind his desk. A kidney bowl full of water is on desk; he is dabbing at himself with a sponge. The intercom buzzes. He switches it on.)*

**Voice:** Still no sign of Captain Carpenter, sir... or Mr Neutron.

**Commander:** OK. We'll bomb Neutron out. Get me Moscow! Peking! and Shanldin, Isle of Wight

*(Cut to stock film of B52s on a bombing raid.)*

**Voice Over:** And so the Great Powers and the people of Shahkiln, Isle of Wight, drew their net in ever-tightening circles around the most dangerous threat to peace the world has ever faced. They bombed Cairo, Bangkok, Cape Town, Buenos Aires, Harrow, Hammersmith, Stephey, Wandsworth and Enfield... But always it was the wrong place.

*(Cut to an area of smoking rubble. A van with the words 'US Air Force' on the side trundles through the rubble. It has a loudspeaker on the top of it.)*

**Loudspeaker:** Sorry Enfield!... We apologize for any inconvenience caused by our bombing... sorry...

**Voice Over:** But what of Mr Neutron, the most fearfully dangerous man in the world! The man who could destroy entire galaxies with his wrist, the man who could tear fruit machines apart with his eyeballs... He had not been idle!

([Continued...](#))

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# Mr. Neutron is found

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 44

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**The cast:**

**VOICE OVER**

Michael Palin

**MRS. SCUM**

Terry Jones

**MR. NEUTRON**

Graham Chapman

**TRAPPER**

Terry Jones



**CAPTAIN CARPENTER**

Eric Idle

**DPG**

Michael Palin's Voice

**COMMANDER**

Michael Palin

**G.P.O. OFFICIAL**

Micahel Palin

**The sketch:**

*(Sketch continues from '[Mr Neutron is still missing](#)'..... Meantime we have mixed through to Neutron's suburban sitting room. He is standing in the doorway gazing at something off camera. He holds an envelope which he has just opened and a letter.)* **Voice Over:** In fact he had fallen in love... with the lady who 'does' for Mrs Entrail...

*(The camera pans across to a slovenly char in paisley apron, furry slippers and head scarf Throughout this scene we hear the sound of bombers and the distant muffled sound of explosions.)*

**Mrs Scum:** Oh 'ello Mr N, terrible about Enfield, innit? It's all gone. So's Staines ... lovely shops they used to have in Staines... and Stunmore, where the AA offices used to be. I don't know where we'll pay our AA subscriptions to now. Do you know where we'll have to pay our AA. subscriptions to now, Mr N?

**Mr Neutron:** I didn't know you were a member of the AA Mrs S .C.U.M.

**Mrs Scum:** Oh yes. Ever since the Corsair broke down in Leyonstone ... they towed it all the way to Deauville FOC. *(Mr Neutron looks blank)* Free of Charge. Well my husband Ken, K.E.N., he said...

**Mr Neutron:** Oh, forget about your husband, Mrs S.C.U.M. - or may I call you Mrs S?

**Mrs Scum:** You can call me Linda, if you like.

**Mr Neutron:** No, I'd rather call you Mrs S.

**Mrs Scum:** Oh...

**Mr Neutron:** *(as if trying to soften the blow)* And you can call me Mr N.

**Mrs Scum:** Well... that's what I was calling you.

**Mr Neutron:** Mrs S, there is something I have to tell you...

**Mrs Scum:** Yes, Mr N?

**Mr Neutron:** I have just won a Kellogg's Corn Flake Competition.

**Mrs Scum:** Oh Mr N! That's wonderful!

**Mr Neutron:** I got the ball in exactly the right place. The prize is £5,000 in cash, or as much ice cream as you can eat.

*(Her eyes go round as saucers and all thoughts of returning to her marital bed vanish under the impact of such imminent wealth.)*

**Mrs Scum:** £5,000!

**Mr Neutron:** I was thinking of taking the ice cream.

**Mrs Scum:** *(alarmed)* Oh no!

**Mr Neutron:** It's been so hot recently.

**Mrs Scum:** You couldn't eat that much ice cream Mr N.

**Mr Neutron:** Mrs S, I can eat enormous quantities of ice cream without being sick.

**Mrs Scum:** Oh no! Take the £5,000! Please take the £5,000.

**Mr Neutron:** I was thinking. If we got married...

**Mrs Scum:** Oh yes! *(she sits very close to him)*

**Mr Neutron:** We could use the £5,000 to buy a spoon...

**Mrs Scum:** Oh! We could buy a lot more than that!

**Mr Neutron:** And then fill up with ice cream.

**Mrs Scum:** Not Forget about the ice cream. We need the money.

**Mr Neutron:** We need nothing. For there is something I have not told you Mrs S.C.U.M.

**Mrs Scum:** Oh please call me Mrs S.

**Mr Neutron:** No I would rather go back to calling you Mrs S.C.U.M., Mrs S.C.U.M. I am the most powerful man in the universe. There is nothing I cannot do.

**Mrs Scum:** Oh Mr N.

**Mr Neutron:** I want you to be my helpmate. As Tarzan had his Jane, as Napoleon had his Josephine, as Frankie Laine had whoever he had, I want you to help me in my plan to dominate the world!

**Mrs Scum:** Oh Mr N. That I should be so lucky!

**Mr Neutron:** You're not Jewish are you?

*(Cut back to the Yukon. The trapper, Captain Carpenter and the dog are still sitting round the dying campfire over the remains of supper. They are all looking a little bit bored. The dog has obviously been telling long reminiscences.)*

**Dog:** Another time when I was in Cairo, I was disguised as a water hydrant. The whole top part of my head had been removed and...

**Carpenter:** Please, Mr Salad .... you must tell us where Neutron is.

**Dog:** And I functioned! D'you hear? I really worked. I could put out a fire.

**Carpenter:** Please, Mr Salad...

**Dog:** Mind you, it hurt a bit...

**Carpenter:** Please, Mr Salad - there isn't much time. Where will we find Neutron?

**Dog:** OK. Give me another meatball and I'll tell you.

*(Carpenter grabs a meatball and throws it down for the dog. The dog wolfs it. Carpenter and Trapper exchange glances. Carpenter bends nearer the dog. The dog finishes the meatball with much slurping. Carpenter crouches beside him patiently.)*

**Dog:** OK listen carefully... I won't repeat this. You understand?

**Carpenter:** Yes yes - quick.

**Dog:** I know where Neutron is fight now. I know the exact address and the exact house and the exact road...

**Carpenter:** OK where is he?

**Dog:** He's not in America...

**Carpenter:** No?

**Dog:** He's not in... Asia!

**Carpenter:** No?

**Dog:** He's not in., Australia!

**Carpenter:** No?

**Dog:.** He's in... Europe!

**Carpenter:** Yeah?

**Dog:** And you wanna know where in Europe?

**Carpenter:** Yeah!

**Dog:** OK. OK, I'll tell you. He's in England... In London... at Number 19...

*(A sudden explosion completely engulfs them. Cut to the supreme commander's office. He is still nude and has an enormous display of talcs and powders on his desk. He is talking to the intercom.)*

**Commander:** OK. That's the Yukon - what's left?

**Voice Only:** Ruislip, the Gobi Desert, and your office, sir.

**Commander:** OK! Let's start with my office. *(a big explosion)*

*(Cut to the Gobi Desert. Sweltering heat. We come onto a group opening a GPO box. There is a line of boxes stretching into the distance as far as the eye can see. Arabic is being spoken by the GPO official.)*

**GPO Official:** Ankwat i odr inkerat Gobi Desert Ulverston Road...

SUBTITLE: 'THIS NEW BOX COMPLETES THE ENCIRCLEMENT OF THE GOBI DESERT'

**GPO Official:** Ik artwar, hyaddin... *(etc.)*

SUBTITLE; 'THE POST OFFICE IS NOW IN A POSITION TO ACHIEVE COMPLETE WORLD DOMINATION'

*(A terrific explosion. Cut to Neutron and Mrs Scum.)*

**Mr Neutron:** I will take you away from all this Mrs S.C.U.M.

**Mrs Scum:** Oh, Mr N... I'd follow you anywhere.

**Mr Neutron:** We will have two weeks in Benidorm.

**Mrs Scum:** Oh yes ... yes.

**Mr Neutron:** And I will make you the most beautiful woman in the world.

*(He stretches out his hands towards her. His piercing eyes narrow in concentration. There is a flash, a jump cut, and Mrs S stands before him as dumpy and unattractive as ever, but in a brand new C & A twin set and pearls, a nice new handbag, and a rather fussy hat.) Mrs Scum:* Oh... it's beautiful... oh, Mr N, you have made my heart sing... *(quick cut to stock film of bomber then back to Mrs Scum)* Late in life's pageant it may be ... but you have made roses bloom anew for me... *(quick flash of bomber then back to Mrs Scum)* Life's rich harvest is being...

**Mr Neutron:** Shut up, Mrs S. We must hurry...

*(He takes her hand and pulls her away.)*

**Mrs Scum:** I'd better leave a note for Ken... he'll be expecting us...

*(explosion)*

*(ANIMATION: the world destroyed and burning.)*

**Voice Over:** Has Mr Neutron escaped in time? Is the world utterly destroyed? How can Mr Neutron and his child bride survive? Will his mighty powers be of any avail against the holocaust? Stay tuned to this channel.

(Cut to a man in a grey suit in a studio.)

**Man:** Hello. Well in fact what happens is that they are saved by Mr Neutron's mighty powers just as the last bomb falls on Ruislip.

SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION: 'A MAN FROM THE "RADIO TIMES"'

**Man:** However, the Earth has been blown off its axis, and in a most dramatic and dangerous and expensive sequence, it spins off into space. There are appallingly expensive scenes of devastation and horror and the find incredibly expensive climax is reached as thousands of ape monsters in very expensive costumes descend from the sky onto these, plug up a whole city which has to be specially built and fling them all into the sea very expensively. And we can see those very expensive scenes fight now. *(the credits staff on his TV set)* Just after the credits have gone through... incidentally, these are going to be the most expensive and lavish scenes ever filmed by the BBC in conjunction with Time-Life of course ... these are some of the technical people who have been involved in filming these very expensive scenes, expensive sound, expensive visual effects there, expensive production assistant, expensive designer... cheap director. Well you can see those expensive scenes fight now.

CAPTION: 'THE END'

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# 'Conjuring Today'

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 44](#)

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**The cast:**

**CONJURER**  
Michael Palin

MAN

Eric Idle

## **The sketch:**

**CAPTION:** 'CONJURING TODAY'

*(Fade up on a conjurer with a fright wig and ping-pong eyes. He holds a bloodstained saw.)*

**Conjurer:** Good evening, last week we learned how to saw a lady in half. This week we're going to learn how to saw a lady into three bits and dispose of the body...

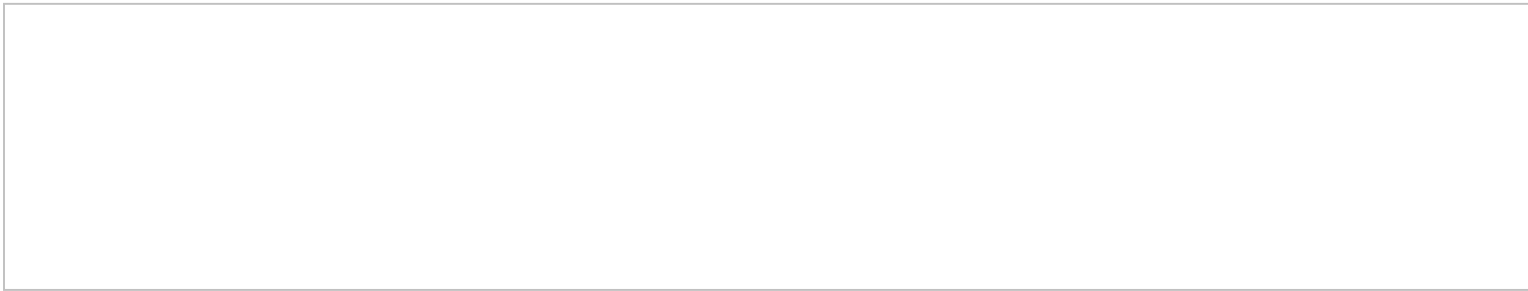
*(Two policemen chase him off the set. They run past the man from the previous announcement who is on the phone. On his TV set we see the policemen pursuing the conjurer.)*

**Man:** Look if you can put on rubbish like that, and 'Horse of the Year Show', you can afford us another minute, Mr Cotion, please, I mean look at this load of old... *(fades out)*

*(Fade up on the entrance to TV Centre. The man walks out.)*

**Voice Over:** World Domination T-shirts are available from BBC, World Domination Department, Cardiff.

*(A man hits him on the head with an absolutely enormous hammer. He falls, stunned Fade out.)*



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# The Most Awful Family in Britain

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 45](#)

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**The cast:**

**RADIO VOICE**

Eric Idle

**MR. GARIBALDI**

Terry Jones

**MRS. GARIBALDI**

Eric Idle

**RALPH GARIBALDI**

Michael Palin

**VALERIE GARIBALDI**  
Graham Chapman



**KEVIN GARIBALDI**  
Terry Gillam

**PRESENTER**  
Michael Palin

**PROFESSOR**  
Eric Idle

**LADY ORGANS**  
Terry Jones

**FIRST PERSON**  
Eric Idle

**SECOND PERSON**

Michael Palin

## **THIRD PERSON**

Graham Chapman

**FOURTH PERSON**

Terry Jones



**MOTHER**  
Eric Idle

**DAD**

Terry Jones

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to a kitchen. Mr Garibaldi is eating a packet of 'Ano-Weet'. On the back of the packet in big letters it reads 'Free Inside - The Pope ' + Demonstration Record'. Kevin Garibaldi is stretched out the whole length of the sofa, eating a huge plate of baked beans. His father occasionally flaps the copy of the paper he is reading at him to clear the air. The paper is called 'The Scum' and has a pin-up on the front page with big headline 'What a Searcher! Phew! Can Resist this Miss'; at the bottom of the page in small print 'China Declares War'. The banner across top reads 'In the Scum Today "Tits and Inflation" '. Ralph Garibaldi is sitting at the table eating. At one point he stretches across the table, and his arm sticks in the butter. He tries to clean it off and knocks the sugar over. There is a large photo of Ian Smith on the wall; built around it is a plaster shrine, with flowers in front of it. Mrs Garibaldi is ironing. She irons some underclothes, then she irons a transistor radio. Dotted about the room are a flat telephone, a flat standard lamp, and a flat cat. Valerie Garibaldi is wearing a shiny red miniskirt. She has bright yellow 'beehive' hair so stiffly lacquered that it is quite a hazard to various ornaments on the mantelpiece. She is continuously making herself up in the mantelpiece mirror which is shaped like a lavatory. The other member of the family is a very fat old dog. As we see all this, the football commentary is droning throughout on the radio.)* **Radio Voice:** Pratt... back to Pratt... Pratt again... a long ball out to Pratt... and now Pratt is on the ball, a neat little flick back inside to Pratt, who takes it nicely and sends it through on the far side to Pratt, Pratt with it but passes instead to Pratt, Pratt again, oh and well intercepted by the swarthy little number nine, Concito ' Maracon. This twenty-one-year-old half back, remarkably stocky for 6' 3", square shouldered, balding giant, hair flowing in the wind, bright eyed, pert, young for his age but oh so old in so many ways. For a thirty-nine-year-old you wouldn't expect such speed. Normally considered slow, he's incredibly fast as he wanders aimlessly around, sweeping up and taking the defence to the cleaners. Who would have thought, though many expected it, that this remarkable forty-five-year-old, 9' 4" dwarf of a man, who is still only seventeen in some parts of the world, would ever really be ... Oh and there was a goal there apparently ... and now it's Pratt ... back to Pratt... Pratt again... a long ball to Pratt... *(crackle)* *(By now mother has succeeded in flattening the radio with the iron. She folds it neatly and puts it on the pile.)*

**Mr Garibaldi** I like this Ano-Weet, it really unclogs me.

*(Ralph Garibaldi knocks a bowl onto the floor. It smashes.)*

**Mrs Garibaldi** Oh, do be careful.

**Ralph Garibaldi** Sorry, mum.

*(Kevin opens another can of beans and pours them on to his plate, throwing the tin on the floor. The radio drones on.)*

**Mr Garibaldi** I mean a lot of others say they unclog you, but I never had a single bowel movement with the 'Recto-Puffs'.

**Ralph Garibaldi** Now if we ... *(he knocks the cereal box off the table)* Oh, sorry, mum ... Now if we lived in Rhodesia there'd be someone to mop that up for you.

**Valerie Garibaldi:** *(turning from the mirror in mid make-up)* Don't be so bleedin' stupid. If you lived in bleedin' Rhodesia, you'd be out at bleedin' fascist rallies every bleedin' day. You're a bleedin' racist, you bleedin' are.

**Mr Garibaldi** Language!

**Valerie Garibaldi** Well he gets on my sodding wick.

**Mr Garibaldi** That's better.

*(Mother is now ironing the telephone and the cat. She irons them flat and pins them on the line.)*

**Mr Garibaldi** No, the stuff I liked was that stuff they gave us before the war, what was it - Wilkinson's Number 8 Laxative Cereal. Phew. That one went through you like a bloody Ferrari...

*(The doorbell rings.)*

**Mrs Garibaldi** Now, who's that at this time of day... *(she goes out)*

**Mr Garibaldi** If it's the man to empty the Elsan, tell him it's in the hall.

**Mrs Garibaldi:** Right, dear.

**Mr Garibaldi** And make sure that you hold it the right way up!

**Ralph Garibaldi** Dad... ?

*(A middle-aged man appears from the broom cupboard.)*

**Strange Man:** Yeah?

**Ralph Garibaldi:** No no, my dad...

**Strange Man** Oh... *(he gets back into the cupboard again)*

**Ralph Garibaldi** Dad? Why is Rhodesia called Rhodesia?... *(he knocks the teapot on to the floor, it smashes)* Oh sorry, dad.

*(Cut to the doorway in the hall. A man in a dark suit, very smart and well-dressed, is doing strange kung-fu antics.)*

**Mrs Garibaldi** No... no, really, thank you very much... no, thank you for calling, not today, thank you. Good morning.

*(She shuts the door on him. As she does so Mr Garibaldi shouts out to her.)*

**Mr Garibaldi** Who was that?

**Mrs Garibaldi** (*coming in again*) The Liberal Party candidate, darling... oh ... what have you done now?

**Ralph Garibaldi** Sorry, mum. (*he is standing beside the sink which has just split in two*) I was just washing up...

**Mrs Garibaldi** Go and sit down!

**Ralph Garibaldi** Mum? Do you know why Rhodesia's called Rhodesia?

**Mr Garibaldi** Do you remember 'Go-Eazi'? They were hopeless... (*Kevin opens another can of beans; dad notices in disgust and flaps his paper again*) little black pellets... tasted foul and stuck inside you like flooring adhesive.

**Valerie Garibaldi** (*she has finally finished her startling make-up*) Right, I'm off.

**Mrs Garibaldi** When are you coming back tonight?

**Valerie Garibaldi** 3 a.m.

**Mrs Garibaldi** I think it's disgusting... you a Member of Parliament.

**Mr Garibaldi** I heard you in the hall last night, snogging away.

**Valerie Garibaldi** I wasn't snogging!

**Mr Garibaldi** Sounded like snogging to me. I could hear his great wet slobbering lips going at yer ... and his hand going up yet...

**Mrs Garibaldi** Dad!

**Strange Man** (*coming out of the cupboard*) Yes.

**Mrs Garibaldi** No ... not you.

**Strange Man** Oh! (*he goes back in again*)

**Mrs Garibaldi** Just mind your language...

(*Ralph knock a leg off the table. It collapses entirely.*)

**Ralph Garibaldi** Oh, sorry, mum.

**Kevin Garibaldi** (*too fat and flatulent to get up*) I've run out of beans!

**Valerie Garibaldi** We was talking, we was not snogging.

**Mr Garibaldi** Talking about snogging, I'll bet...

(*The phone rings. Mrs Garibaldi answers it.*)

**Valerie Garibaldi:** If you must know, we was talking about Council re-housing.

**Mrs Garibaldi** *(on the phone)* Would it mean going to live in Hollywood?

**Kevin Garibaldi:** *(desperate but unable to move)* I run out of beans!

**Mr Garibaldi** Where to re-house his right hand, that's what he was interested in!

**Mrs Garibaldi** And has Faye Dunaway definitely said yes?

**Valerie Garibaldi:** He is the Chairman of the Housing sub-committee.

*(The bell rings.)*

**Mr Garibaldi** Snogging sub-committee, more like...

**Mrs Gtribaldi:** Ralph, do answer that door will you!

**Kevin Garibaldi** Beans!!

**Mrs Garibaldi** Shut up!!

**Ralph Garibaldi** Yea, mum.

**Mr Garibaldi** *(shouting to Ralph)* If it's the man from the Probbo-Rib, tell him it's in the bed.

*(Ralph gets up. As he goes he knocks the leg off the old-fashioned gas cooker. It falls to one side bringing down shelves nat to it, plates, crockery and a seaion of the wall revealing the hallway the other side.)*

**Ralph Garibaldi** Sorry, mum.

**Kevin Garibaldi:** *(roaring)* Beans! Beans!

**Mrs Garibaldi** Shut up!

*(A man in a Tarzan outfit, except with a postman's hat and a little mailbag, swings in on a liana shouting a jungle yell.)*

**Postman:** Postman-a-a-n!!

*(A gong sounds. They all stop acting.  
Cut to stock film of ladies applauding.*

*Pull out from this stock film to see that it is on a screen in a presentation studio. A glittery compare is also applauding sycophantically at his desk, about which is that glittery slogan 'Most Awful Family in Britain, 1974. Sponsored by "Heart attack Margarine" '.)* **Presenter:** A very good try there, by the Garibaldi family of Droitwich in Worcestershire. Professor...

*(Pull out further to pick up a panel of three distinguished rather academic looking people.)*

**Professor:** Well, I can't make up my mind about this family... I don't think there was the sustained awfulness that we really need. I mean, the father was appalling...

*(Two other members of the panel nod vigorous agreement.)*

**Lady Organs:** Appalling... yes ....

**Professor:** He was dirty, smelly and distasteful ... and I liked him very much ... but...

**Presenter:** Lady Organs?

**Lady Organs:** Well ... they were an unpleasant farally certainly, but I don't think we had enough of the really gross awfulness that we're looking for...

**Presenter:** Well, harsh words therefor the Garibaldi family of Droitwich in Worcestershire, at present holders of the East Midlands Most Awful Faafily Award - Lower Middle-Class Section but unable today to score more than fifteen on our disgustometer. Well with the scores all in from the iudges, the Garlbaldis are number three ... and a surprise number two ... the Fanshaw-Churnleighs of Berkshire... *(he turns to the screen) (A very elegant breakfast table in beautifully tasteful surroundings. Four upper-class folk - two woman and two men - are talking most incredibly loudly at each other, with quite appalling accents. An appalling din altogether. They talk just about at the same time as each other.)* **First Person:** What a super meal.

**Second Person:** Absolutely super. Pat and Max are coming down from Eton to help daddy count money.

**Third Person:** How absolutely super.

**Fourth Person:** My man at Poirer's says I could have my whole body lifted for £5,500

**First Person:** How super... *(etc.)*

*(Cut back to the panel nodding thoughtfully.)*

**Presenter:** Well, some of the wonderful behaviour that made the Fanshaw-Chumleighs the second Most Awful Family in Britain 1974. But the winners, by a clear ten point margin, are once again the awful Jodrell family of Durham. Unfortunately, we're not allowed to show you some of the performance that won them an award, but I assure you it was of the very highest standard, was it not, Lady Organs?

**Lady Organs:** Oh, yes, superb ... Mr Jodrell - you know, the old grandfather, who licks the ...

**Presenter:** *(hurriedly)* Yes, yes...

**Lady Organs:** He's superb. His gobbing is consistent and accurate. His son is a dirty foul little creature, and those frightful scabs which Mrs Jodrell licks off the cat are...

**Presenter:** *(during this speech we cut to the same image on a TV screen)* Well, thank you very much, Lady Organs ... and from all of us all, well done to the Jodrells ... and to all of you, not

forgetting those of you who may be halfway in between, without whom, of course, and not forgetting who made it all possible, when, and we'll be back, until then and so it's goodnight from me and here's wishing you a safe journey home, thank you for watching this show, don't forget it was all great fun, I've enjoyed it, and I hope you watching at home have enjoyed it too.

*(He is switched off, and fades into a dot. Pull back to reveal that the TV which has just been switched off is in a dirty old sitting room in which all the characters are really unpleaant pepperpots. They are dressed more or less identically, except that son has a school cap and a blazer over his pepperpot gear. He has a satchel and National Health glasses. The father has moustache and glasses and a Fair-Isle jersey.)* **Mother:** The Jodrells win every bloody year... makes you vomit ... dad?

**Dad:** Yes?

**Mother:** Get your stinking feet off the bread.

**Dad:** I'm only wiping the cat's do's off.

**Son:** Mum?

**Mother:** Shut yet face, Douglas.

**Son:** I wanted some corn-plasters.

**Mother:** Shut up and eat what you got.

*(A cat set into the wall, i.e. a glove puppet, screeches as if someone had pulled its tail outside.)*

**Dad:** Some fat bastard at the door! *(to the cat)* Shut up! *(she slaps it; it expires)*

*(She taka a couple of milk bottles out. Standing on the doorstep is a man with a Nordic accent in female national costume. He has a tray labelled '[Icelandic Honey Week](#)')*



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# Icelandic Honey Week

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 45

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The cast:

**MAN**

Graham Chapman

**MOTHER**  
Eric Idle

**DAD**

Terry Jones

## VOICE OVER

Terry Jones

---

### The sketch:

**Man:** A strong hive of bees contains approximately 75,000 bees. Each honey bee must make 154 trips to collect one teaspoon of honey. Hello, sir.

**Dad:** What do you want?

**Man:** Would you like to buy some of our honey, sir?

**Mother:** What you doing in here?

**Man:** Which would you like, the Californian Orange Blossom, the Mexican, the New Zealand, or the Scottish Heather?

**Mother:** He can't eat honey. It makes him go plop plops.

**Man:** Come on, please try some.

**Dad:** All right I'll have some Icelandic Honey.

**Man:** No, there is no such thing.

**Dad:** You mean you don't make any honey at all?

**Man:** No, no, we must import it all. Every bally drop. We are a gloomy people. It's so crikey cold and dark up there, and only fish to eat. Fish and imported honey. Oh strewth!

**Mother:** Well why do you have a week?

**Man:** Listen Buster! In Reykyavik it is dark for eight months of the year, and it's cold enough to freeze your wrists off and there's only golly fish to eat. Administrative errors are bound to occur in enormous quantifies. Look at this - it's all a mistake. It's a real pain in the sphincter! Icelandic HoneyWeek? My Life!

**Mother:** Well why do you come in here trying to flog the stuff, then?

**Man:** Listen Cowboy. I got a job to do. It's a stupid, pointless job but at least it keeps me away from Iceland, all right? The leg of the worker bee has...

*(They slam the door on him. Someone rather like Jeremy Thorpe looks round the door and waves as they do so.)*

---



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# A doctor whose patients are stabbed by his nurse

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 45](#)

---

The cast:

**DOCTOR**

Graham Chapman

**MR. COTTON**

Terry Gilliam

**MR. WILLIAMS**

Terry Jones



## The sketch:

*(Cut to a doctor's surgery. It has a wall shrine with a photo of Christian Barnard with flowers and candles in front of it. The doctor is talking to an embarrassed-looking man.)*

**Doctor:** Well, Mr Cotton, you have what we in the medical profession call a naughty complaint. My advice to you is to put this paper bag over your head - it has little holes there for your eyes, you see - and to ring this bell, and to take this card along to your hospital. *(he hands him card three feet long which reads 'For Special Treatment')* And I shall inform all your relatives and friends and anyone else I bump into. OK... cash, wasn't it? *(the man hands him over wad of fivers)* Thank you very much. Get out. *(the man gets up to go)* Dirty little man. *(he picks up big text book entitled 'Medical Practice' and flicks through the pages)* Hmm,, hmm ... Hippocratic oath ... it's not in there ... jolly good. Very useful. Next!

*(An out-of-vision scream. A man staggers in clutching his bleeding stomach. Lots of blood pours out of him throughout the scene.)*

**Doctor:** Ah, yes you must be Mr Williams.

**Williams:** *(obviously fatally wounded)* Y... yes...

**Doctor:** Well, do take a seat. What seems to be the trouble?

**Williams:** I've... I've just been stabbed by your nurse...

**Doctor:** Oh dear.... well I'd probably better have a look at you then. Could you fill in this form first? *(he hands him a form)*

**Williams:** She just stabbed me...

**Doctor:** Yes. She's an unpredictable sort. Look, you seem to be bleeding rather badly. I think you'd better hurry up and fill in that form.

**Williams:** Ahhh ... couldn't ... I ... do ... it ... later, doctor!

**Doctor:** No, no. You'd have bled to death by then. Can you hold a pen?

**Williams:** I'll try.

*(With great effort he releases one of his hands from his bleeding stomach.)*

**Doctor:** Yes, it's a hell of a nuisance all this damn paperwork, really it is... *(he gets up and strolls around fairer unconcerned)* it's a real nightmare, this damned paperwork. It really is a hell of a nuisance. Something ought to be done about it.

**Williams:** Do I have to answer all the questions, doctor?

**Doctor:** No, no, no, just fill in as many as you can - no need to go into too much detail. I don't know why we bother with it all, really, it's such a nuisance. Well let's see how you've done, then... *(Williams half collapses)* Oh dear oh dear... that's not very good, is it. Look, surely you knew number four!

**Williams:** No ... I didn't...

**Doctor:** It's from 'The Merchant of Venice' - even I know that!

**Williams:** *(bleeding profusely)* It's going on the carpet, doctor.

**Doctor:** Oh don't worry about that! Look at this - number six - the Treaty of Versailles, Didn't you know that? Oh, my God.

**Williams:** Ahgg... aghhh.

**Doctor:** And number nine - Emerson Fittipaldi! *(gives Williams a look)* Virginia Wade? You must be mad!

*(The nurse enters with a smoking revolver.)*

**Nurse:** Oh doctor, I've just shot another patient. I don't think there's any point in your seeing him.

**Doctor:** You didn't kill him, did you?

**Nurse:** 'Fraid so.

**Doctor:** You mustn't kill them, nurse.

**Nurse:** Oh, I'm sorry doctor. It was just on the spur of the moment. Rather silly really.

*(She exits, taking a sword from the wall. Through the next bit of the scene we hear screams off.)*

**Williams:** I'm sorry about the carpet, doctor.

**Doctor:** Mr Williams, I'm afraid I can't give you any marks, so I won't be able to recommend you for hospital. Tell you what - I'll stop the bleeding - but strictly speaking I shouldn't even do that on marks like these...

*(The nurse enters covered in blood)*

**Nurse:** There are no more patients now, doctor.

**Doctor:** Oh well, let's-go and have lunch, then.

**Nurse:** What about... er... *(she points to Williams who is lying on the floor gurgling by this time)*

**Doctor:** Ah yes - look, Mr Williams we're just popping out for a bite of lunch while we've got a

spare moment, you know. Look, have another bash at the form... and if at least you can answer the question on history right, then we may be able to give you some morphine or something like that, OK?

**Williams:** Thank you, doctor, thank you.

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# Brigadier and Bishop

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 45](#)

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**The cast:**

**BRIGADIER**  
Eric Idle

**The sketch:**

*(Cut to a large country house sitting more, dominated by large grinning portrait of Jeremy Thorpe. A bishop is sitting at a desk, typing. A brigadier in full military uniform just to below the chest, then a patch of bare midriff, with belly button showing, then a lavender tutu, incredibly hairy leg, thick amy socks and high heels, is dictating.)* **Brigadier:** Dear Sir, I wish to protest in the strongest possible terms. Yours sincerely, Brigadier N. F. Marwood-Git (retired). Read that back, will you, Brian.

**Bishop:** And when he had built up Cedron, he sent Horsemen there, and an host of footmen to the end that issuing out they might make outroads upon the ways of Judea, as the King commanded them...

**Brigadier:** Good! Pop it in an envelope and bung it off! It's no good bottling these things up, Brian. If you feel them you must say them or you'll just go mad...

**Bishop:** Oh yes indeed ... as the book of Maccabee said ... as the flea is like unto an oxen, so is the privet hedge liken unto a botanist black in thy sight, O Lord!

**Brigadier:** Quite... Look why don't you just nip out for lunch, Brian...

**Bishop:** Yea ... as Raymond Chandler said, it was one of those days when Los Angeles felt like a rock-hard fig.

**Brigadier:** Brian, let's stop this pretending, shall we.

**Bishop:** Oh... yea... as Dirk Bogarde said in his autobiography...

**Brigadier:** Brian... let's stop all this futile pretence... I've... I've always been moderately fond of you...

**Bishop:** Well to be quite frank, Brigadier ... one can't walk so closely with a chap like you for... for so long without... feeling something deep down inside, even if it isn't anything... anything ... very much.

**Brigadier:** Well, splendid... Brian... er... well I don't suppose there's much we can do, really.

**Bishop:** Not on television ... no...

**Brigadier:** No... they ... they are a lot more permissive these days than they used to be...

**Bishop:** Ah yes... but not with this sort of thing...

**Brigadier:** No ... I suppose they've ... got to draw the line somewhere...

**Bishop:** Yes...

**Brigadier:** Well take a letter, Brian. Dear Sir, I wish to protest...

*(Cut to an animation sketch.)*

([Continues](#))

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# Appeal on behalf of extremely rich people

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 45

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**The cast:**



**VOICE OVER**  
Michael Palin

**The sketch:**

**Voice Over:** and caption: 'THERE NOW FOLLOWS AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF EXTREMELY RICH PEOPLE WHO HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING WRONG WITH THEM'

**Sir Pratt:** *(at a large leather-topped desk with an elaborate table lamp)* Hello. I'd like to talk to you tonight about a minority group of people who have no mental or physical handicaps and, who, through no fault of their own, have never been deprived, and consequently are forced to live in conditions of extreme luxury. This often ignored minority, is very rarely brought to the attention of the general public. The average man in the street scarcely gives a second thought to these extremely well-off people. He, quite simply, fails to appreciate the pressures vast quantities of money just do not bring. Have you at home, ever had to cope with this problem... *(cut to a rich young yachting type surrounded by girls in bikinis)* or this... *(cut to a rich woman loading her chauffeur with all kinds of expensive parcels)* or even this... *(cut to a still of Centre Point)* I know it's only human to say, 'Oh this will never happen to me', and of course, it won't I'm asking you, please, please, send no contributions, however large, to me.

*(We see the last bit on a TV in Mrs What-a-long-name-this-is-hardly- worth-typing-but-never-mind-it-doesn 't-come-up-again 's-living-room. Ding-dong of doorbell. A cupboard door opens, and the middle-aged man we saw in first scene comes out. He has no iguana on his shoulder.)*  
[\(continued...\)](#)

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# The man who finishes other people's sentences

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 45

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The cast:

MRS. LONG NAME  
Michael Palin

## TV VOICE

Michael Palin

## MR. VERNON

Eric Idle

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### The sketch:

(sketch continues from '[Appeal on behalf of extremely rich people](#)'.....)

**Mrs Long Name:** All right, I'll go.

**TV Voice:** There now follows a Party Political Broadcast on behalf of the Liberal Par...

(She turns it off. The TV set just folds up as if empty and collapses on to the floor. Dust rises. She goes into the hallway to the front door (singing 'Anything Goes' by the other Cole Porter to herself) and opens it. A man with a briefcase stands there.) **Mr Vernon:** Hello, madam.. (comes in)

**Mrs Long Name:** Ah hello... you must have come about...

**Mr Vernon:** Finishing the sentences, yes.

**Mrs Long Name:** Oh... well... perhaps you'd like to...

**Mr Vernon:** Come through this way... certainly... (they go through into the sitting room) Oh, nice place you've got here.

**Mrs Long Name:** Yes ... well ... er... we...

**Mr Vernon:** Like it?

**Mrs Long Name:** Yes ... yes we certainly...

**Mr Vernon:** Do... Good! Now then... when did you first start...

**Mrs Long Name:** ... finding it difficult to...

**Mr Vernon:** Finish sentences... yes.

**Mrs Long Name:** Well it's not me, it's my...

**Mr Vernon:** Husband?

**Mrs Long Name:** Yes. He...

**Mr Vernon:** Never lets you finish what you've started.

**Mrs Long Name:** Quite. I'm beginning to feel...

**Mr Vernon:** That you'll never finish a sentence again as long as you live.

**Mrs Long Name:** Exact...

**Mr Vernon:** ly. It must be awful.

**Mrs Long Name:** It's driving me...

**Mr Vernon:** To drink?

**Mrs Long Name:** No, rou...

**Mr Vernon:** nd the be...

**Mrs Long Name:** en,,

**Mr Vernon:** d...

**Mrs Long Name:** Yes...

**Mr Vernon:** May I.,

**Mrs Long Name:** Take a seat...

**Mr Vernon:** Thank you. *(he sits)* You see, our method is to reassure the patient by recreating normal... er...

**Mrs Long Name:** Conditions?

**Mr Vernon:** Yes. Then we try to get them in a position where they suddenly find that they're completing other people's sentences...

**Mrs Long Name:** *(with self-wonder)* Themselves!

**Mr Vernon:** Spot on Mrs...

**Mrs Long Name:** *(hesitantly)* Smith?

**Mr Vernon:** Good! Well, try not to overdo it to...

**Mrs Long Name:** *(with growing confidence)* Begin with... ?

**Mr Vernon:** Good. Just keep it to one or two...

**Mrs Long Name:** *(faster)* Words ....

**Mr Vernon:** To start off with, otherwise you may find that you're...

**Mrs Long Name:** Taking on too long a sentence and getting completely ... er...

**Mr Vernon:** Stuck. Good. Yes. Well that's about it...

**Mrs Long Name:** *(completely confident now)* for now, so...

**Mr Vernon:** Thanks very much for calling.

**Mrs Long Name:** Not at all.

**Mr Vernon:** And, er...

**Mrs Long Name:** Just like to say

**Mr Vernon:** Thank you very much for coming along.

**Mrs Long Name:** Not at all

**Mr Vernon:** And good...

**Mrs Long Name:** Bye, Mr...

**Mr Vernon:** Vernon.

*(Mrs Long Name leaves. Mr Vernon shuts the door. A girl's voice comes from sitting room.)*

**Girl's Voice:** Carl?

**Mr Vernon:** Yes, dear?

**Girl's Voice:** I've just had another baby.

**Mr Vernon:** Oh, no! How many's that now?

**Girl's Voice:** Twelve since lunch... Oh! There's another one!

*(Cut to exterior of Mrs Long Name's house. She comes out and sets off purposefully up the road, passing four pepperpot nannies digging up the road. They are wearing the usual slippers, paisley dresses and knotted handkerchief. One wears a helmet. One works a pneumatic drill. She is stripped to the waist wearing a big pink bra. Behind, heroic shots of Mrs Long Name walking out of town, through suburbs, into neat country, then into wilder country. She finally stops in close up, and looks up with inspiration in her eyes.)*



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# The Walking Tree of Dahomey (with David Attenborough)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 45

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The cast:

**LINKMAN**

Michael Palin



**The sketch:**

*(Cut to a linkman standing before Stonehenge.)*

**Linkman:** This is Stonehenge ... and it's from here we go to Africa.

*(Jeremy Thorpe appears at the edge of shot and waves. Cut to as overgrown, jungle like a location as [Torquay\\*](#) can provide. A very big thick tree in the foreground David Attenborough pushes through jungle towards camera. He has damp sweat patches under his arms which grow perceptibly during the scene. He has two African guides in the background both with saxophones round their neck.)* **Attenborough:** *(slapping the side of a tree)* Well here it is at last ... the goal of our quest After six months and three days we've caught up with the legendary walking tree of Dahomey, Quercus Nicholas Parsonus, resting here for a moment, on its long journey south. It's almost incredible isn't it, to think that this huge tree has walked over two thousand miles across this inhospitable terrain to stop here, maybe just to take in water before the two thousand miles on to Cape Town, where it lives. It's almost unimaginable, I find - the thought of this mighty tree strolling through Nigeria, perhaps swaggering a little as it crosses the border into Zaire, hopping through the tropical rain forests, trying to find a quiet grove where it could jump around on its own, sprinting up to Zambia for the afternoon, then nipping back ... *(a native whispers in his ear)* Oh, super ... well, I've just been told that this is not in fact the legendary walking tree of Dahomey, this is one of Africa's many stationary trees, Arborus Barnbet Gaseoignus. In fact we've just missed the walking tree... it left here at eight o'clock this morning... was heading off in that direction... so we'll see if we can go and catch it up. Come on boys.

*(They move off. At this point we notice that there are two other saxophone-wearing natives, a trumpeter, a trombonist, a double bassist, a guitarist, and finally a man with a drum kit tied to his back. Mix through to them on the move in another pan of the jungle. Sweat is now spraying out from under Attenborough's armpits as if from a watering can.)* **Attenborough:** Well, we're still keeping up with it, but it's setting a furious pace. Early this morning we thought we'd spotted it, but it turned out to be an Angolan sauntering tree, Amazellus Robin Ray, out walking with a Gambian Sidling Bush... *(Jeremy Thorpe leans in the background and waves to camera)* So on we go ... it's going to be difficult - the walking tree can achieve speeds of up to fifty miles an hour, especially when it's in a hurry. *(Rupert the bearer points excitedly)* Super! Well, Rupert has spotted something ... this could be it... a walking tree on the move ... *(they move off, by this time waterspray is gushing out from all over his chest)* But, what Rupert had in fact discovered was something very different...

*(He stops him, they kneel down. Cut to their eye-line. In the distance, amongst low bushes and thick undergrowth, six Africans dressed immaculately in cricket gear having a game of cricket. Cut to Attenborough, Rupert and one other bearer watching. Attenborough is looking down at something he is holding. The other two are gazing wide-eyed at the cricketers.)* **Attenborough:** The Turkish Little Rude Plant. *(he holds up, carefully and wondrously, a plant which has green outer leaves splayed back to reveal a small, accurately sculpted bum)* This remarkably smutty piece of flora was used by the Turks to ram up each other's ... *(Rupert nudges him and points*

*excitedly at the batsmen)* Ah no! In fact it was something even more interesting... *(Attenborough points, apparently at the batsmen, but he has clearly got it wrong again)* Yes, there it was, over the other side of the clearing, the legendary Puking Tree of Mozambique... *(Rupert nudges him again)*

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\* Torquay: One of the three towns (Torquay, Paignton, Brixham) which make up Torbay in Devon. The webmaster for Montypythonpages.com is based in Paignton, about five miles from Torquay.



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# The Batsmen of the Kalahari / Cricket match (assegais)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 45](#)

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**The cast:**

**VOICE**

Michael Palin

**FIRST VOICE OVER**

Terry Jones

**COMMENTATOR**  
Michael Palin

**SECOND VOICE OVER**  
Michale Palin

**PRESENTER**  
Michael Palin



### THIRD VOICE OVER

Graham Chapman

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#### The sketch:

*(Cut to an animated professor.)*

**Voice:** No, what they had come across was a tribe lost to man since time immemorial... the legendary Batsmen of the Kalahari... *(cut to a shot of natives playing cricket)*

**1st Voice Over:** Primitive customs still survive here as if the march of time had passed them by. But for all the mumbo-jumbo and superstition, the Batsmen of the Kalahari are formidable fighters, as we can see on this rare footage of them in action against Warwickshire.

*(Cut to a big county ground pavilion in mid-shot. We zoom in on the commentator on a balcony.)*

**Commentator:** Warwickshire had dismissed the Kalahari Batsmen for 140, and then it was their turn to face this extraordinary Kalahari attack. Pratt was the first to go, but Pratt and Pratt put on a second wicket stand of nought, which was broken by Odinga in his most hostile mood.

*(A compilation of the day's play. Natives in normal cricket gear. Pratt at crease as per usual cricket coverage. Cut to a low shot of the bowler thundering up towards the wicket. Cut away to the batsman preparing to take the shot. Cut back to the bowler. As he reaches the crease he produces a spear and raises it to shoulder height and hurls it. Cut to batsman who is hit full in the stomach. His bat dislodges the bails. There is a 'howzat' from all the native fielders. He makes an annoyed gesture as if he were Colin Cowdrey caught clean bowled, and sinks to the ground.)*  
CAPTION: 'B. RATT'

**2nd Voice Over:** That's B. Pratt, hit wicket - 0. But Pratt and Z. Pratt dug in and took the score to a half... *(cut to the new batting partnership; B. Pratt's body is still on the ground)* before Z. Pratt ran away. *(Z. Pratt reaching the pavilion, running with a hail of spears and arrows coming after him)* But out came M.J. .K. Pratt... *(cut to M.J.K. Pratt coming out pulling on gloves etc.)* to play a real captain's innings. *(he reaches the crease and takes guard, the bowler bowls)* He'd taken his own score up to nought when he mistimed a shot of Bowanga and was lbw. *(a huge spear sticks right through the lower part of his leg; they appeal and he turns and limps manfully off)* CAPTION: 'M.J.K. PRATT'

**2nd Voice Over:** Typical of Umbonga's hostile opening spell was his dismissal of V.E. Pratt, who offered no resistance to this delivery... *(cut to native bowler bowling a machete; it hits the ground and does a leg spin up, slicing off the batsman's head as he waves his bat)* ... and he was caught behind.

*(The batsman's severed head lands in the wicket keeper's gloves. He throws it in the air with a flourish.)*

CAPTION: 'V.E. PRATT'

*(Jeremy Thorpe appears and waves. Cut to the presenter from 'World' s Most Awful Family 1974 '.)*

**Presenter:** But by lunch the situation had changed dramatically.

**3rd Voice Over:** and CAPTION:

'C.U. PRATT KILLED OUTRIGHT, BOWLED ODINGA - O.

P.B.T.R. PRATT LEGS OFF BEFORE WICKET, BOWLED ODINGA - O.

B.B.C.T.V. PRATT ASSEGAI UP JACKSEY, BOWLED UNBOKO - O.

Z. PRATT MACHETE BEFORE WICKET, 'BOWLED UMBONGA - O.

M.J.K. PRATT STUMP THROUGH HEAD, BOWLED UMBONGA - O.

V.E. PRATT RAN AWAY - O.

P.D.A. PRATT RETIRED HURT - O.

W.G. PRATT RETIRED VERY HURT - O.

PRATT DIED OF FRIGHT, BOWLED ODINGA - O.

Y.E.T.A.N.O.T.H.E.R. PRATT NOT OUT BUT DREADFULLY HURT- 139.'

*(Cut back to the presenter. Behind him the 'Worlds Most Awful Family' sign is crossed out and replaced with'Sport'.)*

**Presenter:** And so with the tension Colossal as we come up to the last ball ... that's all from us.

*(Roll credits on black background. The first part of the signature tune is played very hesitantly on guitar.)*

PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST ON BEHALF OF THE LIBERAL PARTY  
WAS CONCEIVED, WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY

J. THORPE (AGE 2)

C. SMITH (AGE 1 1/2)

L. BYERS (AGE 0)

UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES

GRAHAM CHAPMAN

LEICESTER NORTH (LOST DEPOSIT)

TERRY GILLIAM

MINNEAPOLIS NORTH (LOST DEPOSIT TWICE)

ERIC IDLE

SOUTH SHIELDS NORTH (LOST DEPOSIT BUT FOUND AN OLD ONE  
WHICH HE COULD USE)

TERRY JONES

COLWYN BAY NORTH (SMALL DEPOSIT ON HIS TROUSERS)

MICHAEL PALIN

SHEFFIELD NORTH (LOST HIS TROUSERS)

MORE UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES

CAROL CLEVELAND (LIBERAL)

BOB E. RAYMOND (VERY LIBERAL) PETER BRETT (EXTREMELY LIBERAL AND RATHER  
RUDE)

EVEN MORE UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES

DOUGLAS ADAMS

SILLY WORD (NORTH)  
NEIL INNES  
SILLY WORDS AND MUSIC (NORTH)  
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MAKE-UP AND HAIRDRESSING  
JO GRIMOND  
MORE MAKE-UP  
MAGGIE WESTON  
EVEN MORE MAKE-UP  
ANDREW ROSE (COSTUMES NORTH)  
MUCH MORE MAKE-UP  
STAN SPEEL (FILM CAMERAMAN NORTH)  
MAKE-UP AND SOUND RECORDING  
RON (NORTH) BLIGHT  
ROSTRUM CAMERA WITH MAKE-UP  
PETER WILLIS  
FILM EDITOR AND NOT MAKE-UP  
BOB DEARBERG  
NOT FILM EDITOR NOT MAKE-UP BUT DUBBING MIXER  
ROD GUEST  
LIGHTING, MAKE-UP AND PRICES AND INCOMES POLICY  
JIMMY PURDIE  
VISUAL EFFECTS AND MR THORPE'S WIGS  
JOHN HORTON  
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT  
BRIAN JONES (MAKE-UP NORTH)  
DESIGNER (NORTH)  
VALERIE WARRENDER (FAR TOO LIBERAL)  
PRODUCED BY  
MR LLOYD GEORGE (WHO KNEW IAN MACNAUGHTON'S FATHER)  
A BBC-LIBERAL-TV-PARTY PRODUCTION (NORTH)



# BBC News (handovers)

As featured in the Flying Circus TV Show - [Episode 45](#)

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The cast:



**LINKMAN**

Michael Palin

**MAN**

Graham Chapman



## VOICE OVER

Michael Palin

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### The sketch:

*(Nine O'clock News intro in the newsroom behind. Behind the news reader several men including Jeremy Thorpe are drinking and celebrating. A woman is dancing on the table.)*

**news reader:** Good evening. Over 400,000 million pounds were wiped off the value of shares this afternoon, when someone in the Stock Exchange coughed. Sport: capital punishment is to be re-introduced in the first and second division. Any player found tackling from behind or controlling the ball with the lower part of the arm will be hanged. But the electric chair remains the standard punishment for threatening the goalie. Referee's chairman, Len Goebbels said 'at last the referee has been given teeth'. Finally, politics: the latest opinion poll published today shows Labour ahead with 40%, the AA second with 38% and not surprisingly Kentucky Fried Chicken running the Liberals a very close third. And now back to me. Hello. And now it's time to go over to Hugh Delaney in Paignton.

*(Cut to the linkman on the pier at Paignton. A smallish crowd is gathered behind him including Jerermy Thorpe who waves at the camera from the back.)*

**Linkman:** Hello and welcome to Paignton, because it's from Paignton that we take you straight back to the studio.

*(Cut to a man in swimming trunks and a snorkel pushed back on his head standing in the studio holding a stuffed polecat on a pole.)*

**Man:** Hello. And it's from here we go over there.

*(Cut to the 'Most Awful Family' presenter.)*

**Presenter:** Well we're already here so let's go over there.

*(Cut back to the news reader.)*

**news reader:** Welcome back. And now it's time for part eight of our series about the life and work of Ursula Hifier, the Surrey housewife who revolutionized British beekeeping in the nineteen-thirties.

**Voice Over:** and CAPTION: 'THAT WAS A PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST ON BEHALF OF THE LIBERAL PARTY'

*(His voice breaks up with giggles. Fade to blackout. The end.)*

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